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SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM

FLORIBUS TRIUM SECULORUM

CONTEXTUM

CURA

(GULIELMI) William HAIG-BROWN,

SCHOLÆ CARTHUSIANÆ ARCHIDIDASCALI.

PROSTAT APUD

DEIGHTON, BELL, ET SOC.,

CANTABRIGIÆ,

BELL ET DALDY, LONDINI.

MDCCCLXX.

16893
20/10/91

CARTHUSIANIS

QUI FUERUNT, QUI SUNT, QUI ERUNT,

HUNC LIBRUM DEDICAT

G. H. B.

LECTORI BENEVOLO S.

UT hodie nihil fere in dubium non vocatur, ita de artibus, quæ ad pueros instituendos plurimum valeant, summa contentione disputatur: nec desunt ii, qui rerum physicarum amore abrepti, veteres illas disciplinas, vulgo literas humaniores nuncupatas, ex eruditione puerili omnino depellant, ita ut, venustate atque elegantia literarum posthabita, omnia ad utilitatis normam revocentur. Sed etsi haud mirandum est si inter talem animorum æstum, qualem nunc dierum videmus concitatum, utilitati omnia a nonnullis arrogentur, videndum tamen est ne, in ipsa utilitate captanda, multa quoque utilia projiciantur, quæ amissa haud mediocriter desiderabuntur.

Jam vero ut me excerpam ex numero illorum, quibus omnia putida sunt studia præ literis Græcis et Romanis, mihi quidem in scholarum nostrarum curriculo non modo linguæ hodiernæ, verum etiam rerum physicarum rationes, suum sibi locum videntur vindicare: idque eo libentius concedo, non modo quod aliquantulum inde fructus et voluptatis ipse percepi, quatenus id in vita occupata licebat, sed multo magis quod res ipsæ dignissimæ sunt, quibus labor

et cura insumantur, adeoque quod, ut opinor, pro comperto habetur tantum abesse ut quæstiones istæ literis humanioribus officiant perdiscendis, ut iis aliquid potius afferant adjumenti. Præterea quoniam puerorum indoles mirum quantum inter se discrepant, non fieri potest quin mentes aliæ aliis rationibus sint educandæ: itaque, rerum physicarum indagatione curriculo nostro addita pluribusque ad sapientiam viis munitis, omnes pro suo quisque ingenio habent, in quo cum fructu elaborent. Sed quum necesse est neminem unquam grammaticam ignorare, nec literarum omnino expertem vivere; et quum in omni eruditione jaciendum est fundamentum aliquod, in quo aliæ quoque res adstruantur, nihil, me judice, tantum valet cum ad vim insitam promovendam tum ad mentem corroborandam, quantum duplex illa disciplina,[1] quæ per multos jam annos floret apud Scholam inclytissimam quamque Britannicam: atque haud scio an nullum melius mentis informandæ instrumentum usquam possit reperiri: Quum enim ad puerilem institutionem certi aliquid nec fluxi requiri videtur, nihil sane accuratius definitum præsto est, quam linguæ, quæ summo artificio perfectæ et ex consuetudine loquendi delapsæ nequeunt jam immutari; nec quidquam cogitandi facultatem melius potest adjuvare, quam arctæ et constrictæ mathematicorum conclusiones. Si vero, id quod sæpissime inculcatur a multis neque illis spernendis auctoribus, hominis est ea potissimum investigare, quæ ad rerum naturam pertinent, si disciplina scholastica eo spectare debet, ut res nec verba indagentur, si denique omnia referenda sunt ad Virgilianum illud *Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, at certe ex ejusmodi eruditionis curriculo vix æquum est contemplationem extrudere summorum illorum operum, quæ tum ad doctri-

[1] Sc. litterarum humaniorum et scientiæ mathematicæ.

nam tum ad voluptatem omnium seculorum inde ab antiquissimo tempore tradita habemus: immo vero, ut ingenium humanum, *divinæ* illa *particula auræ*, cetera rerum natura præstat, ita scripta ista eximia ac prope divina maxime sunt idonea ad mentem excolendam. Ut enim omittantur sacra illa monumenta, in quibus fides innititur Christiana, sane pulcerrima ea carmina Homeri *cui nihil vidimus aut simile aut secundum*, vita ea ætatis, quam vocant, heroicæ *votiva veluti descripta tabella*, Herodoti dulcis et fusa et candida oratio, graves Thucydidis sententiæ, magna Platonis et Aristotelis auctoritas, sonora Æschyli dignitas, fabulæ Sophoclis τοῦ τραγικωτάτου, concinna Euripidis suaviloquentia, hæc quidem et multa alia, si Græcos tantum respexeris, pretiosiora sane sunt, quam quæ negligentiæ incuriosæ situ obruantur; adeoque tota illa sapientiæ et eloquentiæ et doctrinæ, et Græcarum et Latinarum, hereditas non ea est, quæ a nobis repudietur. Libros autem illos tanquam κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ accepimus, neque ulla, ut opinor, ætas utilitatem tanti æstimabit, ut tales viros, non suarum modo sed nostrarum etiam literarum auctores, prætereat atque obliviscatur. Ita enim arcte inter se implicantur literæ antiquæ et hodiernæ, ita oratio nostra ac sermo a vetere isto fonte derivantur, ita referti sunt libri nostri imaginibus inde desumptis, ut si quis poetas et oratores nostrates velit intelligere, is profecto non facere possit, quin aliquid ponat operæ in auctoribus Græcis et Latinis perlegendis.

At, dixerit aliquis, si constiterit auctores veteres tanta in veneratione esse habendos, tamen nihil certe opus est ut pueri in versibus Latine ac Græce factitandis exerceantur: Verum enimvero ab omnibus, ni fallor, concessum est linguæ cujuslibet scientiam nullo prorsus modo melius acquiri quam usu et consuetudine scribendi; nec dubium esse potest quin aditus ad

linguas illas veteres optime per versiculos aperiatur scribendos: itaque labor ille carminum pangendorum non ideo pueris imponitur, ut poetæ evadant, sed potius ut aptiores fiant ad utramque linguam intelligendam.

Sed quoniam "in omni labore est pretium," consentaneum est viros etiam spectatos atque probatos, qui isti studio operam felicem navaverint, aliquando libenter ad eam, qua pueri emicuerint, exercitationem recurrere et labores juveniles animi causa renovare.

Quæ cum ita sint, liber hic noster carmina et a viris et a pueris composita continet: sed ut omnia ordine procederent, illa, quæ præsto erant, quadrifariam sunt disposita, ita ut in parte prima ponerentur carmina a Carthusianis jam e pueritia egressis seu Græce seu Latine versa; in parte autem altera poematia nonnulla, eademque a viris composita; duæ vero reliquæ partes excerpta quædam ex Albo Scholastico exhiberent. Omnia autem secundum ætatem eorum, qui scripserunt, sunt ordinata, ita ut cuivis facile pateret, quantum nostri identidem in hac re profecerint.

Quod ad flosculos, unde sertum hoc nostrum est contextum, quamquam summo opere conatus sum, ut nihil desideraretur, tamen inveniuntur hiatus quidam, quos, si modo id fieri potuisset, libenter complevissem. Desunt enim nomina aliquot virorum, qui quamvis in hoc genere claruerunt, nihil tamen præbuerunt, quod in manus meas veniret. Inter quos præcipue sunt nominandi Johannes Wesley, Gulielmus Blackstone, Eduardus, Baro de Ellenborough, cum nonnullis aliis, quorum facile in mentem veniet cuivis Carthusiano.

Restat ut gratiæ agantur iis qui amore cum literarum tum Matris Almæ Carthusianæ inducti opem ad sertum hoc contexen-

dum contulerunt. Etenim sine hujusmodi auxilio non fieri potuisset, ut hæc carmina in lucem ederentur. Quum autem permultis tantum acceptum erat referendum, invidiam haudquaquam vitarem, si aliquos nominatim laudare auderem: illud autem eo minus est necessarium quod scripta per se ipsa testantur, quantum quisque auxilii in hac re præstiterit. Ceterum carmina ea, quæ nunc in publicum prodeunt, ad eum solum finem eligebantur ut, quantum in me staret, Domui Carthusianæ antiquissimæ et amatissimæ laudis aliquid conferretur. Præterea *ἀνώνυμα* ista, quæ, paginis primæ partis identidem subjecta, litera E distinguuntur, de meo inserui, eo magis ut lacunas aliquot typographicas explerem, quam ut librum versiculis meis qualibuscumque refercirem.

Dabam apud Æd: Carthus:
A. D. Cal. Octobr. MDCCCLXIX.

INDEX.

Born.	Admitted into School.	
1672.	1683.	Addison, Joseph — Queen's Coll. Ox. 1687; Demy of Magd. Coll. 1689; Fellow, 1698; Commissioner of Appeals, 1704; Under Sec. of State, 1706; Sec. to Lord Lieut. of Ireland, 1708; First No. of *Spectator* published, 1711; Sec. of State, 1717; died, 1719. Pp. 148, 149, 150.
1843.	1857.	Alcock, George — Talbot Medallist, 1860; Havelock Exhib. 1861; Gold Medallist, 1861; Orator, 1861; Scholar of Brasenose Coll. Ox. 1862; B. A. 1867. Pp. 295, 299.
1787.	1800.	Alderson, Edward Hall — Caius Coll. Cam. 1805; Browne's Medallist (Epigrams), 1807; Senior Wrangler and Senior Chancellor's Medallist, 1809; Fellow of Caius, 1809; Latin Essay, 1810; Judge in Court of Common Pleas, 1830; died, 1857. Pp. 11, 164.
1801.	1811.	Allan, Joseph William—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1817; B.A. 1821. P. 331.
1799.	1811.	Allan, Thomas Robinson—Gold Medallist, 1817; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1817; B.A. 1821. Pp. 327, 328.
1840.	1855.	Armstrong, James—Talbot Medallist and Scholar, 1859; Exhibitioner of Oriel Coll. 1859; B.A. 1863. P. 291.
1805.	1817.	Bannatyne, Charles—Balliol Coll. Ox. 1823; B.A. 1827. P. 203.
1630.	1640.	Barrow, Isaac—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1645; Schol. 1647; Fellow, 1649; Regius Prof. of Greek, 1660; Lucasian Prof. of Mathematics, 1663; Master of Trin. Coll. 1672; died, 1677. Pp. 146, 147, 148.

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1739.	1749.	Berdmore, Samuel—Jesus Coll. Cam. 1754; B.A. 1758; Fellow, 1759; Latin Essay, 1760; Head Master of Charterhouse School, 1769—1791; died, 1801. P. 154.
1805.	1815.	Blencowe, Edward—Wadham Coll. Ox. 1824; B.A. 1828; Fellow of Oriel, 1829; died, 1840. P. 337.
1835.	1848.	Blore, George John—Gold Medallist, 1853; Slade Exhib. at Ch. Ch. Ox. 1854; Student, 1854; B.A. 1858; Senior Student, 1861; Tutor, 1861; Head Master of Bromsgrove School, 1867. Pp. 99, 101, 103.
1816.	1829.	Bod. . John Ernest—Orator, 1832; Gold Medallist, 1833; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1833; Hertford Scholar, 1835; B.A. 1837; Senior Student, 1837; Tutor, 1840; Classical Examiner, 1846—1848; Bampton Lecturer, 1855; Rector of Castle Camps, 1860. Pp. 33, 179.
1798.	1812.	Boone. James Shergold—Gold Medallist, 1816; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1816; Craven Scholar, 1817; Student of Ch. Ch. 1818; Lat. and Engl. Verse, 1817; B.A. 1820; Lat. Essay, 1820; Incumb. of St. John's, Paddington; died, 1859. P. 325.
1803.	1818.	Borrett, William Penrice—Gold Medallist, 1821; Caius Coll. Cam. 1822; B.A. 1826; M.D.; Vicar of Siston; died, 1847. Pp. 199, 334.
1821.	1833.	Bowen, George Fergusson—Orator, 1840; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1841; B.A. 1844; Fellow of Brasenose Coll. 1846; G.C.M.B. 1856; Governor of Queensland, 1856; Governor of New Zealand, 1867. P. 217.
1821.	1835.	Box, Henry Adderley—Schol. of Wadham Coll. Ox. 1839; B.A. 1842. P. 364.
1845.	1857.	Boyle, Courtenay Edmund—Havelock Exhib. 1862; Talbot Medallist, 1863; Orator, 1863; Student of Ch. Ch. Ox. 1863; B.A. 1868. P. 303.
1810.	1824.	Bright, John Edward—Gold Medallist, 1829; Demy of Magd. Coll. Ox. 1830; B.A. 1834. Pp. 352, 355.
1805.	1819.	Brockhurst, Joseph Sumner—St. John's Coll. Cam. 1823; Chancellor's Medallist (Eng. Verse), 1824; B.A. 1827. P. 205.
1840.	1849.	Brodie, Robert—Gold Medallist, 1858; Talbot Medallist, 1858; Orator, 1858; Balliol Coll. Ox. 1859; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1859; B.A. 1863; Student and Tutor of Ch. Ch. 1864. Pp. 123, 125, 283, 379.
1809.	1823.	Brome, John—Gold Medallist, 1826; Trin. Coll. Camb. 1826. Pp. 341, 343.
1843.	1853.	Butter, James—Orator, 1860; Talbot Medallist, 1861;

Born.	Admitted into School.	
		Balliol Coll. Ox. 1861; B.A. 1865; Assist. Master in School, 1865-6. P. 297.
1842.	1854.	Champneys, Basil—Gold Medallist, 1860; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1860; B.A. 1864. P. 293, 382.
1839.	1852.	Champneys, Weldon—Talbot Scholar, 1852; Brasenose Coll. Ox. 1858; B.A. 1861. P. 287.
1808.	1820.	Chatfield, Allen William — Trin. Coll. Cam. 1827; Scholar, 1829; B.A. 1831; Rector of Much Marcle, Herefordshire. Pp. 15, 142.
1806.	1821.	Chatfield, Thomas Kyrle Ernle—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1823; Scholar, 1826; B.A. 1827; Barrister-at-Law; died, 1836. Pp. 17, 19, 164, 169.
1800.	1810.	Churton, Edward—Gold Medallist, 1818; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1818; B.A. 1821; Assistant Master in School, 1821-1830; Rector of Crayke, 1835; Archdeacon of Cleveland, 1846. P. 329.
1810.	1822.	Churton, Henry B. Whitaker—Schol. of Balliol Coll. Ox. 1828; B.A. 1831; Fellow of Brasenose Coll. 1832; Pusey and Ellerton Scholar, 1835; Preacher of Charterhouse, 1842—1844; Prebendary of Chichester; Vicar of Icklesham. P. 348.
1839.	1851.	Churton, Joshua Watson—Gold Medallist, 1857; Schol. of Univ. Coll. Ox. 1857; died, 1860. Pp. 265, 271, 275, 277.
1809.	1821.	Clay, John Gough—Jesus Coll. Ox. 1827; B.A. 1831. P. 211.
1805.	1817.	Cole, John Griffith—Gold Medallist, 1822; Exeter Coll. Ox. 1822; B.A. 1826; Fellow, 1826. Pp. 335, 338.
1616.	1626.	Crashaw, Richard—Schol. of Pemb. Coll. Cam. 1632; Fellow of Peterhouse, 1637; Ejected by Parliamentary Commission, 1644; Canon of Loretto, 1649; died, 1649. Pp. 145, 146.
1816.	1824.	Currey, George—Gold Medallist, 1834; St. John's Coll. Cam. 1834; Bell's Schol. 1835; Schol. of St. John's, 1835; B.A. 1838; Fellow, 1838; Tutor, 1845; Preacher of Charterhouse, 1849. Pp. 35, 37.
1821.	1836.	Curtis, Charles George—Gold Medallist, 1840; Postmaster of Merton, Coll. Ox. 1840; B.A. 1844; Assist. Master in School, 1846; Chaplain at Constantinople. Pp. 180, 181, 219, 365.
1845.	1856.	Davies, Gerald Stanley—Gold Medallist, 1864; Orator, 1864; Schol. of Christ's Coll. Cam. 1864; B.A. 1868, P. 303, 384.

Born.	Admitted into School.	
1832.	1845.	Dawson-Damer, Lionel—Gold Medallist, 1850; Orator, 1851; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1851; B.A. 1855; Rector of Cheddington. Pp. 174, 176.
1809.	1822.	Dobson, William—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1828; Schol. 1829; B.A. 1832; Fellow, 1832; Principal of Cheltenham Coll. 1844—1858; died, 1868. Pp. 23, 25, 27.
1812.	1826.	Elder, Edward—Schol. of Balliol Coll. Ox. 1830; B.A. 1834; Head Master of Durham School, 1846; Head Master of Charterhouse School, 1853; died, 1858. Pp. 29, 31, 356.
1835.	1853.	Ellis, Robert Keate Alves—Gold Medallist, 1854; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1855; B.A. 1859. P. 257.
1827.	1836.	Elwyn, Richard—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1845; Schol. 1846; Bell's Schol. 1846; Craven Scholar, 1848; Lat. Essay, 1848; B.A. 1849; Fellow of Trin. Coll. 1850; Second Master of Charterhouse School, 1853—1858; Head Master 1858—1863; Head Master of St. Peter's School, York, 1864. Pp. 83, 85, 247.
1804.	1814.	Farre, Frederick John—Gold Medallist, 1821; St. John's Coll. Cam. 1823; B.A. 1827; M.D.; Physician to Charterhouse, 1860. P. 337.
1826.	1837.	Fisher, Herbert William—Gold Medallist, 1843; Orator, 1843; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1844; B.A. 1848; Student of Ch. Ch. 1848; Secretary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Pp. 77, 369, 370, 389, 391.
1830.	1841.	Floyd, Charles Greenwood—Orator, 1848; Gold Medallist, 1849; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1849; B.A. 1852; Student, 1852. P. 379.
1836.	1850.	Forster, Charles Thornton — Talbot Medallist and Schol. of Jesus Coll. Cam. 1856; B.A. 1860; Crope Schol. 1860; Fellow of Jesus Coll. 1862; Rector of Hinxton. Pp. 95, 97.
1838.	1850.	Forster, Henry Thornton—Talbot Medallist and Schol. 1857; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1858; Schol. 1860; B.A. 1862; Assist. Master in School, 1862; died, 1866. Pp. 125, 273.
1835.	1853.	Fowle, Thomas Welbank—Schol. of Oriel Coll. Ox. 1854; B.A. 1858. P. 257.
1812.	1827.	Freese, John Wellington—Gold Medallist, 1831; Ball. Coll. Ox. 1831; B.A. 1835. P. 361.
1805.	1819.	Fulton, John Atkinson—Gold Medallist, 1824; Queen's Coll. Ox. 1824; B.A. 1828. P. 340.
1844.	1856.	Girdlestone, Frederick Kennedy Wilson — Orator,

Born.	Admitted into School.	
		1862; Demy of Magd. Coll. Ox. 1862; B.A. 1867; Assist. Master in School, 1867. P. 395.
		Haig-Brown, William—Head Master of Charterhouse School, 1863. Pp. 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 141, 179.
1824.	1835.	Hale, William Palmer—Orator, 1842; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1843; Trin. Hall, Cam. 1844; Scholar, 1845; B.A. 1847; Barrister-at-Law. P. 368.
1803.	1816.	Hall, John Cecil—Ch. Ch. Ox. 1819; B.A. 1823; Archdeacon of Sodor and Man; died, 1844. P. 195.
1795.	1806.	Hare, Julius Charles—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1812; Schol. 1814; B.A. 1816; Fellow, 1818; Tutor, 1823; Rector of Hurstmonceaux; Archdeacon of Sussex; died, 1855. P. 163.
1844.	1857.	Hartshorne, Bertram Fulke—Pemb. Coll. Ox. 1863; B.A. 1867. P. 135.
1795.	1804.	*Havelock, Henry*—General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.; died. 1857. P. 380.
1807.	1822.	Hebert, Charles—Gold Medallist, 1825; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1826; Schol. 1828; B.A. 1831; Rector of Lowestoft. P. 344.
1833.	1844.	Henniker, Robert—Gold Medallist, 1852; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1852; B.A. 1855; Theological Prizeman, 1856. Pp. 95, 180, 251.
1835.	1849.	Henniker, Rowland—Trin. Hall, Cam. 1854; B.A. 1858. P. 259.
1846.	1857.	Hodgson, James Thomas—Univ. Coll. Ox. 1866; B.A. 1869. P. 305.
1824.	1836.	Hull, John Winstanley—Brasenose Coll. Ox. 1844; B.A. 1848. P. 243.
1824.	1833.	Hulme, Samuel Joseph—Schol. of Wadh. Coll. Ox. 1842; B.A. 1845; Fellow, 1846; Tutor, 1847; Examiner, 1858. Pp. 79, 81, 231.
1824.	1834.	Jacobs, Henry Michel—Schol. of Queen's Coll. Ox. 1841; B.A. 1845; Archdeacon of Christchurch, New Zealand. P. 229.
1802.	1816.	Jago, William—Ch. Ch. Ox. 1820; died, 1823. Pp. 197, 332.
1841.	1854.	Jebb, Richard C.—Gold Medallist, 1856; Talbot Medallist, 1856; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1858; Porson Schol. 1859; Porson Prizeman, 1859; Schol. of Trin. Coll. 1860; Craven Schol. 1860; B.A. 1862; Sen. Chancellor's Medallist, 1862; Fellow of Trin. Coll. 1863; Assist. Tutor. Pp. 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 184, 188, 269, 279, 281, 285, 289, 380.

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1726.	1736.	Jones, William (of Nayland)—Univ. Coll. Ox. 1744; B.A. 1749; died, 1799. P. 155.
1698.	1709.	Jortin, John—Jesus Coll. Cam. 1715; Schol. 1716; B.A. 1719; Fellow, 1721; Archdeacon of Middlesex, 1764; died, 1770. Pp. 3, 151, 152, 153.
1818.	1831.	Joynes, Richard—Schol. of C. C. C. Ox. 1836; B.A. 1839; Fellow, 1839; Rector of Great Holland. P. 363.
1816.	1831.	King, Henry—Schol. of Wadham Coll. 1833; B.A. 1837; Fellow of Wadham, 1837; Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 23, 41, 45.
1618.	1629.	Lovelace, Richard—Gloucester Hall, Ox. 1636; died, after much trouble suffered for the Royalist cause, 1658. P. 58.
1811.	1823.	Lushington, Edmund Law—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1827; Schol. 1828; B.A. 1832; Fellow, 1832; Prof. of Greek at Glasgow Univ. 1838. Pp. 207, 209, 353.
1813.	1823.	Lushington, Henry—Gold Medallist, 1828; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1830; Porson Prizeman, 1832; B.A. 1834; Fellow, 1836; Sec. of State at Malta; died, 1855; Pp. 21, 213, 350.
1845.	1857.	Mackenzie, Kenneth Augustus Muir—Havelock Exhib. 1863; Talbot Medallist, 1864; Ball. Coll. Ox. 1864; B.A. 1869. P. 307.
1836.	1848.	Malkin, Herbert Charles—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1855; Schol. 1857; B.A. 1859; Assist. Master in School, 1863; Sec. at House of Lords. Pp. 103, 105.
		Mann, Nicholas—Master of Charterhouse, 1737; died, 1753. P. 153.
1784.	1799.	Monk, James Henry—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1800; Schol. 1802; B.A. 1804; Chancellor's Medal, 1804; Fellow, 1804; Tutor, 1816; Regius Prof. of Greek, 1808; Dean of Peterborough, 1824; Bishop of Gloucester, 1830; died, 1856. Pp. 323, 324.
1839.	1854.	Nettleship, Henry—Gold Medallist, 1855; Schol. of Corpus Christi Coll. Ox. 1857; Gaisford Prizeman, 1859; Hertford Scholar, 1859; B.A. 1861; Craven Schol. 1861; Fellow of Lincoln Coll. 1861; Latin Essay Prizeman, 1865; Assist. Master at Harrow. Pp. 107, 261, 263, 267, 393.
1834.	1846.	Nicholson, William Smith—Ch. Ch. Ox. 1852; B.A. 1856. P. 255.
1845.	1858.	Ottley, John Bickersteth—Schol. of Trin. Hall, Cam. 1864; Emman. Coll. 1865; B.A. 1868. P. 382.

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1824.	1838.	PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER—Schol. of Ball. Coll. Ox. 1842; B.A. 1847; Fellow of Exeter Coll. 1847; Examiner in Educational Department of Privy Council Office. Pp. 237, 239, 371.
1826.	1838.	PALGRAVE, WILLIAM GIFFORD—Gold Medallist, 1841; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1843; B.A. 1846; Indian Army; Consul at Bagdad. P. 241, 373, 374.
1824.	1836.	PALMER, EDWIN—Gold Medallist, 1842; Schol. of Ball. Coll. Ox. 1842; Ireland and Hertford Schol. 1843; Latin Essay, 1847; Latin Verse, 1844; B.A. 1845; Fellow of Ball. 1846; Tutor, 1847. Pp. 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 223, 227, 233, 235, 366.
1850.	1860.	PAULSON, FREDERICK GEORGE—Talbot Medallist, 1868; Gold Medallist, 1868; Orator, 1868; Ch. Ch. Ox. 1869. P. 317.
1847.	1860.	PAULSON, WILLIAM HENRY—Talbot Medallist, 1865; Gold Medallist, 1865; Orator, 1865; Demy of Magd. Coll. Ox. 1866. Pp. 309, 311.
1831.	1841.	PEARSON, CHARLES—Orator, 1849; St. John's Coll. Cam. 1850; Schol. 1851; B.A. 1854; Assist. Master in School, 1855. Pp. 89, 139.
1845.	1857.	PEARSON, EDWARD LYNCH—Talbot Schol. 1864; St. John's Coll. Cam. 1864; B.A. 1868. P. 137.
1832.	1842.	PEARSON, JOHN BATTERIDGE—St. John's Coll. Cam. 1851; Port Latin Schol. 1851; Schol. of St. John's, 1852; B.A. 1855; Fellow of Emmanuel Coll. 1855. Pp. 91, 93.
1667.		*PEPUSCH, JOHN CHRISTOPHER*—Born at Berlin; Founded Society of Ancient Music, 1710; Mus. D. Ox. 1710; Organist of Charterhouse, 1737; died, 1752. P. 321.
1816.	1827.	PHILLOTT, HENRY WRIGHT—Orator, 1833; Student of Ch. Ch. Ox. 1834; B.A. 1837; Assist. in School, 1838—1850; Rector of Stanton-on-Wye. Pp. 47, 51.
1816.	1828.	POYNDER, FREDERICK—Wadham Coll. Ox. 1834; B.A. 1838; Assist. in School, 1838; Denyer's Theological Prize, 1843; Second Master, 1858. Pp. 39, 177.
1849.	1862.	RICHMOND, HARRY INGLIS—Talbot Medallist and Scholar, 1866; Ball. Coll. Ox. 1868. Pp. 315, 384.
1786.	1796.	RUSSELL, JOHN—Student of Ch. Ch. 1803; B.A. 1806; Assist. in School, 1806—1811; Head Master, 1811; Prebendary of Canterbury, 1827; Rector of Bishopsgate, 1832; died, 1863. P. 5.

Born.	Admitted into School.	
1814.	1824.	Scratchley, Charles John—Gold Medallist, 1830; Trin. Coll. Cam. 1830; Brasenose Coll. Ox. 1835; B.A. 1838; P. 359.
1827.	1839.	Sotheby, Hans William—Gold Medallist, 1846; Schol. of Exeter Coll. Ox. 1846; B.A. 1849; Fellow of Exeter Coll. 1852; English Essay, 1852; Barrister-at-Law. P. 245, 376.
1830.	1843.	Stone, William Henry—Gold Medallist, 1848; Schol. of Ball. Coll. Ox. 1848; B.A. 1852; M.D. P. 378.
1814.	1829.	Sykes, Godfrey Milnes—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1833; Schol. 1835; B.A. 1837; Fellow and Tutor of Downing Coll. 1840; Rector of Tadlow, 1854. P. 215.
1797.	1810.	Thirlwall, Connop — Trin. Coll. Cam. 1813; Bell's Schol. 1814; Schol. of Trin. Coll. 1817; Craven Schol. 1815; B.A. 1818; Sen. Chancellor's Medallist, 1818; Fellow, 1818; Bishop of St. David's, 1841. P. 195.
1827.	1843.	Tweed, Henry Earle—Gold Medallist, 1845; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1845; B.A. 1850; Lat. Essay, 1851; Fellow of Oriel Coll. 1851; Rector of Coleby. Pp. 87, 181, 187, 249, 375, 376.
1810.	1822.	Venables, George Stovin—Jesus Coll. Cam. 1828; Schol. 1829; Chancellor's Medallist (Eng. Verse), 1831; B.A. 1832; Fellow, 1832; Tutor, 1835; Barrister-at-Law. P. 345.
1793.	1808.	Waddington, George—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1811; Schol. 1812; Univ. Schol. 1813; Chancellor's Medallist (Eng. Verse), 1813; Senior Chancellor's Medallist, 1815; Fellow, 1816; Dean of Durham, 1842; died, 1869. Pp. 156, 159.
1799.	1812.	Waddington, Horatio—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1815; Chancellor's Medallist (Eng. Verse), 1815; Schol. of Trin. Coll. 1817; Porson Prizeman, 1819; Pitt Schol. 1818; B.A. 1820; Chancellor's Medallist, 1820; Fellow of Trin. Coll. 1821; Under Secy. of State; Privy Councillor; died, 1867. P. 13.
1823.	1834.	Walford, Edward—Gold Medallist, 1841; Schol. of Ball. Coll. Ox. 1842; Lat. Verse, 1843; B.A. 1845; Denyer Theol. Prize, 1848 and 1849. Pp. 63, 65, 67, 139, 169, 187, 221, 225, 365.
		Walford, John Desborow—Gold Medallist, 1823; Trin. Coll. Camb. 1823; Schol. 1826; B.A. 1827; Assistant Master at Winchester College. P. 339.
1814.	1826.	Walford, Oliver—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1832; Schol. 1835;

Born.	Admitted into School.	
		B.A. 1836; Assist. Master in School, 1836—1838; Second Master, 1838; died, 1855. Pp. 171, 172, 173.
1848.	1860.	Walford, Oliver Sutton—Trin. Coll. Cam. 1867. P. 313.
1830.	1843.	Wallace, Alexander John — Gold Medallist, 1847; Postmaster of Merton Coll. Ox. 1849; Lat. Verse Prize, 1849. P. 182.
1844.	1859.	Wharton, Edward Ross—Gold Medallist, 1862; Talbot Medallist and Schol. 1862; Schol. of Trin. Coll. Ox. 1862; Ireland Schol. 1865; B.A. 1867; Fellow of Jesus Coll. Ox. 1868. Pp. 127, 129, 131, 133, 301.
1814.	1826.	Whitbread, Gordon—Gold Medallist, 1832; Brasenose Coll. Ox. 1832; B.A. 1836; Barrister-at-Law. P. 362.
1813.	1826.	Wing, John William—Schol. of Univ. Coll. Ox. 1831; B.A. 1834; Fellow, 1835; Judge of County Court. P. 358.
1808.	1824.	Yates, Joseph St. John—Gold Medallist, 1827; Ch. Ch. 1827; Barrister-at-Law; Judge of County Court. P. 347.
1833.	1844.	Young, William Edward Allen—Worcester Coll. Ox. 1853; B.A. 1856. P. 253.

Anonyma—Pp. 193, 321, 322.

Note.—By an error the stanzas on page 139 are assigned to Charles Pearson. They are the work of Mr. Henry Drury, and have already appeared in "Arundines Cami." Mr. Pearson, who has been absent some years from England, is in no way responsible for their appearance in this book.

SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις,
στρέφεται ὅτ' Ἄρκτος ἤδη
κατὰ χεῖρα τὴν Βοώτου,
μερόπων δὲ φῦλα πάντα
κέαται κόπῳ δαμέντα,
τότ' Ἔρως ἐπισταθείς μευ
θυρέων ἔκοπτ' ὀχῆας.
τίς, ἔφην, θύρας ἀράσσει;
κατά μευ σχίσεις ὀνείρους;
ὁ δ' Ἔρως, ἄνοιγε, φησὶ,
βρέφος εἰμὶ, μὴ φόβησαι,
βρέχομαι δὲ κἀσέληνον
κατὰ νύκτα πεπλάνημαι.
ἐλέησα ταῦτ' ἀκούσας,
ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺ λύχνον ἅψας
ἀνέῳξα. καὶ βρέφος μὲν
ἐσυρῶ, φέροντα τόξον
πτέρυγάς τε καὶ φαρέτρην.
παρὰ δ' ἑστίην καθίσας
παλάμαισι χεῖρας αὐτοῦ
ἀνέθαλπον, ἐκ δὲ χαίτης
ἀπέθλιβον ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ.
ὁ δ', ἐπεὶ κρύος μεθῆκε,
φέρε, φησὶ, πειράσωμεν,
τόδε τόξον εἴ τί μοι νῦν
βλάβεται βραχεῖσα νεύρη.
τανύει δὲ, καί με τύπτει
μέσον ἦπαρ, ὥσπερ οἶστρος·
ἀνὰ δ' ἄλλεται καχάζων,
ξένε δ' εἶπε, συγχάρηθι·
κέρας ἀβλαβὲς μέν ἐστι,
σὺ δὲ καρδίην πονήσεις.

ANACREON, iii.

TEMPUS erat, quo blanda quies mortalibus ægris
Incubat, et mulcet pectora fessa sopor,
Frigida quum tardi vertuntur plaustra Bootæ,
Et bigas medio Nox agit atra polo.
Constitit ante fores atque ostia clausa Cupido,
Impulit audaci terque quaterque manu.
"Quis placidos," clamo, "pergit mihi rumpere somnos?"
"Ne metuas, aperi, sum puer," inquit Amor;
"Solve fores; erro per opaca silentia noctis,
Verberat et læsas nixque Notusque genas."
Quem non illa Dei potuissent verba movere?
Excutio, accensa lampade, poste seram.
Aspicio puerum pharetramque arcumque gerentem,
Concussa aligeris tela sonant humeris.
Frigore pallentem miseror totumque rigentem,
Et statuo medium sedulus ante focum.
Officiosa manus refovet digitosque sinusque,
Et multo madidas exprimit imbre comas.
Ille tremor postquam candentia membra reliquit,
Et rediit teneræ visque calorque manu,
"Experiamur," ait, "chordam an mihi læserit imber,
Utilis an tractum possit, ut ante, sequi."
Protinus adducto coierunt cornua nervo.
Perque meum pectus pulsa sagitta venit:
Exsiliit, plausitque manus crudele renidens,
Lætaque dimovit talibus ora sonis:
"Gaude mecum, hospes: salvi mihi nervus et arcus;
Hoc te, ni fallor, sancia corda docent."

JOHN JORTIN.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK TO CAPTAIN CURRIE.

Converse Farm, near Brentwood,

9 *o'clock* P. M. *August* 22, 1837.

MY dear Captain,—Uncertain whether you have or not followed our balloon with Mr. Graham, as you intended, I address these lines to your house, containing an exact account of what has happened.

After ascending a considerable height, it appeared to me as if the balloon suddenly became motionless, neither ascending nor descending; and on my enquiring the reason of Mrs. Graham, she replied, that when she ascended with a person who had never before been with a balloon, she did not like going too high, for fear the effect would be disagreeable to him. I answered her, that I felt no unpleasant effect whatsoever from the altitude we had attained, and that I wished to get out of sight of the earth altogether.

Mrs. Graham upon this threw out a considerable quantity of ballast, and we then ascended to so high a point as completely to lose sight of terra firma; for although I kept my telescope constantly to my eye, I could perceive no trace of it.

I then remarked to Mrs. Graham, that the position in which we then were was much more agreeable to me than when the earth was visible, the car having the appearance of floating on the clouds, similar to a vessel on the sea.

PERSONÆ.

Icarus, Duke of Brunswick. Dædala, Mrs. Graham.
Curius, Capt. Currie. Amor, Mr. Amor.

Ager Conversus, Converse Farm.

Icarus Curio.

ICARUS agricolæ lapsu datus hospes Amoris,
Conversum, ut dicunt nomine, arantis Agrum,
Pollicito aerios Curio servare volatus,
Atque, globus quo nos perferat, usque sequi,
Incertus, Laribus tamen haud diffisus amicis,
Hæc veræ mitto signa legenda rei.

Nam satis evecto visus mihi protenus omnis
Tolli motus; iners stare repente globus.
Causam scire libet, quærenti Dædala reddit
Causam, et quæ curæ sit referenda suæ.
Scilicet, ignotas siquis tiro audet in auras
Scandere, et insuetum carpere discit iter,
Ingrati ne forte aliquid nimis alta tenentem
Sollicitet, modica providet ipsa fuga.
" Me," refero, " ingrati nihil hoc movet aëre, terras
Conspectumque omnem deseruisse velim."
Pulvere tum ejecto conscendimus altius, et jam
Firma oculis terra deficiente, beor.
Namque, tubum ut servo intentus, rectoque meatus
Lucis perlustro lumine, nulla manet.

" Sic positis," dico, " multo sic gratius itur,
Terrarum et spreto sic datur orbe frui.
Ætherios en per campos hic nare videtur
Currus, ut æquoreis cymba nat acta vadis."

Mrs. Graham at that moment drew my attention to a most beautiful appearance in the clouds, which, by the refraction of the sun's rays, gave a perfect reflection of the balloon and the car, with ourselves; adding that such a phenomenon was most extraordinary, and very seldom witnessed.

Much to my disappointment we soon regained sight of the earth, when I again expressed a desire to ascend higher; but Mrs. Graham said she was afraid we had not sufficient ascending power to do so that day.

She then discharged some ballast from the safety-bag, but rather declined to accede to my request to discharge all its contents, which rendered its effect very slight, as we remained nearly in equilibrium.

Mrs. Graham, at my request, then explained to me the management of the valve of the balloon. Shortly afterwards I asked her if my rising on my seat to take off my great coat would disturb the balance of the car; but upon her assuring me it would not, I did so, feeling it very warm.

From that moment, in my opinion, we commenced our descent, although Mrs. Graham thought the contrary; but she was convinced of her error by paper being thrown out. At this period Mrs. Graham asked me if I did not feel considerable pain in my ears; and upon my assuring her of the contrary, she said I was possessed of very strong nerves. I, however, soon experienced it to a very severe degree.

The balloon at this moment commenced twirling round like a top, in its continued descent, when Mrs. Graham asked me if it was disagreeable, saying it was occasioned by our having entered a different current of air. I replied that I did not much admire it, but that I felt no giddiness from it.

" Quin tu flecte oculos, ubi jam pulcherrima nubem
Exornat species: utere sorte data.
Talis rara quidem in cœlis apparet imago,
Nec cuivis hominum conspicienda venit."
Conversis tum nos oculis currumque globumque,
Nube ex adversa reddit ut umbra, noto;
Vivaque refracti admirans spectacula solis
Vix credam duplices non simul ire globos.
Invito mox sub visum redit improba terra,
Scandere in ætherios mens avet ægra locos.
" Ut fieri, quod aves, hac possit luce, verendum est,
Nam neque par votis vis levitatis adest."
Hæc effata, salutarem tamen, haud mora, saccum
Ejecto partim pulvere cauta levat.
" Parcius hoc facis, omnem adeo saccum ejice," clamo.
Dædala declinat, certa negare, caput.
Ergo nil agitur, stabili globus aëre pendet,
Libratumque æquo pondere servat iter.
Edocet interea optantem me Dædala valvas
Claudere quid præstet, quidque aperire globi.
Sed, largus toto ut manat de corpore sudor,
Grande malum chlamydis deposuisse volo:
Sollicitus si stare queam, neque pondera turbem:
Illa metus pellit: sto chlamydemque levo.
" Hinc, cœptum est," aio, " descendere:" Dædala censet
Esse aliter: factum chartula missa probat.
" Aëre percussas violari an percipis aures
Nervosque intendi?" quod rogat illa, nego.
" O te nervorum felicem et roboris," inquit:
Nec longum atque aures perdoluere mihi.
Tum globus ad gyros, ceu turbo volubilis, actus
Indicat in flatus se cecidisse novos.
Ingratum sane, sed et est quod acerbius esset,
Nec mihi tentatur mobilitate caput.

Mrs. Graham then threw out the grapple on one side, and the safety-bag on the other, the rope of which latter was so short that it kept dangling about half a yard below the car; a circumstance which appeared much to dissatisfy her. She then asked whether it would make me giddy to look down from the car and observe what the grappling iron was doing? I immediately did so, and replied, it had no effect upon me. She next inquired if I remembered her informing me the balloon would be converted into a parachute, and requested me to observe it was then in that state.

I then saw her mount upon her seat and lay hold of the ropes which fastened the car to the balloon. She desired me to do the same, observing we were coming down rather faster than she wished. I followed her advice, although deliberately, observing that we were at so great a distance from the earth that I could not yet distinguish one object from another; but I had scarcely put myself in the position required, when I felt the car strike with the utmost violence on the ground and overturn, the balloon itself touching the earth, and dragging us about thirty yards, until it rose again.

By the violence of the shock I was thrown head foremost out of the car, at the height of about eighteen feet, but I contrived to fall upon my hands, and escaped uninjured. Having gained my feet, I had the great grief of seeing Mrs. Graham fall from the car from a much higher distance than I had fallen; and from the apparently lifeless manner in which she lay was at first fearful she was killed. I immediately proceeded to her, and found she had fallen on her head, and was quite insensible. Mr. Amor, the farmer on whose grounds we had fallen, with a number of his people, soon came to my assistance, when the unfortunate lady was conveyed to the residence of that gentleman, Converse Farm, in the parish of Doddinghurst, near the town of Brentwood, Essex, where she still remains.

Anchora tum jacitur dextra, de parte sinistra
Injusto saccus pondera fune trahens.
Nec placet hoc comiti : " Qui pendeat anchora, serva,
Icare, sique potes, despice," tristis ait.
Despicio, et nulla tollens vertigine voltus
Quæ vidi refero ex ordine, quidque queam.

Tum me discipulum appellat, revocansque magistra
Quæ prius edocuit, nunc meminisse jubet :
Labentes convexa etenim dum protegit umbra
Præcipitem lapsum temperat ipse globus.
Funibus interea, currus queis pendet in alto,
Stans sella palmas applicat illa duas ;
Et terram queritur citius properare. Prehensos
Sto funes tractans ipse ducemque sequens ;
Terram equidem, neque enim rerum discrimina certis
Ulla oculis parent, jam procul esse reor.
Sed vixdum stanti, en subito ruit impete currus,
Et multo eversus verbere pulsat humum.
Ac terram tetigitque globus, tactamque reliquit
Nos secum abreptos, quo velit aura, ferens.

Ipse pedes mox ter senos evectus in altum,
Impatiens tantæ vis rapidique mali,
Præcipitor violens curru excutiorque : cadentem
Protentæ illæsum sustinuere manus.
Stans comitem quæro : in cœlum jam evectior, ecce,
Labitur impingens Dædala prona caput.
" Dædala, tu moreris," clamo, sensuque carentem
Excipio accurrens ; subvenit hospes Amor
Cum famulis præsens, atque in sua tecta receptam
Curat, et assidua sedulitate fovet.

I instantly desired medical assistance might be sent for, and she was soon attended upon by Mr. Barlow, a surgeon of the neighbourhood, whose opinion at this moment is, that there is a serious concussion of the brain, and injury within the abdomen, but notwithstanding her great danger, he does not despair of her life. Since about five o'clock, when the fall took place, until now I have been staying beside her, and it is only within half an hour that she appears commencing the recovery of her senses. I wish you would inform Mr. Graham, from me, how distressed I am at what has happened, and, should he not have heard of the accident, I must beg of you to prepare him by degrees for this sorrowful event.

The balloon, with my great coat, hat, telescope, etc., is gone I know not where. I saw it rise to a great height after Mrs. Graham had fallen from the car.

HYRSIS, when we parted, swore
In the spring he would return;
Ah! what means yon violet flower,
And the bud that decks the thorn?
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!
'Twas the nightingale that sung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
Speak not always winter past:
Cease my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

GRAY.

Accerso medicum, hunc unum vicinia laudat,
Qui, rite explorans, qualia passa jacet,
Concussi et cæcos cerebri laterisque labores,
Vitæ ejus, sperans vivere posse, timet.

Ipse laboranti assideo jam quatuor horas,
Ac tandem miseræ mens, modo visa, redit.

Hæc me infelici dic ægre ferre marito,
Sive opus est, pandens singula cautus adi.

Illa chlamys mea nescio quo, tubus ille, galerus,
Omnia, cum rapto rapta abiere globo.

JOHN RUSSELL.

URAVIT Thyrsis, jam discessurus, amicæ
Adfore se reditu veris, ut ante, domi:
Eheu! jam fulgent violæ, jam spina tumescit,
Altisonum cœlo fundit alauda melos.
Per nemus assuetos renovat Philomela dolores,
"Ver redit," exclamant omnia, "Thyrsis abest."

Raucisoni cantus! nimis importuna puellæ
Temperies, cur vos sic properasse juvat?
Non semper monstrant imbres, non aura Favoni
Elapsas hiemes præteritumque gelu.
Phœbe, retro propera, versique recurrite menses,
Integer ut saltem restet amantis honor.

EDWARD HALL ALDERSON.

HY dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble son
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one in the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies, let us shame him with our knees.

SHAKSPEARE, *Coriolanus*, v. 3. 153.

Τέκνον, τί σιγᾷς; ἆρα γενναίῳ τρέφειν
ὀργὴν προσήκει τῶν κακῶς εἰργασμένων;
σὺ δ'—οὐ γὰρ αὐτῷ δακρύων οὐδὲν μέλει—
νῦν, ὦ τάλαινα θύγατερ, ἀντ' ἐμοῦ φράσον·
ξύνειπε καὶ σὺ, πατρὸς ἱκέτευσον, βρέφος·
ἀσύνετα συνετῶν μᾶλλον ἂν πίθοι σφ' ἴσως.
καὶ μὴν φέρ' εἰπέ, μητρὶ τίς μείζω χάριν
βροτῶν ὀφείλει; κᾆτα πῶς λαλεῖν μ' ἐᾷς
μάτην τάδ', ὥς τιν' ἐν ξύλῳ καθήμενον;
ποῦ τῇ τεκούσῃ μοῖραν, ἣν ἔδει, νέμων
χάριτος ἔδειξας; ἡ δ' ὑπόπτερον φίλη
ὄρνις νεοσσὸν, δευτέρου γόνου πόθον
ἀφεῖσα, κλαγγῇ πολλάκις μὲν εἰς μάχας
προὔπεμψε, πολλάκις δέ σ' εἰς δόμους πάλιν
νίκης ἔχοντ' ἐσῆγε πάντιμον γέρας.
πρὸς ταῦτά μ', εἰ σύγ' ἄδικα λίσσεσθαί μ' ἐρεῖς,
λάκτιζε, φείδου μηδέν· εἰ δέ γ' ἔνδικα,
εἴρξεις δέ τιμῆς τῆς προσηκούσης ἐμὲ,
τῆς μητρὸς, οἶμαι, καταφρονῶν, κακός τ' ἔσει,
τίσιν τε μεγάλην οὔτι μὴ φύγῃς θεῶν·—
ἀνὴρ ὅδ', ὡς ἔοικεν, ἔμπαλιν στρέφειν·
φίλαι γυναῖκες, προσπίτνειν ἤδη δοκεῖ·
ἱκετῶν γ' ὁμαίμων κάρτ' ἂν αἰδοῖτ' ἂν γόνυ.

HORACE WADDINGTON.

HIS Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle:
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them who loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little,
And, to add greater honours to his age,
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry VIII.* IV. 2, 48.

Ἱερεὺς ἐκεῖνος, οὐκ ἀπ᾽ εὐγενοῦς τινὸς
ῥίζης πεφυκὼς, σχῆμ᾽ ὅμως φρενῶν σάφα
εἶχεν τύραννον, κἀρετῆς ἐπήβολον·
σοφίας ἔτ᾽ ὢν ἐν σπαργάνοις ἐγεύσατο,
ἠβῶν τ᾽ ἔθρεψεν, ἦν δ᾽ ἐπιστήμης πλέως
γλώσσῃ τ᾽ ἔθαλλεν εὐτρόχῳ, πειστηρίους
λόγους ἐλίσσων· τοῖς μὲν ἐχθροῖσιν πικρὸν
ἔδειξεν ὄμμα καὶ ξυνωφρυωμένον,
τοῖς δ᾽ αὖ φίλοισιν, ὡς θέρος, παρῆν γλυκύς·
κεἰ τέρμα μηδὲν τῇ φιλαργύρῳ φρενὶ
ἔθηκε, μὴ οὐ τὰ πλείονα ζητεῖν ἀεί—
ἥμαρτε γὰρ τοῦτ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μή—
λίαν γ᾽ ὅμως, δέσποινα, βασιλικῇ χερὶ
τὰ δῶρ᾽ ἔνειμε· μάρτυρες γένεσθέ μοι,
οἵαν ξυνωρίδ᾽, ὦ πόλεις Ἰψειχέ τε
Ὀξωνία τ᾽, ἐν ὑμὶν ἵδρυσεν πάλαι
διδασκαλείων, μουσικῆς παιδευμάτων,
οἵν τῷ κτίσαντι θάτερον ξυνώλετο,
τοιοῦδ᾽ ἀθυμοῦν ὀρφανισθῆναι πατρός,
τὸ δ᾽ ἕτερον, ἄτελες ὄν περ, εὐκλείας ὅμως
τοσόνδ᾽ ἀφῖκται, πλεῖστ᾽ ἀριστεῦσαν τέχναις
καὶ νῦν προκόπτον, ὥστ᾽ ἀείμνηστος χθονὶ
τῶν Χριστιανῶν τάνδρὸς ἀρετὴ μενεῖ·
πεσόντι δ᾽ αὐτῷ δὶς τόσ᾽ ἔσθλ᾽ ἠθροίζετο·
ὃν γὰρ πρὶν ἠγνόησε, φρενομανῆ νόσον
νοσῶν, ἑαυτὸν, ὅστις ἦν, πρῶτον τότε
μαθὼν κατῄσθεθ᾽, ἡδονήν τ᾽ ἐξεῦρ᾽ ὅση
τὸ βαιὸς εἶναι, μηδ᾽ ἄγαν φρονεῖν μέγα·
μείζους δ᾽ ἵν᾽ αὐτῷ τῷ τε λευκανθεῖ κάρᾳ
τιμὰς προσάψει, ἤ τις ἀνθρώπων ἔχει
πορεῖν, ἔθνησκεν εὐσεβῶν ὀρθῶς Θεόν.

ALLAN WILLIAM CHATFIELD.

HERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire,
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow;
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves that girdled her around;
Her unctuous olives and her purple vines
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
In peace upon her sloping hills matur'd,
When, on a day like that of the last doom,
A conflagration labouring in her womb,
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise
And hang their horrors in the neighbouring skies,
While through the Stygian veil that blots the day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.
But, oh! what muse, and in what powers of song
Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
Havoc and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

COWPER.

TEMPUS erat, quando dormivit flamma sub Ætnâ
Et mons interno sospes ab igne fuit:
Tum non ulla sinu metuens discrimina ab alto
Edidit in cœlum culmina cana nive.
Lauricomos nondum quassarant undique saltus,
Innexos lateri, fulmina rauca sono.
Nondum læsus erat rabie fulgente procellæ
Purpureæ vitis multus ubique labor,
At pinguis dulces sociabat oliva tenebras,
Fertilis agricolæ spes, nec inane decus.
Mox tamen atra dies, illique simillima, tellus
Qua collapsa ruet, plena timoris adest:
Fert utero flammas Stygio conterrita fœtu,
Terra simul stabilis contremuitque mare.
Nonne vides densos orbes glomerare per auras
Et jam sulfureis nubila fœda globis?
Dum per Tartarea mersum caligine cœlum
Dissiliunt toto fulgura clara polo.
At quis grassantes poterit depingere flammas
Carmine? quæve aptat talia Musa lyræ?
En iter excidio lateque notante ruinâ
Disjectum humani signa laboris eunt.
Et nemora et vites una et volvuntur olivæ,
Graminaque et Siculi munera mille soli.

THOMAS KYRLE ERNLE CHATFIELD.

Chorus puellarum Lacœnarum.

Ταΰγετον αὖτ' ἐραννὸν ἐκλιπῶα,
Μῶα μόλε Λάκαινα πρεπτὸν ἁμὶν
κλέωα τὸν Ἀμύκλαις Ἀπόλλω σιὸν
καὶ χαλκίοικον Ἀσάναν,
Τυνδαρίδας τ' ἀγασὼς
τοὶ δὴ παρ' Εὐρώταν ψιάδδοντι.
εἶα μάλ' ἔμβη
ὠΐα, κοῦφα πάλλων,
ὡς Σπάρταν ὑμνίωμες,
τᾷ σιῶν χοροὶ μέλοντι,
καὶ ποδῶν κτύπος,
ἅτε πῶλοι δ' αἱ κόραι
παὰ τὸν Εὐρώταν
ἀμπάλλοντι πυκνὰ ποδοῖν
ἀγκονιῶαι,
ταὶ δὲ κόμαι σείονθ', ἅπερ βακχᾶν
θυρσαδδοᾶν καὶ παιδδοᾶν.
ἀγῆται δ' ἀ Λήδας παῖς
ἀγνὰ χοραγὸς εὐπρεπής.
ἀλλ' ἄγε κόμαν παραμπύκιδδέ τε
χειρὶ ποδοῖν τε πάδη
ἅ τις ἔλαφος.

Aristoph. Lysistr. 1300.

MUSA, grato e Taÿgeto veni :
Dicenda templis Pallas aheneis
Præclara, Amyclæumque numen,
Tyndaridæque, animosa proles ;
Quos tu trahentes sæpe diem vides,
Eurota, ludo : rumpe moras, lyrâ
Nectamus en ! Spartæ coronam,
Cui melos atque placent choreæ ;
Pulsare terram jam pede libero
Tempus, Camœnæ : ceu properant equæ
Missis habenis, sic jubebo
Virgineos glomerare gressus,
Miscereque auras pulvere : non vides,
Lascivientes ut feriant comæ
Ventos, gravescentique Bacchas
Thyrsigeras referant tumultu ?
Ledæque pulchræ filia pulcrior
Cœtum gubernat ; dama velut cita
Virgo renodatis capillis
Quæque agiles celebret choreas.

THOMAS KYRLE ERNLE CHATFIELD.

Calphurnia.

ÆSAR, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have seen and heard,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets:
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce, fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

SHAKSPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 2. 13.

ΚΑΛ.

Οὔπω ποτ', ὦναξ, δειμάτων ἐπιστροφὴν
ἔσχον τοιούτων· νῦν γε μὴν φόβος μ' ἔχει.
τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἡμῖν ἦν ἀκούσαντας μαθεῖν,
αὐτούς τ' ἰδόντας· καινὰ δ' ἀγγείλας ἔχει
παρών τις ἔνδον, οἷα φρικώδη βλέπειν
φροῦροι κατεῖδον ἔννυχοι φαντάσματα·
λέαιν' ἀγυιαῖς ἐν μέσαις λοχεύεται
σκύμνους· χανοῦσαι δ' εὐρὺ τυμβήρεις ἕδραι
νεκροὺς ἀνῆκαν τοὺς κάτω κεκευθότας·
θοῦροι δ' ἐπ' ἄκροις νέφεσιν αἰχμῆται σάγῃ
ἄνδρες φλογωπῷ, στίφεσιν πυκνούμενοι
λόχοις τ', ἔχοντες κόσμον εὔτακτον μάχης,
ὁρμῶσι δῆριν· φονολιβεῖς ὅθεν δρόσοι
κατεψέκαζον τὴν ἔνερθ' ἀκρόπτολιν·
ἔφριξέ τ' αἰθὴρ ὡς ἀρειφάτῳ κλόνῳ·
παρῆν δ' ἀκούειν ἱππικῶν φρυαγμάτων
ἀνδρῶν στεναγμοῦ τ' ἐν φοναῖς πεπτωκότων.
κλαυθμῷ δὲ κωκυτοῖς τε τρίζουσαι σκιαὶ
κατεῖχον ἄστυ· ταῦτα δὴ κρείσσω λόγου,
Καῖσαρ, πέφηνε, κἀμέ γ' ἐκπλήσσει φόβῳ.

ΚΑΙ. τί δῆτα φευκτὸν, ᾧ πρὸς ὑψίστων θεῶν
τὸ μοιρόκραντον τέρμ' ἀκινήτως μένει;
ἔξεισι μέντοι Καῖσαρ, ὡς ἴσον βροτοῖς
τοῖς πᾶσι κἀμοὶ τῶνδε θεσφάτων μέτα.

HENRY LUSHINGTON.

WHO on shipboard lived from earliest youth,
Could represent the countenance horrible
Of the vex'd waters, and the indignant rage
Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years
Over the well-steer'd galleys did I rule:—
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;
And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and oft
Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir
I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's pride
Avail'd not to my vessel's overthrow.
What noble pomp and frequent have not I
On regal decks beheld! yet in the end
I learn'd that one poor moment can suffice
To equalise the lofty and the low.
We sail the sea of life—a calm one finds,
And one a tempest—and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.

WORDSWORTH

HE man in the wilderness asked of me,
"How many strawberries grow in the sea?"
I answered him, as I thought good,—
"As many as red herrings grow in the wood!"

Ἐγωγε ναύτης εὐθὺς ἐκ παιδὸς γεγὼς
τὴν δυσθέατον τοῦ χολωθέντος σάλου
ὄψιν λέγειν ἔχοιμ' ἂν, εὖτ' ἐπέζεσε
Νότος Βοώτης τ' ἀγρίῳ μηνίματι·
ἔτη δὲ πεντήκοντα τῶν εὑρημένων
πλοίων ἐπέστην, οὐδ' ὅσον γ' ἀφίσταται
δεινὸς Πελωρὸς τῶν Ἀτλαντικῶν ἄπο
στηλῶν, ἄϊστόν ἐστ' ὄρος τοῖσδ' ὄμμασιν·
τοὺς δ' εὐρυχώρους πολλὰ πολλάκις πλέων
ἐπέρασα κόλπους, τῶν δ' ἐν οὐρανῷ νεφῶν
πάντων ὅσ' ὁρμήσαιτο, δύναμιν ἠσθόμην.
ἐξ ὧν θαλάσσης ὕβρις ἀσθενεστέρα
ἦν, ἢ φθοράν πως τῆς ἐμῆς ποιεῖν νεώς.
ἐγὼ δὲ ποίαν λαμπρότητα πολλάκις
πλοίοις ὄπωπα βασιλικοῖς ἐφεστάναι,
καὶ δὴ τελευτῶν ἔμαθον ὡς βραχὺς χρόνος
τοῖς πλουσίοισι τοὺς πένητας ἐξισοῖ.
βίου θάλασσαν πᾶς περῶν ναυτίλλεται·
ἄλλος γαλήνης, λαίλαπος δυσχειμέρου
ἄλλος κυρήσει, τοῦδε δ' ἐν τέλει στόλου
ἅπασι θάνατός ἐστιν εὔορμος λιμήν.

WILLIAM DOBSON.

Ἐμοί ποτ' εἶπεν οὐξ ἐρημίας ἀνήρ,
πόσ' ἐν θαλάσσῃ γίγνεται μιμαίκυλα;
ἠμειψάμην δ' ἐγώ νιν, ὡς οἶμαι, σοφῶς,
πόσαι πεφύκασ' ἐν νάπαισι μαινίδες;

HENRY KING.

ET us quit the leafy arbour,
And the torrent murmuring by;
Sol has dropp'd into his harbour,
Weary of the open sky.

Summer ebbs; each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows,
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In His providence assign'd
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful maiden!
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

WORDSWORTH.

INQUAMUS umbras arboribus nigras
Raucoque flumen præteriens sono;
Cœlo fatigatus sereno
Sol abiit, repetitque pontum.
Iam transit ætas—pone diem sequens
Demissa ab alto rite dies venit,
Tenditque ad obscuras cavernas,
Frigora ubi latuere brumæ.
Qui cælum et idem res hominum regit,
Prudente nostram sic voluit modo
Sensimque declinare vitam, et
Propositum tetigisse finem.
Neglecta frustra poma homini rubent
Novique flores more suo vigent,
Et pectus invitum resignat
Tecta diu penitusque vota.
Puella, vivas tu sapientior;
Tuusque quando præcipitat dies,
Neu poma te floresve reddant
Funeris immemorem futuri.

WILLIAM DOBSON.

OW wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

SHELLEY.

HEREFORE they might not taste of fleshly food,
Nor feed on ought which doth the blood contain,
Nor drink of wine, for wine—they say—is blood,
Even the blood of giants which were slain
By thundering Jove in the Phlegræan plain;
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetual pain
Had damn'd her sons which 'gainst them did rebel,
With inward grief and malice did against them swell:

And of their vital blood, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosom, forth she brought
The fruitful vine, whose liquor, bloody red,
Having the minds of men with fury fraught,
Might in them stir up old rebellious thought
To make new war against the gods again;
Such is the power of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restrain,
Nor within reason's rule her madding mood contain.

Ἦ μὴν θάνατος θαυμαστὸς ἔφυ,
θάνατος, θανάτου θ' ὕπνος ὅμαιμος
παρέχει γὰρ ὁ μὲν χρῶτα παρειᾶς
ὠχρὸν, φθινὰς ὥς ἐστι σελήνη,
χείλη τε πελιδνὰ θεᾶσθαι·
τοῦ δὲ πρόσοψις πορφυρέα 'στὶν,
τρόπον 'Ηὼου φέγγους, εὖτ' ἂν
θάσσουσα θεὰ θρόνον ἐν κύμασι
πᾶσαν κατέχῃ γαῖαν ἐρεύθει·
καίτοι θάνατόν θ' ὕπνον τε λέγων
θαυμαστοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἁμάρτοις.

WILLIAM DOBSON.

QUOCIRCA nec carne frui dapibusve cruentis
Fas erat, aut illis spumantia pocula vini
Haurire, est etenim vinum—sic fabula—sanguis,
Ille giganteus sanguis, qui fulgure cæsi
A Jove Phlegræos straverunt undique campos;
Inde genus (perhibent) tellus exosa Deorum,
Progeniem ipsius qui sic domuere rebellem,
Infenso penitus tumuit fera corda dolore:
Nec mora, qui fuerat circum præcordia sanguis
Natorum, ex illo, gremium per fertile fuso,
Uvam fœcundam peperit, quæ pressa colorem
Sanguineum succo referens, quum pectus iniquâ
Moverat humanum rabie, tunc arma ciendi
Consilium antiquum revocaret mente rebelli:
Jam vero fructûs est tanta potentia, pestis
Ut nullo cohibenda modo sit dira, furatque
Indomita, et ratio imperium devicta resignet.

WILLIAM DOBSON.

HE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd on the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

BYRON.

Λύκος τις ὡς εἰς σηκὸν ἦλθ' ὁ βάρβαρος,
χρυσῷ δὲ πορφυρᾷ τε τηλαυγεῖς λόχοι
ἔλαμπον ὅπλοις, ὥσπερ αἱ θαλάσσιοι
ἄστροισι μαρμαίρουσι Γαλιλαίας ῥοαί.
ὡς εὐθενοῦντα φύλλα θάλλοντος θέρους,
ἐφ' ἡλίου δυσμαῖσιν ἦν ὑπερκόποις
βρύοντα σημείοισιν εἰσιδεῖν στρατόν,
ὡς φύλλ' ἐπιπνεύσαντος Ἀρκτούρου χάμαι
φθίνοντα, κείνου πᾶν ἐς αὐρίον στρατοῦ
πανώλεθρον διῴχετ' αὐανθὲν κλέος.
τῆς γὰρ θυέλλης ἐπτερωμένος βίᾳ
κηρὸς παρῆλθε θεοσύτου διάκονος,
τὰ δ' ὄμματ' ἤδη τῶν καθευδόντων κρύος
εἶχεν θανάσιμον, κἀξ ἑνὸς πηδήματος
πάντων ἐς αἰὲν καρδίας ἐκοίμισεν·
κἀκεῖ μὲν ἵππου ἦν ἰδεῖν προκείμενον
ῥῖνές τε δεινὸν ὡς τὸ πρὶν κεχήνεσαν
μυκτηρόκομπα δ' οὐκ ἐνῆν φρυάγματα.
λευκῷ δ' ἔδευσε γαῖαν ἀσπαίρων ἀφρῷ
ψυχρῷ θ' ὁμοίως, ὥσπερ οἰδοῦντος σάλου
πέτραισιν ἐμπίπτοντος ἁλικλύστοις ἄχνη.
ἔκειτο δ' ὠχρὸς ἱππότης διάστροφος,
βρεχθεὶς μέτωπον ταῖς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ δρόσοις,
ἰὸς δ' ἐπὼν ἔχραινε τὴν παντευχίαν·
σκῆναι δ' ἐσίγων ἥ τε σημείων χλιδὴ
μόνη 'λέλειπτο, κοὔ τις ἦν αἰχμῶν στρατῷ
ἐν παντὶ πίτυλος οὔτε σάλπιγγος βοή.
θρηνοῦσι δ' ὀρθίοισιν ἐν Νίνῳ γόοις
χῆραι γυναῖκες, ἐν δὲ τῷ Βήλου νεῷ
ἐχθρῶν τέθραυσται δαιμόνων ἀγάλματα,
ἀνδρῶν δ' ὑπέρφρον βαρβάρων κράτος, ξίφους
ἄθικτον, ἐμβλέψαντος εἰσάπαξ Θεοῦ,
ὥσπερ χιὼν τακεῖσα πᾶν διοίχεται.

EDWARD ELDER.

Caliban.

OU taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
Prospero. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches and make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No! pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would controul my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

SHAKSPEARE, *Tempest*, i. 2. 363.

Juliet.

SHUT the door! and, when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Friar Laurence. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Juliet. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

SHAKSPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 1 44.

Κ. Φθογγὴν βροτείαν σοῖς ἔχω διδάγμασι,
τοσοῦτο δ' αὐτῆς εὑρόμην, ὀθούνεκα
λόγους ἀραίους οἶδα· πύρφορός σ' ἔλοι
λοιμὸς πανωλὴς φθέγμα σὸν δείξαντά μοι.

Π. ἔξω, κελεύω, μητρὸς ἐχθίστης σπόρος·
οὔ μοι ξύλ' οἴσεις, τοῦ πυρὸς θρεπτήρια;
οὐ θᾶσσον; οὐκ ἂν αὖθις ἄλλ' ὑπηρετεῖν
φθάνοις ταχύνων, μή τι καὶ χεῖρον παθῇς:
ὀκνεῖς, στύγημα; τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἐὰν λόγοις
ἢ μή τι πείσθῃς, ἢ ποιῇς ἀκουσίως,
σφακέλοις σε θήσω τοῖς πάλαι στρεβλούμενον
ὥστ' ἐκφοβεῖν σε θῆρας ἐκβρυχώμενον.

Κ. μὴ δῆτα ταῦτά γ'· ἀλλὰ τῷδε πειστέον·
σοφαῖσι γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἰσχύει τέχναις,
ὥστ' ἄν δύνασθαι τῆς ἐμῆς μητρὸς θεὸν
Σέτεβον κατασχεῖν ἔς τε δουλείαν τρέπειν.

EDWARD ELDER.

Ι. Πάκτου τὸ δῶμα, κᾆτα ποιήσας τόδε
γόους δάκρυε τῇδε σὺν δυσδαίμονι,
ᾗ πᾶσ' ἄρηξις, μῆχος, ἐλπὶς οἴχεται.

Λ. φεῦ. ἤδη τορῶς κάτοιδα σὴν λύπην, τέκνον,
ᾗ παντελῶς δὴ τῶν φρενῶν ἐξίσταμαι,
καὶ γὰρ κλύω δεῖν, οὐδ' ἐπαρκέσις πάρα,
πρὶν δὶς διελθεῖν ἥλιον δι' οὐρανὸν,
βίᾳ σ' ἄνακτος τοῦδε γίγνεσθαι λέχος.

Ι. μή μοί συ λέξῃς ὡς τάδ' εἶ πεπυσμένος,
εἰ μή γε λέξεις πῶς τόδ' ἐκφεύγω κακὸν,
ἄκος δὲ μηδὲν προσφέρων εὐβουλίᾳ,
μόνον σύ γ' εἰπέ μοι βεβουλεῦσθαι καλῶς,
ξίφος δ' ἄρηξιν τοῦτό μοι δώσει τάχα.

EDWARD ELDER.

WEET is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train;
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 640.

The Lady who offers her Looking Glass to Venus.

ENUS, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

PRIOR.

SUAVIS adest animo nascentis spiritus Eos,
Quum primæ cantus emodulentur aves;
Suave jubar Solis, radiis quum primus obortis
Hos dulces agros, hæc loca grata fovet.
Cui genus arboreum, cui fructus et herba nitenti
Et teneri flores —omnia—rore micant.
Tu quoque fragrantes, tellus, emittis odores,
Molli frugiferos imbre soluta sinus.
Tu quoque dulcis ades miti gratissimus hora
Vesperque, et tacitæ noctis amœna quies,
Cui sollemnis avis comes et pulcherrima Luna,
Astrorumque, poli plurima gemma, cohors:
Sed neque jucundus nascentis spiritus Eos,
Nec matutini carmina prima chori;
Nec jubar hos dulces exsurgens Solis in agros,
Non fructus, flores, herbaque rore micans,
Terrave post imbres fragrans,—non Vesperis hora
Gratior, aut tacitæ noctis amœna quies;
Non sollemnis avis, tacitæ comes addita nocti,
Nocturnosque regens Cynthia luce pedes;
Non quæ læta micant accenso sidera cælo,
Nulla mihi sine te dulcia, nulla placent.

JOHN ERNEST BODE.

NON sum, qualis eram: speculum hoc, Venus, accipe votum:
Quale dehinc fiam, ne, Venus, aspiciam.

E.

ENVY not, in any moods,
The captive void of noble rage;
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
His licence in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
For whom a conscience never wakes.

Nor, though it count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
That stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I hold it, when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON.

Per Livia.

IVIA suol ridere
Nei tristi eventi:
E ha cor si barbaro?
No; ma bei denti.

A. D'ELCI.

NON homini invideo, cui dura ad claustra retento
Ingenua rabie mens male sana vacat:
Non merulæ, angusto quæ nata in carcere vernas
Nec gaudet silvas nec meminisse dolet.

Non equidem invideo, viridis qui prata juventæ
Ludenti similis, sed sine lege, petit.
Compede quem nulla religat mens conscia pravi,
Nec vigili somnos verbere Pœna quatit.

Nec laudo, eximia quamvis se sorte bearit,
Siquis amicitiæ pignora nulla dedit.
Desidia mihi nulla placent stagnantia corda,
Pectoribus vacuis displicet emta quies.

Hæc meliora voco — quæ sors mihi cunque dolenti
Attulerit, doleo, at mens mihi certa manet.
Amissos potius plorem lacrimosus amores,
Quam nullo arguerim tempore, quid sit amor.

GEORGE CURREY.

ALIENA semper damna Chloris irridet:
Num Chloris adeo barbaros habet mores?
Minime: sed adeo candidos habet dentes.

E.

ONCE on a time a paper kite
Was mounted to a wondrous height,
Where, giddy with its elevation,
It thus express'd self-admiration:
See how yon crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the steeple;
How would they wonder if they knew
All that a kite like me could do!
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight
But, ah! like a poor pris'ner bound,
My string confines me near the ground;
I'd have the eagle's towering wing,
Might I but fly without a string.
It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
To break the string—at last it broke!
Deprived at once of all its stay,
In vain it tried to soar away;
Unable its own weight to bear
It flutter'd downwards in the air,
Unable its own course to guide,
The wind soon plunged it in the tide.
O foolish kite, thou hadst no wing,
How couldst thou fly without a string?
My heart replied: O Lord, I see
How much the kite resembles me!
Forgetful that by thee I stand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand,
How oft I've wish'd to break the lines,
Thy wisdom for my lot assigns;

MILVIUS, ut fama est, quondam (mirabile visu!)
Charteus ex alto despiciebat humum.
Et liquidas carpens paullo jactantior auras
Ipse suas laudes, magnaque verba dabat:
Ecce feror super ora virum: comitatur euntem
Plausibus insolitæ conscia turba fugæ.
Sed quanto melius novissent, (quæ mea virtus)
Qualis sit milvo, me volitante, vigor.
Si nubes, oculos cursu fallente, secarem,
Non humile ingrediens, dummodo liber, iter;
Sed sors dura premit—miserumque ad limina terræ
Captivum angusto carcere lora tenent.
Certarem rapidis aquilæ pernicior alis
Surgere si fatum, sed sine fune, daret.
Interea trepido tentabat vincula nisu
Si qua importunum rumperet arte jugum.
Rumpitur—atque vagos nullo retinente volatus,
Ætherias frustra gestit inire vias.
Pondere devectus proprio, sine viribus ullis,
Præcipiti gyro pronus ad ima cadit.
Ignarumque suos proprio moderamine cursus
Flectere, demergunt æquore flabra Noti.
Ah! demens! non ala tibi neque robora pennæ,
Milvi, quid velles fune carere tuo?
Respondet dicto citius mens conscia culpæ,
Quam similis, Domine, est milvius iste mei!
Non sine te stantem præsens me dextera fallit,
Impatiens freni, te moderante, regor.
Quam sæpe impositos volui transcendere fines,
Quos mihi descripsit provida cura Dei.

For something more and something higher
How oft indulged a vain desire!
And, but for grace and love divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine.

NEWTON.

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country-houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear, aye, birds tune this pretty lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

T. NASH.

Das Kind in der Wiege.

GLÜCKLICHER Säugling! dir ist ein unendlicher Raum
noch die Wiege:
Werde Mann, und dir wird eng die unendliche Welt.

SCHILLER.

Quam sæpe indulsi vano suspiria cordi,
Nescio quid quærens altius atque prius!
Et nisi faustus amor divino numine adesset,
Tam mihi quam milvo vasta ruina foret.

GEORGE CURREY.

ULCE Ver, annum imperio benigno
Tu regis; lætum tibi rus virescit;
Et juvat junctis manibus puellas
Pellere terram.

Solvitur frigus penetrans, melosque
Per nemus fundunt volucres canoræ,
Et domos omnes foliis adornant
Buxus et ilex.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
Dulce pastorum resonant avenæ,
Dulce olent agri, pede pulchra bellis
Pressa resurgit.

Jam puer suavem repetit puellam,
Jamque anus Solem repetunt apricæ,
Læta per vicos iterata nostros
Carmina surgunt.

FREDERICK POYNDER.

ACTENTI puero nimis incunabula vasta:
Tellus, quanta patet, fit nimis arcta viro.

E.

SONG for the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the forest long:—
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong!
There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he sheweth his might in the wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout!

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone:—
And still flourish he, a green hale tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with gold
Was tinging his branches grey,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet
To gather the dew of May.
And all that day to the rebeck gay
They frolick'd with lovesome swains;
They are gone,—they are dead,—in the churchyard laid,—
But the tree, he still remains!

Then sing, &c. &c.

He saw the good times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear:—
When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
Were full of good English cheer.

AUDIBUS quercum celebrate, quercum
Mille nodosis validam lacertis,
Late inumbrantem viridi minorem
Vertice sylvam.

Qualis, occasu rutilante Phœbi,
Luridum tollit caput, impotentem
Provocans Eurum, rabidas movente
Nocte procellas.

Testis actorum melius dierum,
Quum prius, Maio viridante ramos,
Ducerent lætas hilari choreas
Agmine Nymphæ,

Rore conspersæ tenero, procacem
Nec repugnantes juvenum catervam,
Donec haud fessum aspicerent reversa
Sidera ludum.

Simplices ruris periere ritus!
Morte jampridem pueri et puellæ
Dormiunt:—arbor manet auctiori
Fronde superstes.

Testis actorum melius dierum,
Quum prius, sacra redeunte luce,
Mos erat nostris meritos Deorum
Reddere honores:

Nec repellebant inopem superba
Divites mensa, at simul accubantes
Rite gaudebant pariter jocosum
Ducere festum.

Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he!
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be toss'd on the stormy sea!

Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone:—
And still flourish he, a green hale tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

H. F. Chorley.

A SINGLE figure told your years
When I began to woo:
That age is doubled, and, dear Rose,
My love is doubled too.

I loved you much for childhood's spring
Which in your features smiled,
But more because I then could read
The woman in the child.

Still be the promise kept, and still
May each successive hour
Add to the beauty of the bud
The sweetness of the flower.

Posterum, auratis inhians acervis,
Deditumque acri genus heu! tyranno
Impiis nullos tremuit carinis
Findere fluctus.

Huic tamen caræ rabies habendi
Arbori parcat: pelagique casus
Vitet haud ullo violanda sævi
Verbere ferri.

Laudibus quercum celebrate, quercum
Gloriam silvæ, facile inter omnes
Principem æquales, decus et futuri
Nobile sæcli!

HENRY KING.

QUUM primum, Rosa cara, te colebam,
Litera una tuos notabat annos,
Ista nunc geminata floret ætas,
Et meus geminatus ardet ignis.
Nimirum mihi grata eras, quod ore
Ridebat juvenile ver in isto,
Sed magis, quia parva prædicabas,
Qualis mox mulier fores futura.
Sic crescant, precor, ingeni vigores;
Horæ, quotquot eunt, fugacis ævi
Pergant addere gemmulæ venustæ
Floris gaudia suaviora pleni. E.

REEN grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twere na for the lasses, O!

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O!
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
An' warly cares an' warly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O!

BURNS.

LOREANT junci virides, at illa
Grata præ cunctis mihi, quæ sub umbra
Haud repugnantes videt ambientem
Hora puellas.

Omnes cura premit: dispar sibi mille figuris,
Omnibus est horis certus ubique dolor!
Quid prodest longis lente lassarier annis,
Ni Venus oblectet fœmineusque decor?

En tibi divitias! insta! sequere! ah miser! illæ
Eludunt avidam somnia vana manum!
Sin vero arripias, nummis inhiesque senescens
Quæsitis,—hæc tu gaudia vera putas?

Luna precor tantum subluceat orbe benigno
Dum facilem reddit se mea Myra mihi,
Tuque, miser, vigiles,—curisque exesus amaris
Inferno pereas sordida præda Deo!

Ridesne? at stulto licet indulgere cachinno
Frigidius glacie qui tibi pectus habes!
Rex olim quo non sapientior extitit alter
Haud uno lætos carpsit amore dies:

Hac se operas superasse omnes Natura creatrix
Jactat, et hic posito limite cessat iners:
Namque Mares primum tiro rudis, inde Puellas
Extremum summæ protulit artis opus.

HENRY KING.

MARK'D, when vernal meads were bright,
And many a primrose smil'd,
I mark'd her, blithe as morning light,
A dimpled three years child.
A basket on one tender arm
Contain'd her precious store,
Of spring-flowers in their freshest charm,
Told proudly o'er and o'er.
The other wound with earnest hold
About her blooming guide,
A maid who scarce twelve years had told:
So walk'd they side by side.
One a bright bud, and one might seem
A sister flower half-blown;
Full joyous in their loving dream,
The sky of April shone.

The summer months swept by: again
That loving pair I met:
On russet heath and bowery lane,
The autumnal sun had set.
And chill and damp that Sunday eve
Breath'd on the mourners' road
That bright-eyed little one to leave
Safe in the saints' abode.
Behind the guardian sister came,
Her bright brow dim and pale,—
O cheer thee, maiden! in His Name
Who stilled Jairus' wail.

VIDI equidem, quum prata novi pinxere colores,
Et micuit verno primula multa solo,
Trimam, cui nituit gelasinus in ore, puellam,
Lætantem, ut læta est lux oriente die.
Altera gestabat calathum manus, ipsa triumphans
Condita serta suas dinumerabat opes.
Altera sollicita implicuit manus arte sororem,
Cui juvenilis adhuc sedit in ore rubor.
Tres quater hæc etiam vixdum compleverat annos,
Incessere pari duxque comesque gradu :
Visa mihi teneræ similis soror altera gemmæ,
Quæ velut in nido vix patefacta latet :
Altera maturos mox explicitura colores :
Utraque amicitiæ compede vincta fuit.
Una utrumque animum pascebat amoris imago,
Vernis auspiciis lætus Aprilis erat.

Æstas præteriit velox, iterumque puellas
Vidi ego, quas dulcis consociarat amor :
Tempore quo campos, umbrosaque compita circum
Lumine pallebat jam breviore dies
Humida frigebant auctumni flamina, dum te
Funebris ad tumulum, parvula, pompa vehit.
Tu tua tecta petis proprio nitidissima cœlo,
Altera te sequitur pallida fronte soror.
Parce tamen lacrymis, nam te solabitur unus,
Cujus voce fuit reddita nata patri.

Thou mourn'st to miss the fingers soft,
That held by thine so fast;
The fond appealing eye, full oft
T'ward thee for refuge cast.
Sweet toils, sweet cares, for ever gone!
No more from stranger's face
Or startling sound the timid one
Shall hide in thine embrace.
Thy first glad earthly task is o'er,
And dreary seems thy way:
But what if nearer than before
She watch thee, even to-day?
What if henceforth by Heaven's decree,
She leave thee not alone,
But in her turn prove guide to thee
In ways to angels known?
O yield thee to her whisperings sweet:
Away with thoughts of gloom!
In love the loving spirits greet,
Who wait to bless her tomb.
In loving hope with her unseen
Walk as in hallow'd air:
When foes are strong and trials keen,
Think, "what if she be there?"

KEBLE.

Epitafio d' Ettore.

ETTORE io fui Trojan, prence, guerriero;
Fe i miei dì brevi Achille, eterni Omero.

A. D' ELCI.

In desiderio frustra petis anxia molles,
Quæ tenero amplexu te tenuere, manus:
Quique in te toties vertentes lumina ocelli,
Præsidium visi sunt rogitare tuum.
Dulce ministerium, labor O suavissimus, omnis
Tutelæ periit non reparandus honos.
Non illam subitosve sonos faciemve timentem
Insuetam poteris condere amica sinu.
Qui fuerat vitæ periit labor unicus, et nunc
Quod superest operæ, tædia sola putes.
Forsitan illa tamen tibi nunc divinitus adsit,
Et tibi sit propior quam fuit ante, comes.
Forsitan et Patris cœlestia jussa facessens,
Invigilet cursu tempus in omne tuo.
Cujus et ipsa pedes tu nuper amore regebas,
Indicet Angelicas dux tibi facta vias.
Audi igitur quas vox mittit tibi caeca loquelas,
"Ite procul tenebræ, spes nova surgat," ait.
Ni fallor, tumulum vigilant pia numina circum,
Tu voci illorum verba referre velis.
Obscuram tu carpe viam spe freta fideli,
Neu timeas, quo te dux vocat alma, sequi.
Hostibus in mediis interque pericula vitæ
Non parva auxilii pars erit illa tui.

HENRY WRIGHT PHILLOTT.

HIC jaceo, princeps, bellator, Troius Hector:
Vitam a Pelida raptam mihi servat Homerus.

E.

ABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting,
Under the glassy cool translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair:
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.
Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus;
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's book;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands:
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have:
Listen and save.

MILTON, *Comus*, 859.

AT tu, quæ gelido recubans sub marmore flores
Nectis odoratis implicitura comis,
Audi ubi perfusos electri rore capillos
Colligis, et votis, diva Sabrina, fave.
Cui lacus est curæ nitidis argenteus undis,
Invocat intactæ te pietatis honos.
Te per et Oceani nomen, sævumque tridentem,
Quo concussa pavet terra, Sabrina, veni;
Perque gravem incessu Tethyn, rugasque seniles
Nereos oramus, Carpathiumque magum:
Per te squamosum concha Tritona recurva,
Per veteris Glauci carmina plena Deo;
Leucotheæque manus graciles, natumque regentem
Littora, perque Thetin gemmiferosque pedes;
Dulces Sirenum illecebras, mellita sororum
Carmina, per caræ funera Parthenopes,
Quæque adamantea residens in rupe, solutas
Pectine deducit pulchra Ligea comas:
Per quæcunque tuæ solita est sub margine lymphæ
Noctu virgineos ducere Nympha choros,
Surge, age, sublimis roseum caput effer ab unda
Pumiceumque tuum linque, Sabrina, torum.
Præcipites cohibe fluctus, precibusque vocata
Annue, neu verbis verba referre neges;
Audi igitur, tu nostra salus, te Diva precamur,
Audi, et supplicibus, Diva Sabrina, fave.

HENRY WRIGHT PHILLOTT.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place did she rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down through town and field,
To mingle with the human race:
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face.

TENNYSON.

La Rosa.

DI se stessa invaghita, e del suo bello
Si specchiava la Rosa
In un limpido e rapido ruscello.
Quando d' ogni sua foglia
Un aura impetuosa
La bella Rosa spoglia.
Cascar' nel rio le foglie: e il rio fuggendo
Se le porta correndo:
E così la beltà
Rapidissimamente, oh Dio! sen va.

FRANCESCO DE LEMENE.

INSEDIT quondam Libertas ardua montes;
Fulmina sub nudo dissiluere pede.
Pura super tremula micuerunt sidera luce:
Aure bibit strepitus congredientis aquæ.
Sola sibi placuit divinæ conscia mentis;
Vix legeret fractos ventus ab ore sonos.
Descendit tandem camposque invisit et urbes,
Comis et humanum cœpit adire genus;
Detractoque minutatim velamine monstrat
Quot sibi sint veneres, quantus in ore decor.

EDWIN PALMER.

IPSA suæ rosa dum lætatur imagine formæ,
In speculum celeris despiciebat aquæ;
Quum subito zephyri violentior incidit aura,
Decussitque omnes vis inopina comas.
Iam capit exuvias rivus correptaque secum
Fert spolia, æternam quo secat ipse viam.
Haud aliter, miserum! tenero cadit ore venustas,
Tollitur et rapida forma colorque fuga.

EDWIN PALMER.

Macbeth.

HAT is that noise ?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. (*Exit.*)

M. I have almost forgot the taste of fears ;
The time has been my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't : I have supp'd full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaugh'trous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. (*Re-enter Seyton.*) Wherefore
was that cry ?

S. The queen, my lord, is dead.

* * * * *

M. Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

SHAKSPEARE. *Macbeth*, v. 5, 7.

HE earth walketh on the earth, glittering like gold,
The earth goeth from the earth, not when it wold,
The earth buildeth on the earth castles and towers,
The earth sayeth to the earth : These shall be ours.

Μα. Ἔα· τί τοῦτο;
Οἰκ. Θῆλυς ἦν, ὦναξ, βοή.
Μα. Χρόνος μὲν ἤδη δαρὸς ἐξότου φόβον
οὐκ οἶδ' ἔγωγε τίς ποτ' ἔστ', ἐπεὶ πρωτοῦ
μεσονυκτίοις βοαῖσι κῆρ ἐπήγνυτο
μῦθός τε γοερὸς ὀρθίαν ἵστη τρίχα
ὥστ' αὐτόπρεμνον δέρμα κινεῖσθαι δοκεῖν.
νῦν δ' ἐμπέπλησμαι τῶν κακῶν· τὰ δεινὰ δὲ
ἐμαῖσι φονέως φροντίσιν σύνεστ' ἀεί,
ὥστ' οὐδ' ἄπαξ τρέσαιμ' ἄν. ἡ βοὴ τίς ἦν;
Οἰκ. ἡ σὴ γυνὴ τέθνηκε· πάντ' ἀκήκοας.
Μα. σκιὰ βίος τοῖς ζῶσιν, ὑποκριτὴς μὲν οὖν
ὅστις κατ' ἦμαρ περιπατῶν σεμύνεται
κἄτ' ἐς τὸ μηδὲν ἐφθάρη· κάλλιστα δ' ἂν
μύθῳ νιν εἰκάσειας ἐκμεμηνότος,
κομποῦντος ὀργῇ μέγαλ', ἀναυδήτῳ τὸ πᾶν.

EDWIN PALMER.

INCEDIT terra terrenus, fulgidus auro,
Terrenus terra, non ubi malit, abit.
Muros in terra terrenus ponit et arces,
Terrenus terræ, nostra, ait, ista manent.

E.

ALAS! they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. Coleridge.

BIEN que Paul soit dans l'indigence,
Son envie et sa médisance
M'empeschent de le soulager.
Sa fortune est en grand désordre,
Il ne trouve plus à manger,
Mais il trouve toujours à mordre.

Charleval.

UNANIMI prima fuerant ætate sodales,
Subruit, heu, longam subdola lingua fidem:
Spinosumque iter est vitæ, præcepsque juventus:
Nescia mutari numina sola manent:
Et subita incautos torquet dementia fratres,
Ut semel est ira sollicitatus amor.
Talis et hos inter venit furor: aspera dictu
Jecerat in fratrem frater uterque suum.
Dissiluere jugum nunquam reditura sub unum
Pectora. Væ! quanto constitit ille dies.
Stant procul aversi: lacerum sed pectus utrique
Vulnus habet; neutri subvenit alter amor.
Sic ubi divulsæ fracto stant vertice rupes,
Improba quas mediis dividit unda fretis,
Fœderis antiqui nullum vestigia fulmen,
Non sol æstivus, non abolebit hiems.

EDWIN PALMER.

PAULINUS est egenus, idem lividus
Paulinus est, magnaque maledicentia,
Nil igitur illi ferre solati queo.
Tantoque luxu patria perdidit bona,
Ut nil edendum suppetat; rei tamen
Paratum habebit affatim, quod mordeat.

E.

OR deedes doe die, how ever nobly done,
And thoughts of men doe as themselves decay:
But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age nor envie shall them ever wast.
In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine,
Seeke, with Pyramides to heaven aspired,
Or huge colosses built with costlie paine,
Or brasen pillours never to be fired,
Or shrines made of the metal most desired
To make their memories for ever live:
For how can mortal immortalitie give?

SPENSER.

TONE walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

LOVELACE.

FORTIA facta premit senium noctisque sub umbras
Consilia humani funeris instar eunt.
Docta tamen paribus numeris decurrere verba
Pieridum cura tempus in omne manent:
His neque longa dies rapidæ nec sæva procellæ
Flamina, nec tristi verbere Livor obest.
Frustra Pyramidas tollunt ad sidera reges
Grandiaque immenso signa labore parant,
Et nunquam arsuras statuunt ex ære columnas
Splendidaque aurato nota sepulchra tholo,
Nomen ut æternum superet; mortalia nunquam
Immortale valent continuare decus.

EDWIN PALMER.

CUI nocet incluso murorum saxea moles?
Oppositi clathri quem cohibere valent?
Nempe ibi, si superest animi constantia puri,
Otia suppeditant et sine fraude quies.
Dum mihi tutus amor vinclo solvatur ab omni,
Dum liceat menti quamlibet ire fugam.
Angelica ipsa cohors, quæ pervolat ardua cœli,
Sorte potest nulla liberiore frui.

E.

AS when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off:—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole: at that he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps,
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams,
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers: never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo the stormy scream as she sails by:
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, but knew him not.

M. Arnold.

Epitafio d'Alessandro Magno.

SON nato in Pella, in Babilonia estinto;
Tutti, ô stranier, fuor che me stesso, ho vinto.

A. d'Elci.

AC velut impositam nido pullosque foventem
Venator si forte aquilam conspexit in altis
Montibus, abruptas qua subrigit insula cautes
Cincta lacu, cœlique fuga convexa petentem
Fixit agens telis, certamque per avia prædam
Insequitur: redit ecce volans ex æquore conjux,
Desertosque procul nidos et frigida tecta
Agnovit, pennisque inhibet gyrisque minutis
Atque indignanti similis loca nota suosque
Circuit et magno absentem clamore reposcit.
Nequiquam. Procul illa domo convalle remota
Inter saxa jacet moriens; lethalis arundo
Hæret adhuc lateri: vanas sine corpore plumas
Misceri cumulo rapidisque undare putares
Flatibus. Ast illam jam non velut ante volantem
Unda lacus oculis reddet; non humidus atro
Mons latere horrisonas referet sub sidera voces.
Ut nidum ingentis luctus petit inscius ales,
Immotis sic Persa oculis sua damna tuetur
Inscius et patrio morientem vulnere natum.

Edwin Palmer.

ILLE ego, qui Pellæ natus, Babylone peremptus,
Me præter, nequii dedomuisse nihil.

E.

Gratiano.

WHAT is the matter?

Othello. Behold, I have a weapon!
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast,
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'Tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

SHAKSPEARE, *Othello*, v. 2, 259.

THIS the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves on the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow when friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle the gems drop away;
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

Γ. Τί δ' ἔστι τοῦτο;
Ο. λεύσσεθ' ὡς ἔχω ξίφος
τοιοῦτον οἷον οὔτις ἀνθρώπων ποτε
μηρῷ προσῆψεν ἄλλος εἰς χρείαν μάχης.
ἤδη ποτ' αὐτὸς τῷδε σὺν ξίφει μόνος
πολλῷ πλέω κωλύματ' ἐξεκρουσάμην
ὧν φαίνεθ' ὑμεῖς· εἰς κενὸν δ' ἐκόμπασα·
τὰ δ' οὖν βέβηκε· μοῖρά τοι πάντων κρατεῖ.
πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ φοβεῖσθε, κἂν ἔχω ξίφος·
δρόμον γὰρ ἥκω τέρμα καφῖγμαι σκοποῦ
ναυτίλλομαι δὲ σῆμ' ὁρῶν πανύστατον.
ἆρ' ἐκπέπληχθε; τοὐξ ἐμοῦ κενὸν δέος.
ἅπαξ δ' ἐφορμηθέντες ὡς μαχούμενοι
φεύγειν μ' ἴδοιτ' ἄν· τίς δ' ἐμοὶ φυγὴ πάρα;

EDWIN PALMER.

SPIRAT adhuc vacuo, spirat rosa suavis, in horto,
Et comites, olim quæ viguere, dolet;
Reddere nec superest quæ jam suspiria possit,
Risibus aut risus consociare, soror.
Ergo erat ut viduo vellem te linquere culmo?
Dormit amor, dormit quicquid amoris erat.
Qua jacet ille, jace: licet hæc inodora recumbant,
Sit mihi marcentem spargere fronde torum.
Sic et amicitiæ flos marcet: hebescit amoris
Gemma senescentis; fugerit ille, sequar.
Fugit amor; languent extinctis pectora flammis;
Quis trahat ah! solo solus in orbe moras?

EDWARD WALFORD.

Μέγα τι σθένος ἁ Κύπρις ἐκφέρεται νίκας ἀεί.
καὶ τὰ μὲν θεῶν
παρέβαν, καὶ ὅπως Κρονίδαν ἀπάτασεν οὐ λέγω,
οὐδὲ τὸν ἔννυχον Αἴδαν,
ἢ Ποσειδάωνα τινάκτορα γαίας·
ἀλλ᾽ ἐπὶ τάνδ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἄκοιτιν
τίνες ἀμφίγυοι κατέβαν πρὸ γάμων, τίνες
πάμπληκτα παγκόνιτά τ᾽ ἐξῆλθον ἄεθλ᾽ ἀγώνων.
ὁ μὲν ἦν ποταμοῦ σθένος, ὑψικέρω τετραόρου
φάσμα ταύρου,
Ἀχελῷος ἀπ᾽ Οἰνιαδᾶν, ὁ δὲ Βακχείας ἄπο
ἦλθε παλίντονα Θήβας,
τόξα καὶ λόγχας ῥόπαλόν τε τινάσσων,
παῖς Δίος· οἳ τότ᾽ ἀολλεῖς
ἴσαν ἐς μέσον ἱέμενοι λεχέων· μόνα δ᾽
εὔλεκτρος ἐν μέσῳ Κύπρις ῥαβδονομεῖ ξυνοῦσα.

SOPH. *Trach.* 497.

THE earth walketh on the earth, glittering like gold,
The earth goeth from the earth, not when it wold,
The earth buildeth on the earth castles and towers,
The earth sayeth to the earth: These shall be ours.

VICTORIARUM ferre solet decus
Magnum Dione. Victa ego numina
Iovisque decepti dolores
Prætereo Stygiumque Ditem,
Regemque, terræ cuspide qui solum
Quassat tremenda. Fas mihi dicere,
Qui propter insanos amores
Ancipitem subiere pugnam;
Hinc tauriformi fronte superbiens
Adstat, modo amnis nunc quadrupes, bovis
Conversus in formam, relinquens
Œniacas Achelöus undas.
Hinc ille Thebis impiger Hercules
Nutritus, arcus ex humero leves
Et tela suspendens; gravemque
Dextra quatit metuenda clavum;
Dis natus ipsis. Hi thalamum ruunt
Nymphæ expetentes. Quos Venus arbitra
Committit, incertumque pugnæ
Æqua regit variantis æstum.

EDWARD WALFORD.

Λαμπρὸς βέβηχ' ὁ γήϊνος τῆς γῆς ἔπι,
ἄκων ἀπῆλθ' ὁ γήϊνος τῆς γῆς ἄπο,
πύργους ἔδειμ' ὁ γήϊνος τῆς γῆς ἔπι,
ἡμῖν τάδ' ἔσθ', ὁ γήϊνος τῇ γῇ λέγει.

E.

Τότ' ἦν χερὸς, ἦν δὲ τόξων πάταγος,
ταυρείων τ' ἀνάμιγδα κεράτων.
ἦν δ' ἀμφίπλεκτοι
κλίμακες, ἦν δὲ μετώπων ὀλόεντα
πλήγματα καὶ στόνος ἀμφοῖν.
ἁ δ' εὐῶπις ἁβρὰ
τηλαυγεῖ παρ' ὄχθῳ
ἧστο, τὸν ὃν προσμένουσ' ἀκοίταν.
ἐγὼ δὲ μάτηρ μὲν οἷα φράζω,
τὸ δ' ἀμφινείκητον ὄμμα νύμφας
ἐλεινὸν ἀμμένει·
κἀπὸ ματρὸς ἄφαρ βέβακεν,
ὥστε πόρτις ἐρήμα.

SOPH. *Trach.* 516.

L'Agnello.

UN Agnel, che la madre e il genitore
Dal Lupo rio sbranati avea perduto,
Spargendo per la selva alto clamore
Domandava difesa ad ogni bruto.
Ebber tutti pietà del suo dolore;
Ma niuno offerse al suo dolore aiuto.
Dell' innocente oppresso dal più forte
Fuor della selva ancor questa è la sorte.

G. G. DE ROSSI.

UM dextra dextræ telaque fervidis
Illisa telis: cornua tum bovi
Concussa; tunc in colla victor
Inque humeros onerosus hæsit.
Nec frons frequentes sustinuit diu
Infracta plagas. Tristior interim
Labentis in ripa fluenti,
Prospiciens nova bella, sedit,
Quem sors maritum mox dederit, sinu
Fotura conjux. Virgineus color
Et flos juventutis decoræ
Pulchrior e lacrymis refulsit.
Nunc et—sed istæc quid queror amplius?
Illa, ut relictis bucula vallibus,
Nunc præda victoris, protervo
Cruda viro, miseranda restat.

EDWARD WALFORD.

GNUS tenellus, perditis parentibus,
Quem dente sævo infestus orbarat lupus,
Implebat omne lugubri questu nemus,
Cunctas precatus, ut darent opem, feras.
Nullam ferarum tantus haud movit dolor,
Opem dolenti nulla quæsitam tulit.
Sic, innocentem cum premit superbia,
Fit sæpe, nec fit illud in sylvis modo.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

La mort de Chauvin.

HAUVIN sonnant sur Seine ses aubades
Donna tel aise aux gentilles Naïades,
Que l'ung pour tons des aquatiques dieux
Parla ainsy : le ton melodieux
De ce Chauvin, frères, nous pourroit nuire
Par traict de temps et nos femmes seduire
Iusqu' à les faire yssyr de la clere unde
Pour habiter la terre large et ronde.
Ne feit au chant de son psalterion
Sortir des eaux les dauphins Arion ?
Ne tira pas Orpheüs Eurydice
Hors des enfers ? Cela nous est indice
Que cestuy-ci, qui mieulx que ces deux sonne,
Et qui tant est gratieuse personne,
Nous pourroit bien nos nymphes suborner.
Ces mots finyz, se prinrent à tourner
Ces dieux jaloux autour de la nasselle
Du bon Chauvin et renversans icelle,
L'ont en leurs eaux plongé et suffocqué
Puis chascun d'eulx des nymphes s'est mocqué
En leur disant : Venez, dames, venez,
Voici Chauvin, que si cher vous tenez :
Commandez lui que danser il vous face.
Lors le baisant ainsy mort en la face,
Toutes sur luy de leurs yeulx espandirent
Nouvelles eaux, et après le rendirent
Dessouz la terre ez mains de ses amys
Qui l'ont ensemble en sepulture mys.

Cl. Marot.

SEQUANICUM ad flumen cithara Calvinus eoa
Naiadum cecinit carmina grata choro:
Ast ita subter aquas Divis ex omnibus unus,
En, socii, doctum, quod facit iste, melos:
Hæc olim poterunt nobis mala multa movere,
Et nitidis nymphas elicuisse vadis.
Forsitan et cupiant nos deliquisse sub undis
Arvaque terrestris lata habitare plagæ.
Scilicet e pelago traxit delphinas Arion,
Et docuit blandæ carmina amare lyræ:
Eurydicen Orpheus imo revocavit ab Orco,
Indicio moniti discite recta, dei.
Iste etenim superat cantando doctior ambos,
Oraque præstanti vix minus arte placent:
Nempe potest talis nostras quoque fallere nymphas:
Dixerat ille: omnes iraque amorque rapit.
Ilicet in vatem Divom convolvitur agmen,
Effunditque in aquas cymba reversa virum.
Illum letifero merserunt gurgite raptum,
Inque vices probris increpuere deas:
En agite, o Nymphæ, venit Calvinus, adeste,
Præsto est, quem tanto suestis amore sequi.
Quin illum citharam ad choreas aptare jubetis;
Oscula sed tacitis dat dea quæque labris.
Tunc oculis cunctæ lacrymas, nova flumina, fundunt,
Littoreoque virum restituere solo,
Sic comitem excipiunt comites, pia turba, priores
Et faciunt una debita jura rogo.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

TITANUM soboles, socia nostri sanguinis
Generata cœlo, aspicite religatum asperis
Vinctumque saxis, navem ut horrisono freto
Noctem paventes timidi adnectunt navitæ,
Saturnius me sic infixit Jupiter,
Jovisque numen Mulcibri adscivit manus:
Hos ille cuneos fabrica crudeli inserens
Perrupit artus, qua miser sollertia
Transverberatus castrum hoc Furiarum incolo.
Jam tertio me quoque funesto die,
Tristi advolatu, aduncis lacerans unguibus,
Jovis satelles pastu dilaniat fero;
Tum jecore opimo farta et satiata affatim
Clangorem fundit vastum, et sublime avolans
Pinnata cauda nostrum adulat sanguinem.

CICERO, *Tusc. Disp.* ii. 23.

Der Greis.

NEARCH ist lahm, ist blind, ist taub,
Ist halb schon der Verwesung Raub
Und längst die Beute schlauer Erben.
Wann wird der todte Mann doch sterben?

WEISSER.

Ἀλλ' Οὐρανοῦ φίτυμα, Τιτάνων γένος,
κήδευμ' ὅμαιμον, ἴδετέ μ' ἐν στυφλαῖς πέτραις
δεδεμένον ὧδε καὶ πεπασσαλευμένον,
ναύτης τις ὡς καθῆψε πόντιον σκάφος
ἐν βαρυβρόμῳ ῥηγμῖνι, τῆς νυκτὸς φόβῳ,
οὕτως ὁ Κρόνιος Ζεύς μ' ἐπήξατ' ἐνθάδε,
ὁ Ζεὺς γὰρ αὐτὸς ὥπλισ' Ἡφαίστου χέρας,
ὅς σφῆνας ὠμοὺς ἐμβαλὼν τούτους τέχνῃ
ἔρρηξεν ἄρθρα, τῇ δὲ χειρωναξίᾳ
διάτορος οἶκον τόνδ' Ἐρινύων ἔχω·
σκήψας δὲ λυπρῶς μ' ἡμερῶν τριῶν διὰ
διεσπάραξ' ὁ Ζηνὸς ὠμηστὴς κύων,
κἄπειτα πλησθεὶς ἥπατος δημοῦ τ' ἄδην
δεινὴν βοὴν ἀφῆκε, κἀκποτούμενος
οὐρᾷ πτερωτῷ τὸν ἐμὸν ἐκμάσσει φόνον.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

SURDUS Nearchus cæcus et claudus pede
Ex altera jam parte corporis perît:
Dudum Nearchum captat heredum cohors;
Quando Nearchus mortuus volet mori?

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

Sic vos non vobis.

ORTA il buon villanel da strania riva
Sovra gli omeri suoi pianta novella,
E col favor della più bassa stella
Fa che risorga nel suo campo, e viva:
Indi 'l sole e la pioggia e l' aura estiva
L' adorna e pasce e la fa lieta e bella.
Gode 'l cultore e sè felice appella,
Che delle sue fatiche al premio arriva.
Ma i pomi un tempo a lui serbati e cari
Rapace mano in breve spazio coglie;
Tanta è la copia degl' ingordi avari.
Così, lasso, in un giorno altri mi toglie
Il dolce frutto di tanti anni amari,
Ed io rimango ad odorar le foglie.

Francesco Beccuti.

HOLD that man the worst of public foes,
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife,
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house.
For being through his cowardice allowed
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She, like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devils' leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst, were that man he that reigns!
Better the king's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people and their bane.

Tennyson.

RUSTICUS arboream stirpem, non ante repertam,
Rettulit externo, pondere lætus, agro.
Rure suo adlatum posuit: cœloque favente
Hactenus ignoto pullulat illa solo.
Brachia Sol pluviæque almisque Favonius auris
Condecorant: læto numine pulchra viget.
Jam, felix operæ, cultor sua poma recenset,
Gaudiaque ingenti digna labore rapit.
Sed, quibus immoritur captus dulcedine, fructus
Sustulit abreptos furis avara manus.
Scilicet haud defit furum mala copia; at ipsi
Sic mihi post operam fructus inanis abit.
Nam subiens alter duros sperata per annos
Poma rapit: tantum frondibus ipse fruor.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

Οὗτος μέν ἐστιν, ὡς ἐμοὶ κριτῇ, πόλει
ἔχθιστος, ὅστις ἢ τέκνων κέρδος σκοπῶν
ἢ καὐτὸς αὐτοῦ, δημόθρουν τ' ὀκνῶν ψόγον,
γυναῖκ', ἄπιστον ἐξελεγχθεῖσαν σαφῶς
δόμοισιν οἰκουροῦσαν ἐμμένειν ἐᾷ·
ἐκ τῆς γὰρ αὐτοῦ δειλίας ἔτ' ἐντελὴς
μένουσα κεδνὴ πανταχοῦ νομίζεται,
ἕρπει δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὡς νόσημά τι
νεοσπόρητον, οὐδέ τις φυλάσσεται.
πονηρὰ δ' ἀστράπτουσ' ἀπ' ὀμμάτων βέλη
πιστῶν θ' ὑφεῖλε τὴν προθυμιάν φίλων
φρένας τε κινεῖ δυσθέοις σκιρτήμασι,
νέους τε πάντας ὤλεσ', ὡς εἰπεῖν ἔπος.
ἀλλ' ἐκ κακῶν κάκιστον, εἰ τοιοῦτος ὢν
τὰ σκῆπτρα νωμᾷ· τοίγαρ ἥδιον δρακεῖν
δόμους τ' ἀΐστους φρενοβόρους τ' ἀλγηδόνας
ἢ καί σ' ἀνιδρυθεῖσαν ἐμφανεῖ θρόνῳ·
γέλων ἐμοῖς ἀστοῖσι καὶ νόσημ' ἅμα.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

A l'Espérance.

CHARMANTE Espérance,
O source du plaisir,
Tu m'apportes d'avance
Un riant avenir.

Et si ton allégresse
Ne garde toujours foi,
Toujours, belle déesse,
Je suis fidèle à toi.

Les maux, que je regrette,
Tu bannis de mon cœur;
Va cherche ma Ninette,
Fais aussi son bonheur.

La trouves-tu cruelle,
Ne songe-t-elle à moi,
Reste à jamais chez elle,
Car je renonce à toi.

William Haig Brown.

USIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Shelley.

Ἐλπὶς, θεὰ γλυκίστη,
χαρᾶς τε νᾶμα πάσης,
σύ μοι φθάνεις προχείρους
τὰς ἡδονὰς φέρουσα·

κεἰ, κουφόνους τις οὖσα,
ψεύδεις μέ σου κλύοντα,
ἐγὼ, καλὴ Θέαινα,
σοὶ πιστὸς ἂν μένοιμι.

τἀλγήματ', ἀμὲ δάκνει
τὴν καρδίαν, διώκεις·
ἔλθ' ἐλθὲ πρὸς Νέαιραν
ποίει δὲ χάρμα καὐτῇ.

ἢν δύσκολον δ' ἐφεύρῃς
καὶ τἀμὰ μὴ φρονοῦσαν,
μίμν' εἰσαεὶ παρ' αὐτῇ,
ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ μελήσεις.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

QUUM tacet argutus fidicen, modulamina cantus
In memori resonant corde reposta tamen.
Quum marcent violæ, fragrantis spiritus auræ
Sensibus in vivis, quos tetigere, manet.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

ED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crowned the eastern copse; and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
And echo bids good-night from every glade;
Yet wait a while, and see the calm leaves float,
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall forgotten to abide,
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky
No drop for them of kindly influence found.

KEBLE.

SOL rubet, occiduam vix tangens lumine silvam,
Fusca premit campos jam breviorque dies.
Pallet et eoum tenui quæ cinxerat auro
Lux nemus: inque vicem nox tenebrosa subit.

Ultima venator lassus modulamina tentat,
Vox nemorum ingeminat consociata "Vale:"
Respice sed frondes placida tam morte caducas;
Cuique parens arbos, quæ tegit et tumulum.

Lene cadit sic nostra ætas: sed veris honores
Illis alterius non sinit esse Deus.
Qua cecidere, jacent; faciat nec funera quisquam;
Frondibus hæc sors est, non meliora rogant.

Mox tamen hic verni resonabunt aëre cantus,
Mille dabit circa florea serta nemus—
Rore novo gemmæ revirescent; omnia ut olim
Deliciæ et læti gaudia veris erunt.

Sed nihil his superest: perierunt, inscia turba;
Quicquid agunt homines, hos manet una quies;
Sic neque sunt nobis curæ, neque munera norunt
Dulcia quæ cœli gratia fundit humi.

HERBERT WILLIAM FISHER.

HUS was this place,
A happy rural seat of various views:
Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Betwixt them lawns or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 246.

Epitaph.

N this marble casket lies
A matchless jewel of rich price;
Whom Nature, in the world's disdain,
But showed, and put it up again.

Ἦν μὲν ἥδε σοι πόλεως ἄπο
ἕδρα καλή, διδοῦσα παντοίαν θέαν·
ἄλση γὰρ ἦν εὔδενδρα, πεύκινον δάκρυ
στάζοντ' ἀπ' ὄζων, βαλσάμου τ' εὐοσμίαν·
καὶ τῇδε λειμών, τῇδε πλὰξ λευρὰ διὰ
δένδρων ἐφαίνετ', ἐν δὲ ποιμνίων νομαὶ,
φοίνιξ τ' ἐπ' ὄχθοις·—εἶτα καὶ κόλπου νάπη
ἐξ ἀνθεμώδους ὕδασι διάβροχος ῥόδον
κέντροις ἄφρακτον, ποικίλον τ' ἀνθῶν γάνος,
ἥδιστα θησαυρίσματ' ἐκδίδωσ' ἀεί.
ταῦτ' ἐκλιπόντι δάσκι' εἰσελθεῖν πάρα
σπηλαῖά τ' ἄντρων καὶ μύχους ψυκτηρίους,
ἐφ' οἷς ἔβλαστε καὶ παρερπύζουσ' ἁβρῶς
σταφυλὴν τίθησιν ἄμπελος μελάγχιμον.
κἀν τῷδε πολλῶν δοχμίαν κλιτὺν διὰ
οὐκ ἀψόφητος λείβεται κρηνῶν ῥόος,
εἴτ' οὖν ἀφάντων μυρίοισι ῥεύμασιν,
εἴτ' ἐς κάτοπτρον ὑαλινὸν λίμνης, ὅθι
ὄχθαι διπλοῦνται μυρσίναις ἐστεμμέναι,
κάλλιστα συμβάλλουσι παμμίκτους ῥοάς.

SAMUEL JOSEPH HULME.

EMMA hac marmorea latet sub arca
Omni ditior æstimatione,
Quam nostro generi dei invidentes
Monstratam semel abdidere rursum.

E.

HEN with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
Then issuing cheerful to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er æther bear the shadowy clouds.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, and from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow;
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game,
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap;
Then fix with gentle twitch the barbed hook.

THOMSON.

Épitaphe d'un Ami.

I-GÎT qui fut toujours sensible, doux, fidèle,
Et jusques au tombeau des amis le modèle;
Il ne me quitta pas quand je perdis mon bien.
—C'était un homme unique!—Hélas! c'était mon chien!

EDMUND DALLIER.

QUUM rapido Phœbus radio tepefecit ad imum
Flumina, vimque dei sentit genus omne natantum,
Linque domum, lætusque dolos artemque parato:
Præsertim si jam Zephyri spirantibus auris
Nubila transcurrunt altum volitantia cœlum.
Tuque exquire locum, quo jam miscerier alto
Lympha fugax trepidat stagno, aut spumantibus undis
Obstanti insultat lapidi, ripamve cavatam
Effugit, obliquatque vias iteratque relictas;
Huc ubi fallacem tenui libramine muscam
Miseris et multa retro circumtrahis arte,
Contemplator; aquas summas aurasque videbis,
Sive fames hoc sive animus suadebit inanis,
Tentare et saltu piscem captare rapacem
Escam hami; tu deinde insta celer ipse, manuque
Leniter admota simul hamum infige recurvum.

SAMUEL JOSEPH HULME.

HIC jacet ingenioque fideque insignis; amoris
Exemplar veri mortis ad usque diem.
Quum mea perdideram, non me tamen ille reliquit:
—O hominem rarum!—Væ, canis ille fuit.

E.

OOR child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.
But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep;
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul.
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace:
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

CAMPBELL.

Trost.

ENN dich die Lästerzunge sticht,
So lass dir dies zum Troste sagen;
Die schlechtsten Früchte sind es nicht
Woran die Wespen nagen.

BÜRGER.

URA pericla ferens, immitis alumne procellæ,
Tristia cui frangunt fata virile decus.
Saxa ratem quassam fluctus ventique morantur,
Corque tuum mœret, sunt tua tecta procul.
Spes tamen excubias agitat sub lumine Lunæ,
Spes magica pontum voce levare potest.
Et citius currente poli per sidera rima
Pervigilem mentem gaudia visa fovent.
En! juga se tollunt terræ dilecta paternæ,
En! resonans olim carmine silva patet;
En! humilisque domus parvæque antenna carinæ
Cumque lacu vitreo florea vallis adest.
Omnia pervolitant animum, ventoque secundo,
Unde abiit mœstus littora nauta tenet;
Quo se cunque ferat, vultus agnoscit amicos,
Conjugis et tandem currit ad ora suæ,
Quumque genas Helenes flentis per gaudia tersit,
Suspirans natos pignora cara fovet.
Quin etiam exceptus post tædia longa salutat
Ridentem dominum, qua valet arte, canis;
Dumque oculi celeres huc illuc hospitis errant,
Ore sequens cupido dicere tentat Ave.

Richard Elwyn.

ENE malus rodit livor? sic collige tecum:
Nec vespa ex hortis pessima quæque petit.

E.

HE current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

SHAKSPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 7. 25.

T last,
Far in the horizon to the north, appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region stretch'd
In battailous aspect, and, nearer view,
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded Powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition: for they ween'd
That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer; but their thoughts proved fond and vain
In the mid-way.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 78.

Τὸ νᾶμ' ὃ κινεῖν ἥσυχον ψόφον φιλεῖ
εἰρχθὲν, σάφ' οἶσθα, δεινὸν ἐκφυσᾷ μένος·
ἀλλ' εἰ ῥέοντι μηδὲν ἐμποδὼν πάρα
σύμφωνα σὺν ψήφοισι ποικίλλει μέλη.
φυτῶν ὅσ' ὄχθαις ἐμπεφυκότ' ἐν πλάνοις
προσῆλθεν ἠπίοισι χείλεσιν θιγόν,
οὕτως τ' ἀπορρεῖ κρυφθὲν ἐν πολλαῖς πτυχαῖς
ἥδιστα παίζον εἰς Ἅλασσαν ἀγρίαν·
καὶ νῦν ἰοῦσαν μὴ σὺ κωλύσῃς ἐμέ,
ὡς γὰρ τὸ νᾶμα ῥεύσομαι μάλ' ἡσύχως.
ὁδοὶ τε μακραὶ παιδιὰ δόξουσί μοι
ἕως ἂν εὑροῦσ' ἄνδρα φίλτατον τύχω·
κἄπειτα παῦλαν, ὥς τις ἐν τοῖς νερτέροις
ψυχὴ λυθεῖσα τῶν πόνων, εὑρήσομαι.

Richard Elwyn.

Ἤδη πρὸς Ἄρκτον τηλόθεν προὐφαίνετο,
ἐκ τερμάτων πρὸς τέρματ' αἰθέρος ταθείς,
χῶρός τις αἴθων κεἰς μάχην τεταγμένος.
τἄμπροσθεν ὀρθῶις οὐρανὸς λογχῶν ἀκμαῖς
ἀνηρίθμων ἔφριξε, πολλά τ' ἦν ἰδεῖν
σὺν ποικίλοισιν ἀσπίδων κύκλοις κράνη,
λαμπρῶν ἔχουσι σημάτων κομπάσματα.
χωρεῖ γὰρ ἐγγὺς συμμιγὴς ἐχθρῶν στρατὸς,
ὅσον τάχιστα δεινὸν ἐκπνέων Ἄρη,
αὐχῶν κατ' ἰσχὺν ἢ δόλοις αὐθήμερον
ὄρους κρατήσειν οὗ καθιζάνει Θεός,
καὶ τὸν φθονοῦντα κἀκδίκως ὑπέρφρονα
τὸν Ἐχθρὸν ἱεροῖς ἐγκαταστήσειν θρόνοις.
μεσοῦντα δ' αὐτῶν ἐσφάλη βουλεύματα.

Richard Elwyn.

WHILE thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, enter'd;
A fine-spoken, underbred fellow was he,
And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.
"Why what have we here? why, this is good eating:
Your own, I suppose? or is it in waiting?"
"Why whose should it be?" said I, with a flounce;
"I get these things often," (though that was a bounce)
"Some lords, my acquaintance, who settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind: but I hate ostentation."
"Ay, that is the case, then," said he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken your house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me,
No words, I insist on't precisely at three.
We'll have Johnson and Burke, all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And now as I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
What say you, a pasty? you shall and you must;
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust:
Here, porter, this venison with me to Mile End.
No stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear friend!"
So snatching his hat, he was off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

GOLDSMITH.

THE swallow 's a quick arrow, that may show
With what an instant swiftness life doth flow.

HOLYDAY.

HAS mecum meditor curas, et totus in his sum:
Cum subito irrumpit quidam, vix nomine notus,
Scurra dicax; sibi si voluissem credere, amicus
Ut mihi nusquam alius. Tunc ridens, meque, ferinamque
Arripiens oculis, "Unde, o carissime," clamat,
"Unde tibi hæc tam pulchra obsonia? cuive parantur?"
Ipse, indignanti similis, "Cuine ista parentur
Dona, rogas?—Misere mihi hæc, qui plurima mittant
Talia, primores populi—jactantior æquo
Ne videar, nolim ista loqui—queis utor amicis."
Falsa quidem hæc, fateor. Contra hic, "Feliciter," inquit
Exultans, "hodie tetigi tua limina; mecum
Cras eris; ad nonam mecum cœnare necesse est.
Sic volo, sic jubeo. Varius tibi, Virgiliusque,
Una aderunt, pluresque; tuus, si notior esset
Mæcenas nobis, simul afforet. Et mihi si quid
Credis, adhuc cœnæ deerant obsonia. Nosti
Quid Caiæ sapiant nostræ pulmenta? Ferinæ
Sic melius quod habes—sic Di voluere—coquetur.
Desine—nulla tibi est, carissime, causa sequendi.
I puer, et mecum hæc propera deferre Suburram."
Tum subito, abripiens sese, fugit ocyor alis
Ventorum—puer atque obsonia nostra sequuntur.

HENRY EARLE TWEED.

ALES hirundo volat dimissæ more sagittæ,
Scilicet hinc discas, quam cito vita fluat.

E.

NDER foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem; other creature here,
Bird, beast, insect or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 700.

ANY a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

SHAKSPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 137.

UB pedibus violæ ferrugineique hyacinthi
Distinxere solum, quod versicoloribus herbis
More pavimenti gemmis radiantis et auro
Emicuit: non hic volucres, non sæcla ferarum,
Aut tenues muscæ, genus aut ignobile vermes,
Nulla sacrum audebant animalia vincere limen,
Usque adeo obtutus hominum defixa timebant;
Nec non sacra magis neque opacior umbra patebat,
Pan ubi Silvanusque Pater, seu quisquis inani
Agrestes animos Deus olim numine lusit,
Gaudebant lassi levibus se dedere somnis.

CHARLES PEARSON.

Οὐ νῦν κατ᾽ ὄρθρον πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις
ἀνδρῶν ἐς ὄψιν ἦλθεν, ὥς ποθ᾽ ἥσυχα
δρόσους νεώρεις αὐξάνοι δακρύμασι.
θρήνων τ᾽ ἀνιεὶς αἰθέρια φυσήματα
πρὸς τοῖσι νέφεσιν ἄλλα προσβάλλει νέφη·
εὖτ᾽ ἂν δὲ πρῶθ᾽ ὁ πάντα θερμαίνων θεὸς
δηλοῖ πρόσωθεν, ὡς ἀναπτύξων πάλιν
Ἠοῦς κνεφαῖα δεμνίων πετάσματα,
ἤδη ποθ᾽ οὑμὸς παῖς ὁ δύσθυμος φυγῇ
φάους ἄποπτος εἰς δόμους κλέπτει πόδα,
ἔσω δὲ θαλάμων κλῄσεται μόνος μόνων,
μοχλοῖς δ᾽ ἀπείρξας ἀγνὸν ἡμέρας φάος
ἐμήσαθ᾽ οὕτως εὐφρονὴν οὐκ εὐφρονήν.
πῶς δ᾽ οὐ δύσορνις δύσποτμος θ᾽ ὁ νῦν τρόπος
ἀνδρὸς γένοιτ᾽ ἄν, μὴ φρενῶν εὐβουλίᾳ
ἀφανοῦς λυθείσης αἰτίας, ἥτις κυρεῖ.

CHARLES PEARSON.

NO marble statüe, nor high
Aspiring pyramid, be raised
To hide its head within the skie!
What claim have I to memory?
God, be Thou only praised!

Thou in a moment canst defeate
The mighty conquests of the proude,
And blast the laurels of the great;
Thou canst make brightest glorie set
O' th' sudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of art
Hold out against the assault of stormes?
Or how can brasse to him impart
Sence of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolved to wormes?

Blind folly of triumphing pride!
Eternitie! why build'st thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled streame i' th' ocean hide,
And nere the same appeare?

That tide, which did its banks o'erflow,
As sent abroad by th' angry sea,
To level vastest buildings low
And all our trophies overthrow,
Ebbes like a thief away.

No laurel wreath around my brow!
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquer'd both and conqu'ror bow,
For both dissolve to ayre, if thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

HABINGTON.

NEC signa forma marmorea mihi,
Moles nec alte condita verticem
Extollat in nubes: futuræ
Cur repetam monumenta famæ?

Laudem mereris tu Deus unicam!
Prosternis horæ tempore gloriam
Regum superborum, decori
Nominis abripiens honores.

Tu, quicquid orbem clarius obtinet,
Tu nube condis letifera, Deus!
Num semper obstabit ruenti
Artis opus miserum procellæ?

Num forma cordi possit ahenea
Sensum futuræ tradere gloriæ,
Invisa quod vermes caterva
Jam propriam tenuere sedem?

Cæca triumphans stultitia, decus
Cur inde famæ perpetuum rapis?
Nonne æstus in pontum recedens
Grandis aquas humiles resorbet?

Sic furis instar, sic abit in mare,
Ripas per omnes qui modo fervidus
Surgebat, indignam tropæis
Et domibus minitans ruinam.

Mortale laurus ne decoret caput!
Tu laude dignus! te dominum ferunt
Et victor et victus minores:
Te sine depereunt uterque!

JOHN BATTERIDGE PEARSON.

NO cloud, no relic of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues:
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring; it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And, hark! the nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
Most melancholy bird! O idle thought;
In nature there is nothing melancholy!
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch, fill'd all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrows), he and such as he
First named these notes a melancholy strain,
And many a poet echoes the conceit.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE dying mole, some say, opens his eyes:
The rich, till 'tis too late, will not be wise.

Holyday.

AM nebulæ Hesperiis devexi et solis imago
Decessere plagis: tenuis nec in æthere lucet
Balteus, et tremuli jam dudum abiere colores;
En age! muscoso recubemus ponte quieti:
Cernis ut ante pedes niteat pellucidus amnis,
Murmur abest: tacito percurrit flumine rivus
Gramine prætextas ripas: silet undique tellus.
Fragrantes redolent nocturnis flatibus auræ:
Astraque si nimium pallenti luce refulgent,
Jam vernos animis iterum revocabimus imbres,
Infusis pluviis ubi gaudet terra virescens,
Stellarumque animis referet nova gaudia pallor.
Heus! iterum jam voce nemus Philomela canora
Personat, arguto mæstissima gutture cantans,
Judice te tristis! quanta o fallacia verbi.
Nil mæsti, nil progenuit Natura creatrix.
Noctivagus quidam, memori quem mente repostum
Usque recens lædebat et insanabile vulnus,
Aut neglectus amor, tardive injuria morbi:
Quique miser spatium omne sui complere, sonosque
Ipse suum voluit molles narrare dolorem:
Tristia non alius tum primum hæc carmina finxit
Notaque jam multi referunt mendacia vates.

JOHN BATTERIDGE PEARSON.

ALPA, ita fama refert, oculos moritura recludit;
Divitibus ratio, non nisi sera, venit.

E.

AD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try,
What peace is there!

BURNS.

HE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove:
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH.

Fidem mutatosque deos flebit.

RAS oceani petam remotas
Et quacunque feri, petam, fragores
Undarum Borea strepunt strepente;
Mecum solus ibi nefanda facta
Flebo—solus ibi colam quietem:
Donec mors misero dabit sepulchro
Conclusos oculos, et acquiescam.
Plusquam fœmineis dolis dolosa,
An tot vota, homines deosque testes,
Ferri flaminibus mihi dedisti?
I nunc et Lycidæ feras amores—
Pyrrhæ ludibrio suus sit Arcas—
I nunc, junge jocos—sinu sub imo
Te læsæ Nemesis manet fidei.

ROBERT HENNIKER.

ST procul e triviis sedes bene nota columbis,
Unde trahit nomen proxima ripa suum.
His virgo in latebris laudantum verba fefellit,
Vix adeo pauci, queis coleretur, erant.

Tegmine sic violæ sublucet purpura nigræ
Sicubi muscoso semisepulta jacet:
Sic quoque fulget honos stellæ, quum sola per auras
Emicuit, comitum deficiente choro.

Vix paucis aderat miseræ vox nuntia famæ,
Phyllida quum terris abstulit atra dies;
Sed jacet in tumulo, mihi quo discrimine notum est,
Nam jacet in damnum væ mihi! rapta meum.

CHARLES THORNTON FORSTER.

T was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and saw
The narrowing line of daylight, that ran after
The closing door, was gone: and all about me,
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star:
And in the town no other light was there
But from those stars—all seem'd to come from thence.
"These are the planets," said that low old man,
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause,
Are imaged here as kings. He, furthest from you,
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead,—it is Saturn:
He opposite the king with the red light,
An armed man for the battle,—that is Mars;
And both these bring but little luck to men."

COLERIDGE.

WIXT kings and tyrants there's this difference known:
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.

HERRICK.

NESCIO quid miri trepidantes occupat artus
Quum de sole meos nigrantia lumina primum
Accepere gradus. Jam jam radiique sequaces
Conduntur valvis claudentibus—omnia circum
Pallida nox horrore tegit visendaque miris
Pariete surrexere modis umbracula rerum.
Membra giganteis hic tollunt vasta columnis
Ordine sex reges, pariterque in cornua flectunt;
Omnes sceptra ferunt, capiti sedet omnibus astrum:
At circum tenebræ, nisi qua sibi luce maligna
Astra nitent sublustre et densior ingruit horror.
Continuo ille senex "errantia lumina cœli,
Fatorum reges, ergo simulamine regum
Hic umbrata vides;" dixit "procul ille gravatus
Frigidus invidiaque senex et tristior annis,
Cui rugis frons scabra et duro livida curvo,
Adspice,—Saturnus. Contra qui lumine rubro
Ardet dira tuens armisque in bella—Gradivus;
Numina terrigenum haudquaquam felicia sæclis."

CHARLES THORNTON FORSTER.

REGES tyrannosque inter illud interest;
Sibi tyranni consulunt, reges suis.

E.

THOU bid'st me sing the lay I sung to thee
In other days, ere joy had left this brow,
But think, though still unchanged the notes may be,
How different feels the heart that breathes them now.
The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same
We saw this morning on its stem so gay;
But ah! the dew of dawn, that breath which came
Like life o'er all its leaves, has pass'd away.

Since first thy music touch'd thy heart and mine
How many a joy and pain o'er both have past,
The joy, a light too precious long to shine,
The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last:
And though that lay would like the voice of home
Breathe o'er our ears, 'twould waken now a sigh,—
Ah! not as then for fancied woes to come,—
But sadder far for real bliss gone by.

MOORE.

Ἄ μοῖρ' ἁ κρυερὰ τὼ καλὼ παῖδ' Ἀφροδίτας
ἥρπασε, τῶν καλῶν τίς κόρος ἐστ' Ἄϊδι;
ἀλλὰ σύ γ', Ἀγγελία, τὸν ἀήδεα μῦθον ἔχουσα,
βάσκ' ἴθι παγκοίταν εἰς Ἀΐδαο δόμον.
λέξον δ', ὦ δαῖμον, τὰν καλὰν ὤλεσας ἄγραν,
οὐ γὰρ τὰς ψυχὰς οὐδὲ τὰ σώματ' ἔχεις·
αἱ μὲν γὰρ ψυχαὶ μετέβησαν ἐς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν,
σώματα δ' ἐν γαίᾳ νήγρετον ὕπνον ἔχει.

Anthol. Gr.

QUÆ, quum cura hilari nondum sub fronte sedebat,
Carmina cantabam, nunc iterare jubes.
At quamvis eadem referat modulamina cantus,
Ah! quam mutatum cor recinentis erit.
Salva stirpe quidem rosa mane efflabat odores,
En! eadem religat jam tibi nocte comas.
Qua vero afflabat vitalem spiritus auram,
Matutinus abest ros periitque decor.
Ex quo tu nostras tetigisti carmine mentes,
Gaudia quot nobis quotque fuere mala.
Illa quidem meliora ac quæ mansura fuerunt,
Perpetua hæc omnes nube timenda dies.
Et quamvis memores vox illa attingeret aures,
Grata domum revocans præteritosque dies,
Tristia sub nostro suspiria corde moveret,
Non tamen ignaris, quod tulit ante, mali:
Tum modo venturi suspiria vana dolores,
Nunc, ploranda magis! gaudia rapta cient.

GEORGE JOHN BLORE.

SORTE abrepta mala Veneris jacet optima proles,
Optima quæque rapit mortis avara manus.
At tu, Fama, quidem duri prænuntia fati,
Invisum hospitium, limina Ditis adi.
Et refer: Optatæ fugiunt te, pessime, prædæ,
Non puerorum animas pulchra neque ossa tenes.
Namque animæ cœli petierunt ostia: tellus
Corpora tranquillo vincta sopore tegit.

GEORGE JOHN BLORE.

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha':
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale;
But is his heart as true?

These wild wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast of thine:
The courtiers' gems may witness love,
But 'tis na love like mine.

BURNS.

NONNE vides, mea Delia, ut hic nemus omne virescit,
Purpureo ut violæ ripa colore nitet?
Ad lucem Zephyris flos quisque vocantibus exit
Atque tuas agitat molliter aura comas:

Non ubi regifico resplendent atria luxu,
Ast humiles supra cantat alauda casas:
Munera nec solis fundit natura tyrannis,
Gaudia pastori præbuit æqua manu.

Et quamvis, ubi multa aulæ dat lumina tæda,
Percutiat plectro dextra perita lyram,
Non minus agresti modulatus arundine carmen
Per sylvas calamum tangere pastor amat.

Forsitan et nostros mensæ conviva superbæ
Despiciat ludos ruricolumque choros.
Num vacat hic cura, num gaudia concipit intra,
Qualia sub corylis pectora nostra movent?

Agricola in pratis cantu profitetur amorem,
Scilicet agricolæ carmen agreste sonat:
His meliora canet magna nutritus in aula,
Num pariter stabit religione fides?

Hos tibi sylvestres decerpsi ruris honores:
Digna utinam niveo sint ea serta sinu!
Dona licet pretiosa ignem testentur Iolæ,
Non ille, ut Corydon, totus amore flagrat.

GEORGE JOHN BLORE.

Epitaph in West Firle Churchyard, Sussex, on a young School Teacher.

RAINED for a better world, yet here below
'Twas not permitted thee to point the way,
Where childhood's tottering steps might safely go
To reach the threshold of eternal day:
This was denied thee: but to thee was given
To see more plainly thine own path to heaven.

H! fading joy, how quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste:
As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out new,
And follow fate which would too fast pursue.

See how on every bough the birds express
In their sweet notes their happiness;
They all enjoy, and nothing spare,
But on their mother Nature lay their care.

Why then should man, the lord of all below,
Such troubles choose to know,
As none of all his subjects undergo?

DRYDEN.

PSA parata sequi cœlestis gaudia vitæ,
Tu voluisti alios hæc docuisse sequi.
Nec tua sors pueris infirmos ducere gressus,
Qua patet æternæ janua tuta die.
Non Pater hoc dederat: dederat modo limina cœli
Cernere qua posses ipsa adiisse via.

George John Blore.

HEU! lætitiæ breves
Ut marcent! celerique ut fugiunt pede!
At nos accelerare iter
Conamur; veluti vita hominum breves
Absint sollicitudines,
Semper nos alias quærimus inscii,
Fortunam et petimus malam,
Quæ pennis nimium præpetibus volat,
Et nos insequitur cita.
Audisne ut volucres undique cantubus
Lætis delicias suas
Ramis concelebrent! omnia prodiga
Quæ natura dedit manu
Decerpunt avide; matris et in sinu
Naturæ impositas leves
Curas dejiciunt. Quidne homines ita,
Quos æque volucrum genus
Agnoscit dominos, et pecudes feræ,
Jam multas cupiunt pati
Curas, innumeri queis famuli carent?

Herbert Charles Malkin.

OCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain—

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain;
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be.

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

BURNS.

EEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan;
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see:
Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

FLETCHER.

ULTIMA discedens rapuit mihi basia Damon,
Summaque per montis culmina carpsit iter;
Effugitque simul mea cum Damone voluptas,
Et corde in læso nil nisi luctus inest.

Parcite dilecto, spirantes æthere venti,
Parcat et effusis turbidus imber aquis;
Quum cadis e cœlo, candentis velleris instar,
Parce viatori, sæva pruina, meo.

Omnia cum tenebris per terras Vesper obumbrat,
Atque tegit pulchri lumina læta die,
Tutus et incolumis per noctis dormiat horas,
Et nova surgenti gaudia mane ferat.

Dilectæ ante oculos occurret forma puellæ,
Lingua susurrabit nomina cara Chloes;
Nam quæcumque vagans ignota ad littora oberret,
Damonis repetent pectora fida domum.

HERBERT CHARLES MALKIN.

MITTE supervacuas jam tandem mitte querelas,
Lapsa fugit lacrymis irrevocanda dies.
Decerptæ violæ quamvis gratissimus imber
Nec recreat formam, nec renovare valet:
Ergo iterum religa crines, nova gaudia vultu
Sume; nefas cæcos Sortis adire sinus.
Lætitiæ somni vanescunt more fugacis,
Num luctus vitam proroget usque suam?
Mærorem gemitus duplicato vulnere torquent,
Desine jam tandem desine, Chlori, queri.

E.

HEN evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;
And early, ere the slumbrous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout,
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.
But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear.

MILTON.

Εἴ τις ἅπαξ γήμας πάλι δεύτερα λέκτρα διώκει
ναυηγὸς πλώει εἰς βυθὸν ἀργαλέον.

Anthol. Gr.

UM mea, cum prima rebus nox ingruit umbra,
Montem et sacratos lustrant vestigia fines:
Necdum compositis spirantes frondibus auræ
Mane cient subita tacitam dulcedine silvam,
Necdum rauca altos pertemptant cornua dumos,
Primus ego plantas numeratas ordine justo
Carminibus viso pollens et munere vocum:
Ast intempesta mortales languida sensus
Cum pressit sub nocte quies, his auribus adsunt
Carmina Sirenum concordia divinarum,
Quæ servant novies intextos orbibus orbes,
Et vim Parcarum dulci lenimine semper
Mulcent, atque manus vitalia fila tenentes,
Uno adamanteum vertentes impete fusum,
Fata ex quo pendent hominum immutata deumque.
Carminis hæc virtus, hæc vis dulcedinis altæ,
Cui paret placata trium mens dura sororum,
Et res perpetuo nutantes fœdere constant.
Quin etiam hic numeris terraï ducitur orbis
Cœlestique sono, nec vos auditis inertes,
Corpora quos humana premunt, auresque gravatæ.

HENRY NETTLESHIP.

UI, jam conjugio functus, nova vincula quærit,
Ille bis infestas naufragus intrat aquas.

E.

THE merchant, to conceal his treasure
Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
And with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I sung and gazed; I play'd and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

PRIOR.

Colombo.

TU scopri un mondo, e il doni al soglio Ibero;
E chiudi i tristi giorni in ceppi indegni;
Dà il suo nome al tuo mondo altro nocchiero:
Questa han mercede i sovrumani ingegni.

A. BERTOLA.

UT proprias ficto qui mittunt nomine merces,
Dumque opibus metuunt, infitiantur opes,
Sic in amore Chloes Glyceræ mentimur amorem;
Hæc speciem confert versibus, illa facem.
Tres sumus in Glyceræ; mecum lyra cessat ibidem,
Apta satis domini questibus, apta dolis.
Versiculos idem attuleram non melle carentes:
Forte rogat, nectam verba modosque, Chloe.
Nec mora, præludo fidibus, cantare paratus:
Spirat amor, spirat mixtus amore timor.
Ast ita de Glycera quod bellum est cunque loquebar,
Ut colerem vultu plura loquente Chloen.
Nec color huic unus, nec frons innubila læsæ:
Ipse queror, stupeo, blandior, uror, amo.
At Venus irridens, dum multa iocantur Amores,
"Istud ut infabre dissimulatur!" ait.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

EU das Hesperiis inventum regibus orbem;
Te senio fessum vincula iniqua terunt;
Alterius nautæ tuus orbis nomine claret:
Merces divinis ista fit ingeniis.

E.

LL these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east,
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise, but no sail.

TENNYSON.

Am Flusse.

ERFLIESSET vielgeliebte Lieder,
Zum Meere der Vergessenheit!
Kein Knabe sing' entzückt euch wieder,
Kein Mädchen in der Blüthenzeit.

Ihr sanget nur von meiner Lieben;
Nun spricht sie meiner Treue Hohn:
Ihr wart ins Wasser eingeschrieben;
So fliesst denn auch mit ihm davon.

GOETHE.

HÆC videt: illud abest quod maxima cura videndi,
Vultus abest humanus, abest humana loquela;
Non videt hæc, non audit, at audiit innumerorum
Stridere mergorum torquentia milia gyros,
Audiit ex alto glomerantum pondus aquarum
Saxa fragore quati, vel in æthere murmura summo
Brachia motantis silvæ, motantis honores
Aerios, vel præcipitem prono agmine rivum
In mare devolvi; sive errat solus ad undas,
Seu pelagus spectante diem sub cante fatigans
Naufragus expectat navem. Lux trudere lucem,
Nulla venire rates, sed solibus addere soles
Per palmas frangenda rubentis tela diei,
Per iuga, per filices: furit ignibus æquor eois,
Terra furit mediis, furit emorientibus æquor,
Mox orbes magni astrorum grandescere cœlo,
Mox gravius mugire salum, mox rursus oborti
Tela rubere die, nec obortum albescere velum.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

ITE carmina abite delicata,
Lethæo maris obruenda fluctu;
Ne vestros numeros puer beatus,
Neu formosa iteret puella cantu.
Vos tantum canitis meos amores,
At nunc illa fidem superba ridet,
Ergo scripta in aquæ fluentis unda
Ite unda peritura cum fluenti.

E.

HAT though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what else is not to be overcome:—
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods,
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail:
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, i. 105.

IVER is time in water: as it came,
Still so it flows, yet never is the same.

HOLYDAY.

Ἀπεσφάλημεν τῆσδ' ἀγωνίας· τί μήν;
οὐ καὶ τὰ πάντ' ἐσφάλμεθ'· οὐ τὸ καρτερεῖν,
οὐ τὰς ἀσάντους καὶ μεταδρόμους ἀρὰς,
οὐ τὸν καμεῖσθαι μήθ' ὑποπτήξειν ποτὲ
μέλλοντα θυμὸν, ἄλλο τ' εἴ τι δύσμαχον,
ταῦτ' οὔτ' ἀπειλαῖς κεῖνος οὔτε μὴ βίᾳ
ἔμ' ἐξέλῃ ποτ'· ἀλλὰ προσπεσόνθ' ἕδρας
θακεῖν γονυπετεῖς ἐξισοῦν τε δαίμονι
τὸν ἄρτι παπτήναντα μὴ τυραννίδος
πρὸς τοῦδ' ἁμάρτοι· παντὸς αἴσχιον τόδε,
καὶ πτωμάτων ἂν οἷα νῦν πεπτώκαμεν
ἔχθιον εἴη πταῖσμα· δαιμόνων ἐπεὶ
ἰσχύν τε σῶμά τ' ἐκ πυρὸς κεκραμένον
φθίνειν πέπρωται μήποτ'· εἰδότες δ' ἂν αὖ
οἷον τόδ' ἠγωνίσμεθ', ἐς προθυμίαν
χείρους μὲν οὔ, κρείσσους δέ γ' ἐς προμηθίαν,
μετ' ἐλπίδος μέλλοιμεν εὐτυχεστέρας
ἢ χερσὶν ἢ δόλοισιν ἀσπόνδῳ στάσει
ἑλᾶν ἀπάυστως τὸν μέγα στυγούμενον,
ὃς νῦν μεγαυχὴς περιχαρεῖ φρονήματι
ἔχει μόναρχος εἷς θεῶν τυραννίδα.

Richard Claverhouse Jebb.

RIVULUS est ætas fluitans: nunc præterit unda,
Nunc subit: at nunquam, quæ fuit ante, manet.

E.

E gave men speech, and speech created thought
Which is the measure of the universe;
And Science struck the thrones of earth and heaven,
Which shook but fell not: and the harmonious mind
Pour'd itself forth in all-prophetic song;
And music lifted up the listening spirit
Until it wak'd, exempt from mortal care,
Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound;
And human hands first mimick'd and then mock'd,
With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,
The human form, till marble grew divine,
And mothers, gazing, drank the love men see
Reflected in their race, behold, and perish:
He told the hidden power of herbs and springs,
And Disease drank and slept. Death grew like sleep.
He taught the implicated orbits woven
Of the wide-wandering stars; and how the sun
Changes his lair, and by what secret spell
The pale moon is transform'd, when her broad eye
Gazes not on the interlunar sea.
He taught to rule, as life directs the limbs,
The tempest-winged chariots of the ocean,
And the Celt knew the Indian. Cities then
Were built, and through their snow-like columns flow'd
The warm winds, and the azure æther shone,
And the blue sea and shadowy hills were seen:
Such, the alleviations of his state,
Prometheus gave to man, for which he hangs
Withering in destin'd pain.

SHELLEY.

Φθογγὴν βροτοῖς ἔδωκεν, ἐκ δ' αὐτῆς λόγος
ἔβλαστε, πάντων κυριώτατον μέτρον·
σοφία δ' ἐπενθοροῦσα γῇ τε καὶ θεοῖς
ἔσεισεν οὐ σφαλέντας· εὔρυθμος δὲ φρὴν
ἐπέδραμ' ὕμνων ἀναβολὰς χρηστηρίους,
μελῳδίαισιν ὥστ' ἀναπτερούμενον
θνητῶν τιν' ἔξω ξυμφορῶν θεοῦ δίκην
βαίνειν ἐφ' ὑγροῖς κύμασιν τερπνοῦ μέλους.
καὶ δὴ τελευτῶν εἶδος ἠτίμα βροτῶν
ὁ τοῦθ' ὑπερβαίνουσαν ἐκ μιμουμένου
μορφὴν διαρθρῶν ἰσοθέοις τυκίσμασιν·
ὧν κάλλος αἱ γυναῖκες ἐνθυμούμεναι
ἔτικτον ἃς τίς οὐκ ἰδὼν ἁλίσκεται;
ἐδείξαμεν δὲ τἀκ φυτῶν κρηνῶν τ' ἄκη,
αἱρεῖ δὲ τοὺς πίνοντας ἐξ ἄλγους ὕπνος,
ὕπνου δὲ θάνατος ἐξομοιοῦται τρόποις.
πολυπλάνων δ' ἔφραζε συμπεπλεγμένας
ἄστρων κελεύθους στροφάδας, ἡλιόν θ', ὅθεν
τίν' ἔρχεται κευθμῶνα, καὶ μήνης κύκλον,
ποίαις ἐπωδαῖς ὠχριᾷ κηλούμενος
πελάγους ἀναυγήτοισιν ἐν μεταλλαγαῖς.
λινόπτερ' οὖν ὀχήματ' ἐμψύχοις ἴσα
τίς ἄλλος ἐξηγήσατ' οἰακοστροφεῖν;
ἔγνω δὲ Κέλτης Ἴνδον. εἶτα πλινθυφῆ
ἦν σταθμά, λευκὴν δ' εὐαεῖς παραστάδα
διῆσσον αὖραι, κυάνεος δ' ὤφθη πόλος,
γλαυκόν τε πόντου κῦμ' ὑπόσκιοί τ' ἄκραι.
τοιαῦτ' ἀφέρτου δαίμονος κουφίσματα
βροτοῖς Προμηθεὺς ηὗρεν, ὧν μετάρσιος
ταῖς μοιροκράντοις πημοναῖς αὐαίνεται.

Richard Claverhouse Jebb.

Fedalma.

NO, no—I will not say it—I will go!
Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven
Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery.
This deed and I have ripened with the hours:
It is a part of me—a wakened thought
That, rising like a giant, masters me,
And grows into a doom. O mother life,
That seemed to nourish me so tenderly,
Even in the womb you vowed me to the fire,
Hung on my soul the burden of men's hopes,
And pledged me to redeem.—I'll pay the debt!
You gave me strength that I should pour it all
Into this anguish. I can never shrink
Back into bliss—my heart has grown too big
With things that might be. Father, I will go.
O Father, will the women of our tribe
Suffer as I do in the years to come
When you have made them great in Africa?
Redeemed from ignorant ills only to feel
A conscious woe? Then—is it worth the pains?
Were it not better when we reach that shore
To raise a funeral pile and perish all?
So closing up a myriad avenues
To misery yet unwrought? My soul is faint—
Will these sharp pains buy any certain good?

Zarca. Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
By falterers who wish for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good:
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race,
Is to have been a hero.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Φ. Μὴ δῆτ᾽· ἐρῶ τόδ᾽ οὔποτ᾽· ἀλλ᾽ ἅμ᾽ ἕψομαι.
πάτερ, δέδοκται· μηδ᾽ ἴση ζῴην θεοῖς
κωκύμασιν φρίσσουσα τηλουροῦ δύης.
ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἔργον συντρόφως τόδ᾽ ἤκμασεν
ὡς συμπεφυκός· οὗ μέλημ᾽ ἐγρηγορὸς
γίγας τις ὣς πάνταρχον αἴρεται φρενῶν,
δίκην ἀνάγκης βρῖθον· ὦ ζωῆς γάνος
μητρῷον, ὦ δόξασά μ᾽ ἠπίως τρέφειν,
καὐ γαστρί μ᾽ οὖσαν πῦρ ἄρ᾽ ὥρισας περᾶν,
ψυχῆς δ᾽ ἀπαρτῶσ᾽ ἐλπίδας πολλῶν μιᾶς
τελεῖν κατηγγύησας· ὡς τίσω χρέος.
σθένος γὰρ εἴ μοι δοῦσ᾽ ἵν᾽ ἐγχέαιμι πᾶν
εἰς τήνδ᾽ ἀνίαν· οὐδ᾽ ἂν εἰς στενὴν χαρὰν
θυμὸν κατισχνάναιμ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἐξωγκωμένον
ἔρωτι τοῦ μέλλοντος· ἕψομαι, πάτερ.
ἦ χἀτέραις, γεννῆτορ, ἐμφύλων μένει
ἐμοῖς ἴσ᾽ ἀντλεῖν ὕστερόν ποτ᾽ ἄλγεσι
Λιβύης καθ᾽ ἕδρας σοῦ χάριν τιμωμέναις;
οὐκοῦν ἀδήλων ἐκλυθεῖσ᾽ ἤδη κακῶν
ξύνοιδα κάμνουσ᾽; εἶτα δρᾶν προὔργου τάδε;
οὐ κρεῖσσον ἀκτὴν ἰγμένοις Λιβυστικὴν
κοινῇ πυρᾶν νήσασιν ἐξολωλέναι,
ἀνηρίθμους εἵρξασι προσβολὰς κακῶν
οὔπω φανέντων; φεῦ· φρέν᾽ ὡς βαρύνομαι·
μῶν κέρδος ὠδὶς ἐμπολᾷ πικρὰ σαφές;
Ζ. μή νυν ὀκνήσῃς μηδέν· ὡς ὅσοι σαφῆ
ποθοῦντες ὀκνοῦσ᾽, οὐδὲν ἤνυσαν μέγα.
σαφὲς γὰρ ἀγαθῶν φρὴν ἀκίνητος μόνον
σπουδή τ᾽ ἀκραιφνὴς τἀγαθ᾽ ἐξιχνοσκοπεῖν.
λείπει δ᾽ ὁ δράσας λαμπρὰ τοῖς ἐμφυλίοις
λῷστον τόδ᾽, οὕνεκ᾽ ἠξίωσε λαμπρὰ δρᾶν.

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burden to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes; I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here, in the quiet limit of the world,
A white hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists and gleaming halls of morn.
Alas! for this grey shadow, once a man,
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And though they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, though even now
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me! Let me go: take back thy gift!
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance,
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all.

MARCESCUNT nemorum, nemorum labuntur honores,
Roriferæ deflent nubes, oriuntur et arvis
Incumbunt subterque hominum defuncta recumbunt
Sæcla, nec æstates non deciduntur oloris.
Solus ego immortale trahens ægerrimus ævum
Carpor: inaresco, te complectente, quietum
Limen ad hoc mundi, dum cana remetior umbra
Secretas orientis imagine vanior aulas,
Multiplices nebulas, sublustria templa diei.
Heu senis hanc umbram, prius e terrestribus unum,
Quum specie florens et te dignante cubili,
Dignabaris enim, quicquid sublime minatus,
Quin darer in superos, adeo nil rebar abesse!
Concilies, dixi, *cœlum mihi.* Blanda roganti
Annuis: haud aliter terræ quoque plenior heres
Largirique solet, nec habere quod imputet illud.
Sed rabiem explerunt ultrices acriter horæ,
Et stravere graves et mutavere terendo,
Quodque necem citra poterant, deformis adessem
Æternæ voluere, iuventutique senectus
Divinæ divina, meæ facis ipse superstes.
Num vel amor tanti, pulcherrima? sidere quanquam,
Dum loquor, impendente, tuæ duce lampadis albo,
Suave coruscantes oculi miserantis obortis
Stant lacrimis? Absolve, precor, retro exime donum.
Cur velit humani generis transcendere quoquam
Fœdus homo, aut sanctos ultra procedere fines?
Hic cunctis claudenda, hic clausa probabitur ætas.

A soft air fans the cloud apart, then comes
A glimpse of that dark world, where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise!
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying, learnt
In days far off on that dark earth, be true?
"The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart,
In days far off and with what other eyes,
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee, saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I know not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Intremuit zephyro nubes: hiemale meorum
Nosco exul litus, senis incunabula nosco.
Ecce tuo miror de vertice lumen oriri,
Miror ab ambrosio non enarrabile collo,
Miror rite novam sumentia pectora vitam.
Iamque tepere genas sensim et splendescere cerno
Instantis dulces oculos, necdum orbibus illi
Astra hebetant plenis, necdum exultantia fervent
Corda reposcentum sibi quae moderetur equorum,
Effunduntque iubas, ut opaca volumina currus,
Discutiat tenebrarum, insultetque ignifer umbris.

En tua te quoties inter mea vota venustas
Induit, expectans quid responsura moreris
Deseror, et lacrimis astans humector euntis.

Quo lacrimis me usque exanimas? quo me usque timentem
Ne sit verum, angis; quod egeno lucis in ævo
Nocte laborantum memini portendere famam,
Ipsos, quæ dederint, non posse resumere divos?

Hei mihi, quam non his oculis Tithonus inhærens,
Ille ego si spiro, quam non hoc corde tuebar
Gliscere te cingens iubar, et pallentis apricos
Stare comis cirros, miramque subire videbar,
Te subeunte vicem, penitus magis ossa calescens,
Quo portæ magis et rubor ardescebat obortæ!
At tua labra tuo crebrum irrorantia nectar
Os frontemque dabant resupini et lumina circum
Oscula, quis vernæ non germina suavius halant
Semireducta rosæ; nec secius oscula figens,
Nescio quid clementis inexpertique canebas.
Crescere sic Phœbi plusquam mortale recordor
Carmen, at in turres nebulosam assurgere Troiam.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me and restore me to the ground:
Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave;
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

TENNYSON.

Comus.

WHAT chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

C. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

L. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

C. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

L. To seek in the valley some cool friendly spring.

C. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

L. They were but twain and purposed quick return.

C. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

L. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

C. Imports their loss beyond the present need?

L. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

C. Were they of manly prime or youthful bloom?

L. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

MILTON.

Ne tamen æternum his claustris orientis in aevum
Sæpiar: an leti fruar immortalibus heres
Amplius? en roseis involvor frigidus umbris,
Frigida candescunt tua limina, friget eoum
Sub pede rugato limen, cum mane vapores
Submittunt procul obscuro cingentia tractu
Arva domos hominum, quis posse perire beatis
Contigit, aut fato cæspes potiore sepultis.
Da moriar, da reddar humo: tu cætera lustras,
Tu senis agnosces tumulum: reparabis honorem
Tu, dea, quot redeunt luces: me terra recondet
Terrenum: per me sileant haec templa licebit,
Tuque albis volvare revolvarisque quadrigis.

Richard Claverhouse Jebb.

Κ. Πόθεν δ' ἐρήμην τήνδ' ἔχεις, γύναι, τύχην;
Γ. τοῦδ' ἐκ σκότου τε καὶ πεπλεγμένης σκιᾶς.
Κ. πομπῆς σ' ἀρωγῆς τοῖσδε νοσφίσαι πάρα;
Γ. ταύτῃ γὰρ ὣς καμοῦσαν ἐν χλόῃ 'λιπον.
Κ. ψεύδοντες, ὑβρίζοντες, ἢ τίνος χάριν;
Γ. ὥστ' ἐν νάπαισι ψυχρὸν ἐξευρεῖν ῥόον.
Κ. τὸ σὸν δ' ἔρημον ὣς λελοίπασιν κάρα;
Γ. δισσοὶ γὰρ ὄντες, ὥστε νοστῆσαι τάχα.
Κ. ἴσως φθάσασα νὺξ ἐκώλυσεν πόρου.
Γ. ὡς ῥᾴδιόν γε συμφορᾶς τυχεῖν ἐμῆς.
Κ. μέλλεις δὲ τούτῳ δαρὸν ἄχθεσθαι πόθῳ;
Γ. ἀπώλεσ' ὡσεὶ τοὺς κασιγνήτους ἐμούς,
Κ. πότερον ἔθ' ἡβάσκοντας, ἢ νέους ἀκμήν;
Γ. λεῖαι γάρ, Ἥβης ὡς χρόα, παρηΐδες.

Robert Brodie.

EVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the Earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood:
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

SHAKSPEARE.

WIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern wave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight.

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

EMPUS edax, sævos ungues obtunde leonis,
Fac sobolem ut Tellus devoret ipsa suam.
Tuque manu sævos vellas de tigride dentes,
Sanguineo vivax igne cremetur avis.
Te duce, succedant jucundæ tristibus horæ,
Tuque feras Terræ, quæ mala ferre libet.
Abripias celeri cursu labentia vitæ
Gaudia: sola nefas hæc tibi culpa manet.
Ne tua noster Amor præstet vestigia vultu,
Frons ea ne dextra sit violata tua;
Utque homines discant quæ sit pulcherrima rerum,
Hoc decus integrum tu superesse sinas.
Plurima damna feras: spretis, Rex invide, damnis,
Vivet in æternum carmine noster Amor.

ROBERT BRODIE.

SUPER Hesperias, i, noctis spiritus undas,
I pede veloci! Nebuloso elapsus ab antro,
Solus ubi tecum per tædia longa diei
Gaudia texebas aliis, aliisque dolores;
His timor, ast illos adiens dilectus ut hospes,
Præpete jam decede fuga. Tibi candida formam
Vestimenta tegant, astris subtexta. Diei
Lumina, Dive, tuis præstringas lassa capillis,
Labra movens labris, donec defessa quiescat.
Deinde mare et terras magnasque vagatus in urbes
Cuique soporifera contingens lumina virga,
O! venias, quæsite diu. Quum primus eoi

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee!
When light rode high and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee!

Thy brother Death came and cried:
Would'st thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Would'st thou me? and I replied:
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon!
Sleep will come when thou art fled:
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night,—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

SHELLEY.

SWEET Hesper-Phosphor, double name,
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed; thou art the same.

TENNYSON.

Aspexi surgens incerta crepuscula cœli,
Te multo gemitu te, te, dilecte, petivi.
Sol ubi per medias surrexerat arduus auras
Rores depellens teneros; floresque gravati
Arboreæque comæ medio languere sub æstu,
Defessusque dies tardis, inamatus ut hospes,
Decedens pedibus requiem repetivit amœnam,
Te multo gemitu te, te, dilecte, petivi.
Mors mihi subvenit, frater tuus. Ille "Petisne
Me," dixit, "socium?" Somnus quoque venit amatus
Filius iste tuus, nebula præstrictus ocellos,
Et ceu quæ medio sub sole examina mussant,
Murmurat: "Anne tuum propter latus otia carpam?
Mene cupis socium?" "Quis te desiderat?" inquam.
Mors veniet, quum tu vita defunctus abibis,
Ah citius veniet. Quum tu confugeris, altus
Adveniet somnus; mihi tu tua munera tendas,
Munera non quæsita alias. O! Spiritus alme,
Huc celeri cursu, venientem huc dirige currum.

HENRY THORNTON FORSTER.

Ἑσπερε φώσφορ', ἑνὸς χαῖρ' οὔνομα δίπλοον ἄστρου,
χαῖρε φάος τ' ἐρατὸν καὶ σκότον αἰνὸν ἄγων·
ὡς γὰρ ἐμοὶ βίος ἄλλος ὁ νῦν, ὁ δὲ πρόσθεν ἀπῆλθε,
τὼς τόπον ἄλλον ἔχεις σχῆμα δὲ ταὐτὸ φέρεις.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

HE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
And earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep,
Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime,
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give.

SHELLEY.

WELL for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's longest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

TENNYSON.

NNORUM series redit
magna, iam redit aureum
sæculum, omnia iam senectam
exuunt velut anguis;
iactat Graecia pulcrior
montes et placidum salum,
Peneumque videt novis
lucifer fluere undis;
Tempe prospiciunt aquas
clariora, ubi Cyclades
dormiunt novæ et æquoris
vada aprica tuentur;
iamque arx altera Palladi
surget atque minoribus,
sol ut occiduus sui
splendorem dabit ortus,
tradet munera cælitum
cuncta, tradet opes soli
cunctas, si sibi gloriam
longam fata negarint.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

Τρὶς μάκαρ ὅστις λῆμ᾽ ἰσχύει,
καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνῳ βραχέ᾽ ἐστὶ πάθη,
μοχθῶν δ᾽ αὖτ᾽ οὐκ ἔκδικα μοχθεῖ,
κόμπος δὲ γέλως τ᾽ οὔ νιν κινεῖ
δεινῆς τε κλυδὼν ἄγριος ἄτης,
οἷος γάρ τις κρημνὸς προβλὴς,
οὗ πέρι κόμπος δεινὸς ὄρωρεν
κλύζει τε πέριξ οἶδμ᾽ ὠκεανοῦ,
πληγεὶς ἀνέμοις στεφάνην τε φέρων
πύργων ἕστηκεν ἐς ἀεί.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

OW storming fury rose
And clamour, such as heard in Heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged: dire was the noise
Of conflict, overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage; all Heaven
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder, when
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
Those elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost,* vi. 207.

Meeres-Stille.

IEFE Stille herrscht im Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer
Glatte Fläche rings umher.
Keine Luft von keiner Seite!
Todesstille fürchterlich!
In der ungeheuern Weite
Reget keine Welle sich.

GOETHE.

NDE furor clamorque, novus quatit inde tumultus
Tranquillas olim sedes atque otia dia,
Iamque super telis rauco collisa fragore
Tela fremunt, rapidæque rotæ currusque sonantes
Horrendum; tractuque volant flammante per auras
Igniferi hastarum lapsus; succenditur æther,
Et sub flammarum diro velamine turmæ
Armis conflixere. Locos gravis impetus omnes
Concussit, cœlique imæ tremuere cavernæ;
Nec tellus immota illis venientibus esset,
Si tellus jam facta foret; tam multa ruebant
Milia pugnantum sævo stimulata furore,
Quorum quisque manu totas regere aëris oras
Aëris et tota vi sese armare valeret.

Edward Ross Wharton.

ETUMUERE undæ: stant alta silentia ponto:
Navita continuas anxius horret aquas.
Omnia mors taciturna premit: nusquam aura vagatur:
Nec fluctus pelagi marmora vasta movet.

E.

ITH lorn delight the scene I viewed;
Past joys and sorrows were renewed;
My infant hopes and fears
Looked lovely through the solitude
Of retrospective years.

And still in Memory's twilight bowers
The spirits of departed hours,
With mellowing tints, pourtray
The blossoms of life's vernal flowers
For ever fallen away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er
Sanguine with hope we look before,
The future good to find;
In age, when error charms no more,
For bliss we look behind.

J. MONTGOMERY.

T is a favour'd place; Famine or Blight,
Pestilence, War and Earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way;
The winged storms, chaunting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall clear exhalations, soft and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight,
Which sun or moon or zephyr draw aside.

SHELLEY.

IS visis redit et lætitia et præteritus dolor,
Et cor mira tenent gaudia, nam, quas habui puer,
Spes primique metus forma aliena et decore haud suo
Rident, ut referunt quæ iuvat elapsa revolvere :
Nec non ut tacita nocte morans in nemoris sinu,
Sub luna tenues vidi animas ludere pallida,
Sic mentem in memorem flos redit ætatis amabilis,
Florisve umbra redit ; nam periit purpureus color.
Dum spes cæca iuventæ manet et somnia fervida,
Quæ ventura videntur cupidi prospicimus bona ;
Errorem simul ac dura senectæ manus abstulit
Mæsti protinus in præteritos respicimus dies.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

NSULA dis accepta caret rubigine semper
Omnes peste caret belloque fameque per annos.
Namque lues cæcas ceu voltur travolat auras
Atque alios petit atra locos ; non terra movetur
Unquam, non placidas vis effera tempestatum
Ausa unquam temerare plagas fulgore sonoro,
Cœruleumque patet nulla violante procella
Cœlum, et tranquillos tractus rigat imbriferum ver,
Ver rigat imbriferum campos et picta vireta
Ut semper viridem renovent aureumque nitorem,
Eque mari semper surgens deque æthere lapsa
Aura levis molli perflat loca læta vapore
Multiplicemque sinum per saltus fundit amœnos
Quos sol et zephyri retegunt et lumina lunæ.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON.

THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless king.
Ah, wherefore? he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 32.

LL things are wonder since the world began,
The world's a riddle, and the meaning's man.

HOLYDAY.

Σὲ τὸν πρέποντ' αὐγαῖσί τ' ἐξεστεμμένον,
τῆς σῆς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς μοῦνος ὃς φαίνει βροτοῖς
ὡς τοῦδε κόσμου τοῦ νεοκτίστου Θεός,
οὗ δὴ φλέγοντος πᾶν ἀμαυροῦται σέλας
ἄστρων τὸ νυκτίφαντον, ἥλιον λέγω,
ἀλλ' οὔ τι φωνῶ προσφιλής σ' ἐπώνυμον,
λέξων δὲ τὰς ἀκτῖνας ὡς ἀποστυγῶ,
αἵ μοι διδοῦσι τὴν ὑπόμνησιν τανῦν
οἵων ποτ' ἐξέπιπτον, ἐκπρεπὴς τὸ πρὶν
τοῦ σοῦ πανόπτου τ' ὢν ἀνωτέρω κύκλου,
ἔσθ' ὕβρις ἐξέστρεψεν ἥ τ' ἀνωφελὴς
φιλοτιμία με, τὴν μάχην ποιούμενον
πρὸς κεῖνον, ὅς τὰ πάντ' ἐν οὐρανῷ κρατεῖ.
τί δὴ τάδ' ; ἦν γὰρ ἐξ ἐμοῦγ' ἀνάξιος
κεῖνος τοιούτοις ἀνταμύνεσθαι κακοῖς,
ὅστις μ' ἐποίησ' οἷος ἦν ὑψοῦ ποτὲ
φαιδρὰν δι' ἀρχὴν, ὅστις ἄλλον οὐδένα
ὢν ἐσθλὸς ὠνείδιζεν· οὔ τι δύσφορον
δούλευμα τοῦτ' ἦν· τοιγαροῦν ἐπαινέσαι
κεῖνον λιταῖσι καὶ κατειδέναι χάριν
ἐλάχιστον ἀντάλλαγμα τοιούτων ἂν ἦν·
ὅσον γ' ὀφείλημ'· ἀλλὰ καίπερ εὖ παθὼν
ἔγωγ' ἐφάνθην ἀντιδοὺς κακουργίαν.

BERTRAM FULKE HARTSHORNE.

UNDIQUE ab effecto mundo miracula fiunt :
Ænigma est mundus, significatur homo.

E.

King Henry.

YOU all look strangely on me, and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.
Chief Justice. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?
Ch. Jus. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgement;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword,
That guards the peace and safety of your person!

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry IV.* pt. 2, v. 2. 60.

Β. Πάντες με δεινῶς εἰσορᾶτ' ἄλλοι τε καὶ
σύ γ', εὖ γὰρ οἶσθα σαυτὸν οὐ φιλοῦντ' ἐμέ.
Δ. καὶ μὴν δικαιῶ τοῖσι γοῦν φρονοῦσιν εὖ
τοιαῦτά μ', ὦναξ, οὐ καταξίως παθεῖν.
Β. ἄρχων γὰρ ὅστις ἐλπίδας τοσάσδ' ἔχω,
πῶς σῆς τοιαύτης ὕβρεως ἀμνημονῶ;
τί δή μ' ἀπειλῇ καὶ λόγοις δήσας ἔχεις
ἄγχιστον ἀρχῆς; μῶν ἄρ' ἦν τοδ' εὐπετές,
ἀμνημόνευτον ἐν ῥοαῖς Λήθης ἅπαξ;
Δ. ἐγὼ τότ' ἀλκῇ πατρὸς ἐχρώμην σέθεν
τυραννίδος τ' εἴδωλον αὖτ' ἐνῆν ἐμοί,
οὗ δή, νόμων ὅτ' αὐτὸς οἰακόστροφος
σπουδὴν παρέσχον ἔννομος πρὸ τῆς πόλεως,
μνείαν γ' ἀπωθῶν κἀξιώματος πρόσω
δυνάμιν τε σεμνὴν τῶν νόμων τε καὶ δίκης,
κἄνακτος εἰκόν', ὅν γε προὔφαινον παρὼν
αὐτός μ' ἔπληξας ἐν δίκης ἕδρᾳ χερί·
ἀνθ' ὧν ἄθ' ὑβρίζοντα πατέρα σὸν τάδε,
αὐθαδίᾳ μὲν ἐννόμως δ' ἐπεξιών,
δεσμοῖς σ' ἔκλεισα, κεἰ τόδ' ἥμαρτον τότε,
τόλμα ποτ' αὐτὸς σκῆπτρον ἐν μέρει νέμων
εἰ δὴ σὸς υἱὸς τἀπιτάγματα στυγεῖ
δίκην τ' ἀπωθῶν σεμνότιμον ἐξ ἕδρας
βάθρον νόμων σφήλειε, κἀμβλύνοι ξίφος
ὅ γ' ἀσφαλῶς ἔσωσεν εἰρήνην σέθεν.

Edward Lynch Pearson.

BY the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion.

As for our harps, we hanged them up on the trees that are therein.

For they that led us away captive required of us then a song, and melody in our heaviness: Sing us one of the songs of Sion.

Psalm cxxxvii.

PROPHET of God! arise and take
With thee the words of wrath divine,
The scourge of heaven to shake
O'er yon apostate shrine!

Where angels down the lucid stair
Came hovering to our sainted sires,
Now, in the twilight, glare
The heathen's wizard fires.

Go, with thy voice the altar rend,
Scatter the ashes, be the arm,
That idols would befriend,
Shrunk at thy withering charm.

KEBLE.

PROPTER aquas Babylonis
Captæ memores Sionis
Flevimus relicti,
Sortis vicem congementes,
Muti lyram suspendentes
Fronde de salicti.

Nam qui victor nos agebat
Et ad flagra deducebat,
"Age, carmen patrium,"
Inquit, "quale canebatis,
Quale melos ferebatis
Inter tecta civium."

EDWARD WALFORD.

VATES, surge, Dei; surge et adulteram
In gentem ætherias præcipita minas,
Flagrum concute cœli
Hoc fanum super impium.

Scalis agmen ubi pensile lucidis
Invisere pios angelicum patres,
Nunc falsæ magica artis
Splendet flamma crepusculo.

I, devota cadant saxa sub hostia,
I, sparge et cineres: brachia macera
Torva voce profanas
Amplectentia imagines.

CHARLES PEARSON.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say:
Thy will be done.

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was thine:
Thy will be done.

If but my fainting heart be blest,
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

And when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

DEUS, mi care Pater, terenti
Deviæ vitæ salebrosa tesqua
Pectore ex imo mihi da profari
Sic voluisti.

Si Tuo jussu rapiatur ultro
Omne quod carum est, ego non relucter:
Id Tuum est, en, quod dederas, resigno:
Sic voluisti.

Suppetat cordi modo vis labanti,
Et Tuum numen, pius hospes, adsit;
Cuncta permitto tibi destinanda:
Sic voluisti.

Tu meam mentem renoves in horas,
Ut Tua mistæ maneat repostum
Nil, quod obniti valeat fatenti,
Sic voluisti.

Postmodo in vitam superam vocatus
Has preces, olim lacrymis remistas,
Proferam, compos melioris oræ,
Sic voluisti.

William Haig Brown.

Τὴν Κυριακὴν Εὐχὴν

Caliginosa insomnique nocte ægrotanti animo ut solatium afferret, in metrum Tragicum Iambicum reddidit Allen Gulielmus Chatfield, domus Carthusianæ olim alumnus.

Ὦ τρισμέγιστε γῆς τε κοὐρανοῦ Πάτερ,
ἁγναῖς λιταῖσι τοὔνομ᾽ ὑμνείσθω τὸ Σόν·
τῆς σῆς φανήτω πᾶσι βασιλείας σέλας·
τὸ Σὸν κρατείτω γῆς ἐφ᾽, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ,
βούλημα· τὸν καθ᾽ ἡμέραν ἄρτον δίδου.
τὰ δ᾽ ἁμπλακήματ᾽, εὐχόμεσθ᾽, ἡμῖν ἄφες,
ἡμεῖς γὰρ ἀλλήλοισιν ὧδ᾽ ἀφίεμεν·
φείδου Σὺ, μηδ᾽ ἐς πεῖραν ἐμβάλῃς σφοδράν.
ἔργων πονηρῶν καθέων ἐχθρῶν ἄπο
ῥῦσαι Σὰ τέκνα· Σοὶ γάρ ἐστ᾽ ἀλκὴ, κράτος,
καὶ δόξα γ᾽ εἰς ἀτέρμον᾽ αἰώνων δρόμον.

Allen William Chatfield.

SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

II.

SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

II.

Quare cum Publicanis manducat Magister vester?
St. Matth. ix. 11.

ERGO istis socium se peccatoribus addit?
Ergo istis sacrum non negat ille latus?
Tu, Pharisæe, rogas cur Jesus fecerit istud?
Næ dicam: Jesus non Pharisæus erat.

Richard Crashaw.

Piscatores vocati.—St. Matth. vi. 19.

AUDITE jam, pisces, secura sub æquora; pisces
Nos quoque, sed varia sub ratione, sumus.
Non potuisse capi, vobis spes una salutis,
Una salus nobis est, potuisse capi.

Richard Crashaw

Aquæ in vinum versæ.—St. Joann. ii.

UNDE rubor vestris et non sua purpura lymphis?
Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen, convivæ, præsens agnoscite Numen;
Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Pharisæus et Publicanus.—St. Luc. xviii.

N duo templum adeunt, diversis mentibus ambo,
Ille procul trepido lumine signat humum.
It gravis hic et in ipsa ferox penetralia tendit,
Plus habet hic templi, plus habet ille Dei.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Ex Epistola inter iter ad Lutet. Parisiorum data ad Magistrum Sociosque Coll: SS. Trin. Cant.

* * * * *

URA per[1] hæc segetum flavis uberrima gazis
Dum segnes urgemus equos, vacat acta subire
Tempora, sollicitaque retexere sæcula cura,
Debitaque his nostri generis primordia terris.
Scilicet his egressa locis Mavortia pubes,
Signa ducis sectata sui, (quem, semine nullo
Natum, jure suum Fortuna volebat alumnum,)
Invasit vestris lætum natalibus orbem,
Ferroque edomuit, dubiique favore Gradivi
Adjecit titulisque ducalibus Anglica regna,

[1] Normandy.

Et cum Saxonico Nortmannos sanguine junxit.
Utque genus ducens atro de funere Trojæ
Relliquiisque iræ Argolicæ flammæque Pelasgæ,
Incola jactantis septena cacumina Romæ,
In Phrygios delatus agros, circumspicit omnes
Sollicitis oculis nec segni indagine quærit,
An formæ fatale forum, surgentia pinis
Umbrosis Idæ juga, num Simoentis arenas
Et domino rerum Tibri cognata fluenta
Xantheasque sagax possit dignoscere lymphas,
Ac densas inter segetes si rudera forte
Emineant, Trojæ quas conjectura ruinas
Cogitet, hasce diu lacrymoso lumine figens
Prisca novo Priami renovat dispendia luctu:
Sic nostros recolebat avos pia cura.

* * * * *

Isaac Barrow.

De Vita ac Dignitate sua.

(*Ex epicedio in ducem Albemarlæ.*)

PUBLICA ne repetam, nimium quæ vasta Supremi
Nobis porrexit Numinis illa manus:
Multa obvenerunt privatæ commoda vitæ,
Quæ par est magno sumpta referre duci:
Quod sub jucundæ requievi tegmine pacis,
Vita quod a tragicis est procul acta malis;
Quod placitis studiis Musisque insontibus ampla
Otia (ne dicam præmia) contigerint,
Turpibus ejectis dominis, vanoque furore,
Qui se pro pura relligione tulit,

Quod licet obsequium regi deferre benigno,
Et vero cultum verum adhibere Deo;
Hæc ego tanta boni forti prudente probaque
Obtineoque opera possideoque ducis.
Huic igitur grates dum fundere conor, ineptus
Esse queo, longus vix, reor, esse queo.
Sin videar, veniam extremæ non abnue culpæ,
Quisquis eris (si quis), qui legis ista, precor.

Isaac Barrow.

Ad Carolum II. Regem.

TE magis optavit rediturum, Carole, nemo;
At nemo sensit te rediisse minus.

Isaac Barrow.

De Mortuorum Resurrectione.

TAM pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est: molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago
Vultum truncata atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vixdum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Joseph Addison.

Ex Barometri Descriptione.

AM cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet brumamque et frigora narrat;
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores,
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor
Et nimium oppressus contendit ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumpto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ, tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit, nec certior ardea cælos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando crassas fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidas rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens unda metalli
Fundum amat impatiens pluviæ metuensque procellæ,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit, ostendit mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Pugnam inter se committunt Pygmæi et Grues.

AMQUE procul sonus auditur piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem ;
Crebrescit tandem atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum et densa in nubibus hæret,
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem ; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis et bellum sperantibus infert :
Fit fragor, avulsæ volitant circum aera plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna : hic fixa volucris
Cuspide sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis
Singultusque ciet crebros pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ
Unguesque et digiti commistaque rostra lacertis.

Joseph Addison.

De Insula Beatorum. (Pind. Ol. ii. 128).

GNOTA nostris sideribus jacet,
Sedes, beato quæ recipit sinu
Sanctosque vates, quique læti
Pro patria oppetiere mortem:
Quam, vasta Nereus brachia porrigens,
Immensus ambit fluctibus inviis,
Terrasque mortalesque gentes,
Horrisonis procul arcet undis.
Vernus pererrat prata Favonius,
Leni susurro per tremulum nemus
Spirans, odoratosque pennis
Discutit irriguis liquores.
Surgunt per agros undique rosidos
Flores, amicti mille coloribus,
Solique gemmas explicantes
Dulce nitent radiante vultu:
Aut pensiles ex arboribus sacris
Blande reclinant aureolum caput,
Aut consiti vernante ripa
Stagna colunt gelidosque fontes.
His gens, dolorum nescia, vividum
Nectens lacertis et capiti decus,
Incedit immortale fulgens
Perpetua viridis juventa.

JOHN JORTIN.

De Anima.

POSTQUAM discussis fulsit lux prima tenebris,
Et sibi commissos junxit sol impiger axes,
Astraque fixa polo Lunæque argenteus orbis
Nocte suas habuere vices, sua regna, silenti,
Errantesque novas stellæ duxere choreas,
Terraque formosum ridens, et flabilis aer,
Et pontus fluviique suos cepere colonos
Felices lætosque etsi rationis egentes,
Magnus rerum Opifex mundi primordia circum
Aspexit, placido collaudans omnia vultu.
Tunc, operi finem imponens, e pectore fudit
Fæcundas voces Animamque exsistere jussit.
Jusserat; et subito tu, præstantissima rerum,
Ante Deum stabas; cui sic Pater ore sereno:
"Dulcis progenies, æternæ Mentis imago,
I, pete terrestres oras, tibi credita regna,
Formosumque habita corpus, formosior hospes:
Quæ sit origo tibi, quo sis reditura, memento
Nil in te Mors juris habet, victricia quamvis
Arma sonent dextra, quamvis augusta triumphis
Incedat, vultuque et cuspide terreat orbem.
Sperne minas Fati Noctisque inamabile regnum."
Annuit Omnipotens; sparsi per inane profundum
Intremuere orbes et inhorruit ultimus æther.

JOHN JORTIN.

Olim magister, nunc reliquus pulvere.
Quis ille vel quid egerit, bene aut secus,
In vita omitte quæritare, scit Deus:
Monere maluit hoc, quod ad te pertinet,
Bene universis tu fac et fieri velis,
Semper benigni Patris omnium memor.
Sic si paratus huc intres, precibus tuis
Cælum patebit, ipse quum stabis reus
Die suprema sub tremendo Judice,
Ratione vitæ reddita laudaberis.

NICHOLAS MANN.

Epitaphium Felis, quæ decessit anno MDCCCLVI, nata annos XIV, *menses* II, *dies* IV.

ESSA annis morboque gravi, mitissima Felis,
Infernos tandem cogor adire lacus:
Et mihi subridens Proserpina dixit: "Habeto
Elysios soles, Elysiumque nemus."
Sed bene si merui, facilis Regina silentum,
Da mihi saltem una nocte redire domum,
Nocte redire domum, dominoque hæc dicere in aurem,
"Te tua fida etiam trans Styga Felis amat."

JOHN JORTIN.

Hoc erat in votis.

UALIS per nemorum nigra silentia
Vallesque irriguas et virides domos
Serpit fons placidus murmure languido,
Secretum peragens iter:

Flexas per patrios circumagens aquas
Paullum ludit agros et sinuat fugam,
Donec præcipiti jam pede defluus
Miscetur gremio maris:

Talis per tacitam devia semitam
Ætas diffugiat, non opibus gravis,
Non experta fori jurgia turbidi aut
Palmæ sanguineum decus.

Cumque instant tenebræ et lux brevis occidit,
Et ludo satura et fessa laboribus,
Somni frater iners membra jacentia
Componat gelida manu.

JOHN JORTIN.

Ad discipulum, Indiam profecturum, cum M. Tullii libris de officiis.

RTIUM docilis puer bonarum,
Moribus quoque qui places modestis,
Cum petis procul hinc iturus oram
Qua Ganges rapidas profundit undas,
Qua Solis propiore sicca curru
Et tellus calet, usque sis beatus
Te quo per mare, longa per viarum
Quo sors cunque ferat levesque venti.
Et satis revehas domum inde mercis
Exteræ et lapidum et micantis auri,
Et quicquid peregre misella plebes
Perdite cupit, at manum memento
Immunem super omnia ut reportes,

Nec laudem pretio minore vendas.
Quod tecum hinc tuleris bonum piumque
Et, gazis Arabum Indiæque gemmis
Continet melius quod hic libellus,
O cave monitus, cave id relinquas.

SAMUEL BERDMORE.

A Monastic Ode

Written at a Seat, under some sequestered Oaks, in a natural wilderness, near Gestingthorpe.

SOLITUDO quam dilecta!
Hinc in cælum via recta.
Procul est insanitatis
Et theatrum vanitatis.
Plebs si sævit, hic sedebo
Et quæ supra sunt, videbo;
Mecum Angeli cantabunt,
Cæli Dominum laudabunt.
O si semper hic sederem,
Mundi turbas nec viderem!
Me dum tollent angelorum
Grex ad Paradisi Chorum,
Et, ut sanctus eremita,
Dulci requiescam vita.

WILLIAM JONES.

——— Ver proterit æstas,
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Auctumnus fruges effuderit ; et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.—Hor.

HAUD secus ac Cypriam nigris advecta cavernam
Fluctibus Oceani pacavit murmura Patris
Alma Venus—venti jam tum posuere—remotis
Sedibus attonitæ Nymphæ exsiluere—per undas
Triton, et Nereus, atque Inous Melicerta
Lusit, et ipse pecus ducens per cœrula Proteus,
Crebræque Halcyonum fulsere in littore pennæ :
Haud aliter, sævæ lætissima filia Brumæ,
Cara mihi Musisque, fugas jam patria tandem
Nubila, et optantem moderandum suscipis annum.
En ! tibi summittunt fallentia lilia odores,
En ! tibi certatim violæ atque halans hyacinthus,
Et rosa virgineum nequicquam imitata pudorem.
Oh ! quam tota mihi spirare Sabæa videtur,
Atque Hybla Ætnææ metuens vicinia flammæ !
Vos oh ! vos latebræ, quascumque in pectore condit
Felici nostram fallentes pace carinam
Oceanus, nisi vos frustra finxere Camœnæ
Vere frui æterno et larga juvenescere Flora,
Pandite secretas valles et frigida Tempe,
Puniceoque mihi nemora interfusa decore.
Illic hospitium platani vernantis, et antra
Pumicibus laqueata, atque interlapsa per umbram
Turba levis Dryadum, et ludens per opaca Cupido.
Illic et tenuis serpit per gramina rivus,
Per nemorum latebras, et myrtea vincula longum
Insinuans iter et teneris moriturus in herbis.

Quo mihi cessistis, Zephyri ? quo verna refugit
Temperies ? itane ? et citius dulcissima vitæ

Tempora labuntur? sed nec sua gaudia desunt
Æstati, quanquam bacchata canicula toto
Versetur cælo et sævissimus induat ignes
Sirius. O Hæmi valles atque antra Diones
Frigida, vosque adeo, Parnassi culmina, vatem
Pierios inter languentem condite rores.
Illic quærenti faciles sub vespere somnos
Dum me Narcissi impediunt, aurasque sequaces
Tardat odor; dum cuncta tacent, nisi murmuret auris
Pulsa vagis cithara, aut Nymphis illusa jocosis
Somnia decutiat dulcis fallacia Musæ.
En avida jamjam videor bibere aure fugaces
Cantus et toto fluitantia carmina cœlo:
Jam lucos peragrare pios et amœna Deorum
Concilia! ecce cava qua valle Diana vagetur
Endymiona petens—illic delphinas Arion
Mulcet et ille puer ludit per opaca Hyacinthus—
Illum vel Scythicæ gentes flevere cadentem,
Et Tanaim qui potat, et immanes Agathyrsi
Et Riphæa polo vicina—illum ultimus Indus
Hyrcanæque inter prærupta cubilia tigres.
Jamjam inter campos nebula per inania vectus
Lucentes spatior—nisi me vaga ludat imago—
Sed lusisse juvat—ne solvite somnia, quercus,
Quæcunque inter vos miscentes murmura cælum
Laudatis placidum et variæ miracula terræ.
Verum ubi jam nemorum harmoniam solemque furentem
Rosida pacavit tacitæ clementia Lunæ
Clivosa dum rupe fruor, per inane natantes
Suspiciens gemmas et non imitabile lumen,
Fallar agens terris animumque in sidera fundam.
Hora fugit tacita et laudantem deserit æstas:
Quo, dilecta, volas? quæ te felicior ora

Accipiet? celeri liquidum premis æthera penna
Quaque premis video tractus albescere lucis,
Et vaga surripiunt supremos flamina odores.
Quin age, pampinea redimite, Autumne, corona,
Fer mihi fulgentes hortos, flaventiaque arva,
Gargaraque spicis lætissima, et Ismara Baccho.
Inter culta Ceres, inter nemora alta Sileni
Versantur thiasi, et Cicones spatiantur in antris,
Natura aurescit, gravidusque exuberat annus.
Felix, agricolam quem non fallacia torquent
Horrea, non aliena movet fastidia messis!
Illum non strepitus regum, aut discordia vexat,
Non conjurata in bellum quæ volvitur Arctos.

Verum ubi jam tandem victo gravis incubat anno
Bruma, et deciduæ volitant ex arbore frondes,
Eurusque Zephyrusque fremunt, et pallida lento
Torpet sole dies, jam tum securus amatæ
Conjugis in gremio, perque oscula dulcia fusus,
Ventorum increpitat rabies, hyememque sonantem.
Interea totum non secius æthera turbo
Miscet, nec curvis sibi temperat unda carinis.
Quid tibi Riphæas arces, obductaque pigra
Regna canam glacie, rapidique cubilia Cauri?
Quave agit excubias Boreas, rabiemque procellæ
Ipse novam præbet languenti, et sufficit alas!
Qualis ubi nuper, socia Virtute, retorsit
Gallorum vires, et non superabile fulmen.
Scilicet horrendo periere exercita cœlo
Agmina, perque vias acres, infidaque plaustris
Flumina, et in rigidas subito correpta cavernas.
Scilicet has forsan cædes albentiaque ossa
Invenicns quondam, Agrestis, mirabere quales
Ambitio ediderit (quam non impune) ruinas!

George Waddington.

Germania Lipsiæ vindicata.

IRTUTE functos non premere aurei
Fastidit anni primitiis humus,
Non parcit irrorare tristis
Funereo Philomela questu,

Nocte et Dianæ sidere testibus;
Nec sacra multi fontis aqua loca,
Nec laude nec famæ ministra
(Siquid id est) caruere Musa.

Fas immoreris, fas, Dea, paululum
Carpas doloris gaudia, mox graves
Motura pæanas, lyræque
Pollicitas potiora chordas.

Festum quotannis nobilitet diem
Feliciori numine Jupiter
Nec nube solari, remisto
Sole, neget, Zephyrique flatu,

Ex quo solutas lætior aspicit
Fortuna gentes. Te, pede barbaro
Per regna qui dudum ruebas
Nunquam hiemis viduata curru,

Tenet retortum Lipsia non tuis
Petita ventis: scilicet aureæ
Amica Libertas Camœnæ
Pierias sibi sacrat umbras;

Sæpe ipsa Divis juncta sororibus,
Effusa crines per niveos sinus,
Vacavit Albinæ quieti
Et tumidæ sine lege chordæ;

Sæpe ipsa—sed quis per trepidum æthera
Fati ingruentis nuncius it fragor?
Quorsum ista per campos et ægram
Invigilat spatiata noctem

Non nuptialis tæda? fremit ferox
Bellona, risu non sine flebili,
Superque fumantes acervos
Præcipitem rotat Eurus alam.

O siquis adstas ætheris incola,
Dignamque pulsans Elysio chelyn,
Non ante concessum stupenti
Insinuas animo furorem,

Advectus aulas dic age lucidas,
Dic feriatis manibus Armini,[1]
Quo Marte Germani fatigent,
Queis iterum auspiciis tyrannum!

Quid mirum, ubi illos et pudor et fides
Mutata multa non sine gloria
Fallit laborantes, neque horret
Canities galeata bellum?

[1] Cf. Tac. ad fin. Ann. Lib. 2. Liberator haud dubie Germaniæ &c. . . . . caniturque adhuc apud barbaras gentes.

Quid mirum, ubi omnis cum Tanai memor
Volga auspicato proruit impetu,
Et Mosqua, Libertatis ara,
Spirat adhuc furiale flabrum ?

Ergo ista cessat jam rabies facem
Mentita frustra fulguream, neque
Victor triumphatas, ut ante,
Purpureo quatis axe gentes.

Quin ulla possunt munera ferreum
Curvare ? vittam Pax tibi supplicem,
Astræa languentes ocellos
Sustulit, innocuo ore libans

Mellitiores melle tibi preces:
Insane, quod si tu minus audias,
Est Ultor in cœlis, et ira
Deciduo metuenda telo.

Te gloriam, te non ita creditos
Infensa poscit Gallia filios,
Et gemma regalis cruentæ
Eripitur male tuta fronti.

Nullusne, læsa jam rate, naufragi
Comes tyranni ? scilicet obvio
Amore complectetur umbra
Borbonidæ, neque rarus hospes

(Siquid pii sit Manibus) impiger
Grati rependet præmia pectoris !
Quin natus adstabit, viroque
Egregio bene fida conjux !

Te, pejeratum et triste caput, gravi
Dudum æstuantem turbine, te maris
Terræque mensorem coercet
Exigua brevis unda ripa,

Mutata solis numina lacrymis
Fleture; dum nos sidera candidæ
Præsaga respectant quietis,
Composito veneranda ponto.

En ipsa venit, quam petimus diu,
Pax ipsa, verna nube premens caput;
Allapsa per fluctus coruscos
Halcyonum potiore penna:

Cui serta, vinclis non sine myrteis,
Furtim effluentes impediunt comas;
Plumisque lascivis odoram
Sollicitat levis aura vestem.

Præbete, Reges, hospitium Deæ,
Tardate gemmis et trabe citrea;
Me parva vatem solvet ara,
Propter aquas et amœna sylvæ

Frontem innocentem sanguinis erigens;
Neu casta desint lilia cum rosis,
Neu laurei tutela rami
Fulmineos cohibentis ictus.

Illic frequens non pessima munerum
Grata Sacerdos rite feram manu,
Cum Luna vix nascente cornu
Per dubiam pavet ire noctem.

GEORGE WADDINGTON.

Human Sacrifices.

* * * * * *

NDORUM sic sæpe piavit victima Divos
Humana, humanoque litatur sanguine Ganges.
Ætherium ecce faces rutilanti lumine lambunt
Campum, ipsæ tenebræ ferali luce rubescunt:
Igneus astrorum chorus en deforme refugit
Prodigium, stellarum acies caligat opaca,
Frustra nocturni pallescit lumen Olympi,
Luna, hebeti radio: tum millia plurima flagrant
Tædarum, et cœli somnum splendore lacessunt.
Undique per roseas jam fumus odorifer auras
Fluctuat en tremulus, nebulaque supernatat orbi.
Fulmineo reboant crepitantia tympana pulsu
Surdasque obtundunt aures, dum millia vocum
Murmura continuis cantus clangoribus ardent,
Et fremit horrisonis ululatibus arduus æther.
Te, Deus, exclamant, te sylva profunda remugit,
Invia te rupes reboat, te concitus amnis.
Sulfureis sic vecta alis ignique trisulco
Fulminis ira fremit per nigra silentia cœli.
Funerea apparet vatum circumdata turba
Victima vota Dei, gemmantis flore juventæ
Virgo decens: oculus, modo qui spirabat amores
Et tenerum melos,[1] et lætati lumina veris,
Nunc periturus hebet, socias ni forte gementes
Conspiciat, circum tum vero pallidus ori
Intremuit risus, medio ceu Cynthia cœlo
Pervia translucet per nubila, lumine nimbos
Suffundens, tremuloque nitent candore tenebræ.

* * * * * *

JULIUS CHARLES HARE.

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[1] The music breathing from her face.—BYRON.

Inscription for a Drinking Cup, made from a mulberry tree formerly growing in a School yard, and presented to an old scholar of the School.

E cujus patula prius sub umbra
Lusisti, puer inscius futuri,
Oppressam senio procella fregit,
Nunc mira faber arte fecit auro
Splendentem calicem, merique odora
En læti tibi sum ministra Bacchi.
At tu, si sapias, memor vetustæ
Mori, carpe diem brevique vita
Spem longam reseces; tibi mihique
Eheu non revocanda fugit ætas.

EDWARD HALL ALDERSON.

Ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος.
Thucyd.

Χαῖρέ μοι νίκας δαΐφρων ἄνασσα,
φιλτάτα στυγνῶ θυγάτηρ Ἄρηος,
σεμνὸν ἃ ναίεις ἀπάνευθε γαίας
ὠρανὸν, αἰὲν

ἐμπλέκοισ' ἀνδρῶν, Ἀρετά, καρήνοις
ἀγλαῶν γλυκὺν στεφάνων ἄωτον,
ἀστραπᾶς θᾶσσον πτερύγεσσι κούφαις
αἰθαλοέσσας

καὶ πνοᾶν ἐλαυνομένα, τίν' ἀμῖν
ξυνὸν ἡρώων κελαδεῖν πέπρωται
αἶνον; ἢ τίν' ἀδυμελῆ λύρᾳ πρέ-
-ποισαν ἀοιδάν;

πᾶ γὰρ οἱ πρόσθεν σοφίᾳ πρόφαντοι;
σοὶ μόνᾳ τόδ' εὖχος ἔδωχ' ὁ Δαίμων
ἄφθιτον, σκάπτῳ περιοῖσαν ἄλλων
ὕστατον ἄρχειν.

οἱ δε κέλσαντες ποτὶ τέρμα λαμπρῶ
εὐτυχῶς βίω, σκοτόεντα τύμβον
ἶξον, ὦ πέριξ πλοκάμους ἐλίσσει
ἤρεμα κισσὸς

καὶ ῥόδον, καὶ πορφυρέων λοχεία
ἀνθέων ὀδμὰν ἀνέμοις πνεόντων
ὧν μεταξὺ φερβόμεναι κύκλῳ βομ-
-βεῦντι μέλισσαι.

δειέλοις δ' αὖ τεκνολέτειρ' ὑφ' ὥραις,
ἦρος ὀρνὶς ἱμερόφωνος, ὑμᾶς
ὀλβίσει μέλποισα λιγὺν νεκρούς περ
ὕμνον ἀοιδῶν.

ἀλλ' ὅταν στερρᾶις βαρέως τινάξας
τάν τε γᾶν φοιτᾷ Βορέας ἀέλλαις,
ἄλμυρόν τε πόντον, ὀλεθρίω ναύ-
-ταισι φόβοιο

σύμβολον, τόθ' ἁ γενέτειρ' ἐφέρψει
φροντίδων μνάμα πραπίδεσσι τερπνᾶν,
ἔς τε γ' ἂν βίῳ θάνατος σύνεδρον
οἶκτον ἀπείρξῃ.

τίς δε παγχρύσοις πελάθει μίτραισι
παρθένων ὁμάγυρις; ἤνιδ' ἄθλων
ἵσταται τῶν ὑμετέρων τόδ' ἀντί-
ποινον, ἀγῶνες

ἔννομοι πομπά τε γέρας μαχατῶν·
ἦνθε Μοισάων θεράπων πεδίλῳ
Δωρικῷ φωνὰν κιθάρᾳ τε κραιπνῶς
ποικιλόγαρυν

ἁρμόσας, ὁδὸν δ' ἐπίκουρον εὑρὼν
ἔσσεται κλυταῖς ἐπέων πτυχαῖσι,
τοὺς ἐν ὑσμίνᾳ περὶ πατρίδος πεσ-
-όντας ἐπαινεῖν·

καὶ βοὰν τάχ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἴει
δίπτυχον δισσᾶν παλαμᾶν, ὅσοιπερ
τεύχε' ἀμπείχον κατὰ γᾶν, ὅσοι τ' ἐφ'
ὑγρὰ θαλάσσας

κύματ' αὔξοντες μελάθροις ἅμιλλαν
νηπίοις θ' ἅβας φιλόπλουτον υἱοῖς,
τᾶς δὲ σᾶς ποθεινοτάτας μάλιστ' ἔρ-
-ωτι δαμέντες

καλλονᾶς, θνατῶν βασίλεια Τιμά·
τίς θανεῖν γὰρ μαρνάμενος φοβεῖται,
καὶ πόνους τλᾶναι μαλεροὺς, τίς Ἄτας
δήγματα θρηνεῖ,

εἰσιδὼν σὲ, παρθένε, προσγελεῦσαν
ὄμμασιν φαιδροῖς, γονέων τε κρείσσω,
καὶ κρυφαίων ἀθάνατον μετάλλων
καρπὸν ἄγοισαν;

σεῦσθε, μὴ φείδεσθ', ἀμάχους δ' Ἐριννὺς
ζευγνύτω θοῦρις κύνας, ἐν μέσῳ δὲ
θηκτὸν ἐκχείτω ξίφος ἁπλέτως μελ-
-άγχιμον αἷμα·

ἔσσεται τοσόνδ' ὄνομ' ἐξοπισθεν
καὶ τροπαῖα μαρμαρέαν τε παντᾶ
γράμματα σταλᾶν, ὁπόσοις θ' ἑκάστα
γαῖα κέκληται·

εἴθ' ἔγωγ' ὥς τις πετεηνὸς ὄρνις
παντὶ θυμῷ σύν τε δίκᾳ γενοίμαν
ἐργμάτων ὑψηλοτάτων βροτοῖσι
μάρτυς ἀλαθής·

οὐ γὰρ, οὐ δῆτ' ἄν τινος ἐκφύγοιτε
ἄνθεος λόγων ἔτι τυγχάνοντες,
ἢ τεχνᾶν, ὅσας ἐδίδαξ' ὁ Φοῖβος
τέκτονας ὕμνων,

μείλιχον τόδ' ἀντιτεμὼν ἄκεσμα
συμφορᾶς, ἀμαχανίας τε θνατῶν·
νῦν δε λήξασαι χελύων, ἴδ', αὐταὶ
ῥίμφα βιβῶντι

εὐτρεπίσδοισαι χορὸν ἐν θεάτρῳ
αἱ φίλαυλοι σὺν Χαρίτεσσι Μοῖσαι·
ἐν δὲ Κλειὼ Μελπομένα τ' ἐπιστατ-
-εῦσιν ἑορταῖς·

εἰσορῶσ' Ἀλευθερία γέγηθεν,
σπαργανωθὲν ἐκ νεφελᾶν πρόσωπον
ὑψόθεν ῥίψασ', ὀλοαῖσι δὰν κε-
-κρυμμένον ὄρφναις·

ἐξ ὅτου ῥοαῖς νοτίοις παρειὰν
δακρύων τέγξασ' ἀπέφευγε τλάμων
Ἑλλάδ' οὐκ αὖθις ποτὶ γαῖαν ἐλπίσ-
-δοισα κατελθεῖν.

τοίγαρ οὐδ' ὑμῖν ἔτι μοῖρα πικρὰ
ἄχθος Αἰτναίων σκοπέλων ἐν Ἅδᾳ
κείσεται λυπηρότερον, κατ' ὄσσους
ἀμφιβαλοῖσα

φᾶρος ὀρφναῖον· τί τάφων ὄνειαρ,
εἰκόνων τί χαλκοτύπων, ἀϋτμὰν
τοῖς νέοις τὰν πρὶν κατάγειν νέον τ' ἄ-
-γαλμα δοκοισᾶν ;

φέρτερον γάρ ἀνδρὶ τυχεῖν τόδ' ἐστιν,
ὄντιν' οὐκ ἐῶντι λαθεῖν θανόντα,
οὐδὲ πάμπαν τὰ ζοφόεντα πίνειν
ὕδατα Λάθας

οἱ σοφοὶ, πτανοῖσι δ' ἀεὶ δι' αὔρας
ποσσὶ βαίνοντες, πεδιών τ' ἔνερθεν
θιγγάνειν ὑπερφρονέοντες ἄκρων,
ἄμβροτον αὐλὰν

ὠρανῷ τολμῶντι βαλεῖν ἀοιδαῖς·
ἀλλ' ἔπαινον γὰρ προσέβα τε Μοίσας
ὠκέως κόρος, βελέεσσιν ὑμᾶς
οὔποτ' ἀφάντοις

δυσχερὲς γῆρας δαμάσει, φθόνος τε·
εὖ πάθοιτ' εὐδαίμονες, εὖ πάθοιτε,
τᾶν πάροιθεν δυστυχιᾶν τὸ λοιπὸν
ἐκτὸς ἐόντες.

Thomas Kyrle Ernle Chatfield.

Ad fratrem, morte sua imminente, T. K. E. C.

Ὦ φίλτατ' αὐτάδελφε, σοὶ δ' ἀρνήσομαι
ὑποῖ' ἔπασχον κἄτι νῦν πάσχω κακά·
θανεῖν πέπρωται πᾶσιν, οἶδ', ἅπαξ ποτὲ,
ὅσοιπερ εἰσορῶμεν ἥλιον βροτοί.
τὸ δ' εἰδέναι τόδ' αὐτὸ, πήνικ' ἔρχεται,
παῦροι τόδ' εὑρήκασι, πρὶν τέλος μολεῖν.
ὅς δ' ἂν μάλιστα τοῦτο γιγνώσκῃ, λαβὼν
σοφίας ἐκεῖνος τοὐπίκλημ' ἀποίχεται·
ἐμοὶ δὲ πάντα ταῦτ' ἐναντί' ἐξέβη,
οὐ γὰρ σοφὸς πέφυκ', ἐπίσταμαι δ' ὅμως
βράχιστον ὄντα τὸν ἐπιόντα μοι βίον,
δαρὸν χρόνον γὰρ οἴχομαι τάλας ἐγὼ,
ἀγῶνα τὸν μέλλοντα περιφοβούμενος
ὃς σπέρχεται νῦν καὶ παρέστι πλησίον.

Thomas Kyrle Ernle Chatfield.

Venetia.

* * * * * *

HELICES nimium terræ! qua purior æther
Perpetuique micant soles; quibus unica semper
Temperies cœli faciesque innubila ridet
Æquoris. Hinc placidus per tempora volvitur annus
Festivique dies; hunc exsulat urbe severa
Pauperies, ditesque fugax avertitur aulas.
Aurea ibi puppis[1] mirantibus innatat undis,
Sæpius et citharæ in numerum pulsata resultat
Vox audita procul, levibusque immurmurat auris

[1] Gondola.

Flebilis. Æquoreas thalamo sub fluminis alti
Credideris cecinisse deas, aut Orphea raptam
Mœrere Eurydicen. Veluti quum victa sopore
Membra jacent, dubiam ludunt ubi somnia mentem,
Evigilant ignes animi, variæque recursant
Erranti species, sensuque impune vaganti
Libera mens formas rerum miratur inanes:
Dum vehimur, subito albenti de marmore fana
Attonitos raptant sensus et mille figuræ
Templorum, auratæque domus: quas plurima circum
Flamma novo fulgore rubet, sensimque recedens
Sera moraturo suffundit lumine Vesper.

Ut juvat antiqui lustrantem temporis ortus
Desertasque diu terras invisere, et ævi
Relliquias, veterisque sequi vestigia famæ
Fastorumque aperire vices: hæc munera poscit
Priscus honos, nomenque inter tot fata superstes.
Scilicet ingratum testudine flevit amorem
Solus ibi et caræ vates perjuria Lauræ
Indoluit spretamque fidem: vos litora testes
Mœrenti, surda quoties erravit arena
Perditus et studio questus iterabat inani.
Aut ubi marmoreos postes[1] adversaque juxta
Scalarum latera (infandum) deforme cadaver
Fama refert fluxisse tuum,[2] qui tela parabas
Impius, et fatuas audax in prœlia dextras
Inflammare dolis nequidquam voce suprema
Ingratæ Diras urbi patriæque vocasti.
Forsitan hic olim Ductor[3] desueta labantes
Circum humeros dedit arma senex, cristaque decorus
Explicuit fulvum, victricia signa, Leonem,

[1] The pillar of St. Mark. [2] Faliero. [3] Dandalo.

Multum indignatus pacem et male fida dolosæ
Fœdera amicitiæ. Sparsis en cana capillis
Tempora, sublatamque haud frustra in vulnera dextram;
En cæcos ut dudum oculos novus ardor et audax
Spes alit incendens, quæ mox impune minaces
Byzanti insolitis quatiet terroribus arces.

* * * * *

EDWARD WALFORD.

Skating.

* * * * * *

NONNE vides ut torno rasile buxum
Fingitur, humanique pedis formatur ad instar?
Huic a stirpe nitens aptatur lamina ferri
Bina acie, et ligno clavis connexa cohæret,
Quo, velut acta Noto scindit maris alta carina,
Radit iter liquidum et glaciem diverberat omnem.
Scilicet hæc plantæ loris aptantur utrique
Ad soleæ formam, pedibusque tenaciter hærent.
Ecce ubi longinquum stagni prætenditur æquor
Porrectum spatiis et campos præbet apertos;
Huc magnæ ex omni collectæ parte cohortes
Conveniunt gaudentque novo contendere ludo.
Hic alius tentat rapidos præcurrere ventos,
Ictibus alternis glacialia marmora plangens,
Atque alius summo dum scribit in amne figuras
Nunc huc nunc illuc variatos orbibus orbes
Implicat et certo corpus libramine vertit;
Parte alia inter se properant describere gyros,
Armatove gradu juvat instaurare choreas.

* * * * * *

OLIVER WALFORD.

Pyramides.

* * * * *

CILICET has olim famæ insatiata cupido
Nominis et magni studium per secula jussit
Surgere et in seros titulum differre nepotes.
Innumeras ergo cuncta de parte catervas
Collegit princeps: fuscos hinc Africa natos
Hinc Asia atque Arabes varias ad munera gentes
Sufficiunt longoque jubent instare labori.
En alii ferro conformant rasile saxum,
Fundamenta locant alii vel pondera plaustris
Sub molem concisa trahunt, gradibusque quadratis
Ingressi ponunt in cunctas marmora partes,
Compositasque docent massis incumbere massas.
Interea innumeris moles cumulata catervis
Altior exsurgit, sublimique aggere cœlum
Suspicit atque arcto per campum vertice fulget.
Ergo non hiemes illam non flamina venti
Non soles aut imber edax aut frigus acutum
Corripiunt: illæsa manet: multosque per annos
Secula multa virum regesque et nomina vincit,
Nec quis condiderit, quisve hanc intenderit auctor
Scire licet nobis, vel quos formarit ad usus,
Tanta per obscuros tendit mysteria fastos
Tempus et humanis tantum est in rebus inane.

Oliver Walford.

Σπάρτη ἀτείχιστος οὖσα.

ALLADIAS arces et propugnacula Athenæ
Et solido referant mœnia jacta solo:
Surgat et e campo turrita fronte Corinthus
Et stabiles muros pontus uterque lavet,
Cadmus in Aonia fundarit pergama terra,
Qua Thebæ summo vertice ad astra nitent,
Scilicet has urbes muri compagibus arctis
Mœniaque et turres claustraque firma tenent:
Et cives saxo ferroque et robore tecti
Belli inter strepitus otia tuta terunt;
Sola suis confisa viris et freta suorum
Viribus, hostili Sparta timore vacat:
Hæc non exstructas arces vallumve requirit,
Huic non tutamen fossa profunda dabit.
Huic nomen turres, huic propugnacula virtus
Sufficit, huic generis mœnia terror erit.
Hic adstat patiens parvoque assueta juventus,
Ardens pro patria vulnera sæva pati:
Membraque militia et gracili formata palæstra
Stant aliis terror præsidiumque suis:
Conjunctis humeris intentis viribus adstant,
Firma cohors nullo discutienda metu.
Non sibi, sed patriæ vitamque et corpus et artus,
Ut proavi quondam, pignora cara putant:
Vitam Sparta dedit, vitam nunc Sparta reposcit,
Num dubitent nati, matre jubente, mori?
Aggere sic vivo longos defensa per annos
Sparta inter gentes inviolanda manet.

Oliver Walford.

Eduardo, Comiti Derbeiensi, Cancellario suo gratulatur Oxonia.

MUSÆ, sacrati numina verticis,
Fontisque amantes Naïadum chori,
Quotquot fatigatos labore
Pieria recreatis umbra,
Si cara vobis, ut prius, indoles
Nutrita vestris sub penetralibus,
Si cara virtus, atque fama
Nominis intemerata magni,
Adeste cunctæ: dicite, frigidas[1]
Quæ mox ad aures ætheris exeant,
Spirentque pendentem per orbem
Socraticis iteranda turbis.
Jampridem acerbis victa doloribus
Mœret peremptum Patria principem;
Imosque Musarum recessus
Propter, arundineasque ripas,
Virtus, corona cincta cupressina,
Late querelis flebilibus gemit,
Ceu mœsta per sylvas procella,
Vel gemitus maris inquieti.
Nunc Hora vanis parcere fletibus,
Finemque jussit tristitiæ dare;
Nunc aura ridentis Favoni
Frigoribus rediit solutis—
Salve! fidelis dux patriæ, et memor
In hac adultæ sede puertiæ,
Quas ipse, nec frustra, colebas,
Thespiadum accipias honorem.

[1] "Sung into the cold ears of the stars."—Alexander Smith.

Te nostra, grata[2] cui juvenilia
Cingebat olim tempora laurea,
Majore donandum corona
Nunc iterum revocavit Isis:
Nec vana tantis auspiciis fides:
Quippe et futuræ præscia gloriæ,
Laus ista prædixit sequendos
Fulgidiore rota triumphos.
Tu, quum senatus corda labantia
Diu paverent ancipiti metu,
Per dura fulsisti pericla,
Præsidium columenque rerum.
Sic nauta, diris multum Aquilonibus
Caliginosa nocte per Adriam
Jactatus, optati per umbram
Sideris, auspicium salutat.
O disciplinæ fautor, et artium,
Turbas furentes eloquio potens
Torquere, civilesque motus
Consilio cohibere justo,
Diu, precamur, dux bone, laurea
Frontem coronet, Thespiadum decus,
Diuque per terras, ad ortum
Solis ab Hesperio cubili,
Neglecta quamvis cætera lividæ
Obliviones undique carpserint,
Te principem, fidumque rebus
Subsidium dubiis, amicum
Musis, patronumque artibus, et ducem
Quacunque Virtus expediet viam,
Noscent Camœnæ: te, corona
Cœruleos redimita crines

[2] The Earl of Derby obtained one of the Chancellor's Prizes at Oxford.

Isis, catervas inter amabiles
Nympharum, ab oris concinet ultimis;
Serique servabunt nepotes
Perpetuæ monumenta laudis.

LIONEL DAWSON DAMER.

Doctori Reverendo Haig Brown obsoletum roganti discipulum carmen hæc tremula voce susurri more dedicat L. D. D.

AH! nonne durum, Doctor amice, opus
Nostrisque majus viribus exigis,
Me flosculum Carthusianæ
Addere si jubeas coronæ?
At non frequenti bruma nitet rosa,
Colorque vernus deperiit cito,
Et semper aversata canos
Musa fugit veteremque frontem.
Esto: at tenebris promere de suis
Diu sepultas fas sit imagines,
Vocesque jamdudum silentes
Præteriti revocare secli:
Salve! dierum scabra situ, "Domus,"
Quod si nec albo marmore porticus
Ostendat heroum figuras
Phidiacæ monumenta dextræ,
Auro neque ingens aula renideat,
Nonne ista longo tempore nomina
Detrita sunt summi labore
Artificis pretiosiora?

Heu! quot fideles invida transtulit
Ætas sodales: nil nisi nomina,
Tanta ex amicorum cohorte
Nil, nisi nomina muta, restat.
Ingressa surgit lachryma, dum lego:
Mentemque imago plurima detinet,
Lusus, laboresque, et juventæ
Gratia non reditura lætæ.
O quisquis es, cui tempore postero
Sit cura nostrum tradita mœnium
Per si quid, obtestor, priorum
Mente foves memori dierum
Ne quis, caveto, sacrilega manu
Turbet meorum nomina de loco.
Illæsa functorum futuris
Præmonitura viam supersint.

LIONEL DAWSON DAMER.

Somnium cujusdam novas Carthusianas Ædes mox petituri.

NOX erat, Urbs placida devincta quiete jacebat,
Carpebat somni munera nostra Domus.
Ipse, meis propriis pensis curaque gravatus,
Membra libens dederam fessa labore toro;
Sopitos sensus ludebant somnia; mire
Errabat variis mens agitata modis;
Jamque Ædis nostræ bene cognita tecta videbam,
Jamque fere ignoto est mens spatiata solo:
En media collis visus consurgere in Urbe,
Perque domum flumen currere juge meam.
Quum subito humano major, longaque decorus
Suttonus barba visus adesse mihi.

"Ergone mutandæ monachorum," dixit, "avitæ,
Quas legi, sedes, hæc loca cara mihi?"
"Temporibus," dixi, "cedendum est: labitur ætas
Heu cito; non hodie quæ placuere placent.
Magnæ Urbis strepitus, fumus, vicinia lædunt,
Qua quondam viguit, jam Schola nostra cadit;
"Cedendum est, fateor," respondit; "sedibus isdem
Languebit, certe languet amata Domus.
Sed loca, non mores fas sit mutare vetustos,
Inque novo exsurgant tradita jura solo.
Jam longam revocat seriem mens læta meorum,
Anglia quos gaudet noscere grata suos:
Non paucos revocat legum jurisque peritos,
Curia non paucos asserit ipsa suos:
Armis non pauci celebres per regna remota
Grande decus Domui, grande dedere mihi.
Ingenuo Christum non paucos corde colentes
Relligio Christi vindicat alma suos:
Ædibus hi nostris instructi nomina nostræ
Clara effecerunt hic et ubique Domus.
Vos ergo, quibus hoc curæ est, vestigia famæ
Sectantes veteris, vos superate patres:
Hoc vobis curæ, sedes quascunque colatis,
Floreat æternum Carthusiana Domus."

FREDERICK POYNDER.

Bonum est Sal.

SAL firmat carnem nimio ne sole liquescat,
Cordaque, ne nimia mobilitate, dolor:
Sic sale sunt carnes, sic pectora tuta dolore,
Hoc nos soletur—ni sale nulla salus.

ROBERT HENNIKER.

In Obitum Johannis Keble.

AH! Domini quam dulce in pectore consopiri!
En tibi nunc ipsi contigit ista quies:
Nos tamen haud vitæ immemores sanctæque Camœnæ
Hæredes voti sit, precor, esse tui:
Ante pedes Domini te sæpius auspice, vates,
Aurora integras roscida fundet opes:
Te duce, casta Fides et Amor sub vesperis horam
Gaudebunt placida condere pace diem:
Tum tua non nunquam tua cara subibit imago,
Alterum et a Christi nomine nomen erit:
Auspice te sacros aperit Natura recessus
Et mutata novo prata colore micant:
Procedunt festique dies et sanctior annus
Quæque Deum pandit pagina plura sapit.
Auspice te miserum deponunt pectora pondus,
Parvus et attrito corde relucet amor.
Auspice te, pietas et mens sibi conscia recti
Nocturnum Christo deproperavit opus,
Te venerata suum mærens Ecclesia vatem,
Perpetuo carum cinget honore caput.
Non mihi non tantas versu comprendere laudes,
Nec licet ingenio dicere digna tuo:
Sit tamen egregii tumulum cineresque poetæ
Carminibus necquicquam accumulasse meis.

JOHN ERNEST BODE.

In Obitum Alberti Principis.

CCIDIT Albertus; sed non et fama peribit
Alberti: moritur sic rosa, vivit odor.

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

Cicindela.

AM, fugiente die, nigram super omnia pallam
Aeria ducit Vespera tarda manu.
Undique nocte latent flaventis munera campi,
Quæque jacet sera falce resecta seges.
Quæ tamen e mediis lucet scintilla tenebris?
Unde moras ducit lux, fugiente die?
Nonne vides? cœli notos imitata nitores
Nocturnam accendit lucida musca facem:
Quisquis iter quæris, nocturno sidere fretus,
Hic, alio ductus lumine, carpe viam.
Dum tibi quisque novis circum rubus ignibus ardet,
Dum varia spargi luce videtur humus.
Credideris totidem terra splendescere gemmas,
Siderave ætherias deseruisse domos.
Ipsa die latitat turpique simillima vermi
Spernitur: at sola lumina nocte movet.
Fallit, ut effusa monstrantur cætera luce,
Cætera cum fallunt condita nocte, nitet.
Si tamen aut hostem metuit, subitumve periclum
Imminet, in sese contrahit ipsa facem.
Nam timet exitio ne sit sibi tanta venustas,
Sic fugit, incautam quæ cita fata manent.
Ni faciat, secura leves si jactet honores,
Ore feret nidis hanc Philomela suis.
Ut tutus degas, fugias discrimina vitæ;
Ut tibi sit felix vita, latere velis.

Charles George Curtis.

Nemo omnibus horis sapit.

ESIPERE interdum dulce est, dixere poetæ,
Unde fit ut semper qui sapit insipiat.

Robert Henniker.

Aranea.

ECCE laboratos extendit aranea casses,
Nec mora, de trabibus textile pendet opus.
Freta suis opibus trahit indefessa laborem,
Et sedes opifex sufficit ipsa suas.
Aspicis, ut gradiens ex ipso corpore telas
Præbet inexhaustas materiemque sibi?
Ut ducit radios, ut longo perficit orbes
Circuitu, miris usa labore modis?
Jamque leves nectit nodos, rota quæque minorem
Continet in sese, jam minor orbe, rotam.
Hic parat aerias sedes gratosque recessus,
Exstruit hic prædæ vincla dolumque suæ.
Heu male nunc latas muscis erratur in auras,
Dum nimis audacem fata propinqua latent.
Nonne vides, secura? patet tibi carcer apertis
Faucibus: incautam mors inopina manet.
Ne mora sint alæ, caveas: ne libera vinclis
Te teneat captam penna, negetque fugam.
Cum semel obstiterit tibi fraus prætenta volanti,
Et subito impediant retia cæca viam,
Victricem cernes mediis exire latebris
Nectereque irruptas, esca futura, plagas.

CHARLES GEORGE CURTIS.

Inscription for a Student's Paper-knife.

DOCTRINÆ cæcos jussus penetrare recessus
Qui legis assidue, nec magis inde sapis;
Quem studii pariter fructus fugit atque voluptas—
Vera nimis domini es, culter, imago tui.

HENRY EARLE TWEED.

Ex carmine de Etruscorum sepulcris scripto.

* * * * *

HÆC inter Tusci sparguntur signa decoris,
Multigenas vasa argillæ testata figuras,
Armaque feminei luxus, nec deficit ollis
Fibula et in varias auro connexa catenas
Bractea, gemmatique orbes aut divitis auri
Copia nunc hederæ nigros imitata corymbos
Nunc tenues filicum laurique intexta corollas.
Videris et calices et miris aspera signis
Pocula, quæ frustra certat Iunonia tellus
Vincere flaventesque electri lumine guttæ:
Quinetiam (infandum) scarabæi Numinis Alti
Servantes speciem, vel summo pendula tecto
Ærea, præclaris Ephyres certantia formis,
Spiculaque clipeique et rauco buccina cantu.
Stant et sarcophagi, queis olim membra feruntur
Marmorco jacuisse sinu, ast ubi flebilis uxor
Relliquias sponsi cistam collegit in atram,
Vel comitis socii cineres posuere supremos:
Omnia corripuit senii irreparabile damnum—
Quos etiam merito rami funebris honore
Ornarit pia relligio, vel nomina quæ sint
Scire nefas, qualique suos aggressa procella
Straverit Auctumni labes, nisi siqua sepulcris
Litera defuncti nomen memoratque parentum,
Præque anima requiem poscit cognata voluntas—
Nec tamen Arruntis[1] famam torpere sinamus
Fataque Sejani[1] meritas pendentia pœnas,
Teque, Pater Porsenna,[2] tibi nam nomen inaurat
Vivida vis animi bello: fuit ardua moles

[1] Arruns and Sejanus were buried in Etruria.

[2] Porsenna's tomb consisted of two stories each of five pyramids and with a roof of bronze, hung with bells.

Pyramidum tabulata decem, fuit alta pyropo
Congeries ex qua vento perculsa sonabant
Cymbala; forte etiam terram molitus aratro
Agricola exesi pulsabit fragmina muri
Antrorumque exsurget inextricabilis error.
Suave errare diu, cum numine pulcra silenti
Nox adit, atque aer vegeto se frigore complens
Leniter undantes hederarum flectere vittas
Incipit et veterum tumulos nova Cynthia summos
Proluit argenti rivis, fulgetque serena
Luce per anfractus ruptique foramina muri—
Qua stabant olim heroes, nunc ipse vagorum
Passibus obteritur pulvis, Geniusque per omnes
Ire locos properans lacryma despectat oborta,
Semirutas tumulorum ædes, lapsumque per ævum
Collabefactatas indigno rudere moles.
Hæc ubi circumeunt oculi, dolor intima cordis
Vulnerat, ut tantos volvit, quos vate carentes
Nox ignota premit, caræque oblivia famæ:
Non aliter Xerxes Græcorum certus herili
Subdere colla jugo lacrymans gemuisse refertur,
Quod tot constratura foret centesima messis
Millia, quot campo flavas auctumnus aristas.
Attamen, ut molli spirant e cespite voces,
Mens etiam afflatu divinæ pascitur auræ
Ardua, et exuviis humani corporis expers
Immortali ævo fruitur, vitaque perenni.
Sæpe etiam, ut referunt, sub grata crepuscula noctis
Insoliti resonant numeri, sedesque per illas
Ætherias videas leviter volitare figuras:
Scilicet heroum manes per nota juventæ
Lustra pio properant animo, lætique salutant
Dilectas olim terras, heu non sua regna.

ALEXANDER JOHN WALLACE.

Napoleon III. Libertatis Italorum Assertor.

MDCCCLIX.

DIVA, solis quam perhibent iugis
Torrentium certamina gurgitum
Cœlique cursus et coruscum
Sub pedibus stupuisse fulmen,[1]
Te non verentis numina Tarquini
Vindex amavit, te rigidus Cato,
Te, sancta Libertas, honestum
Fabricius sine dote quærens:
Te Roma victrix auspice nisibus
Crevit secundis, dum suberat vigor
Antiquus, et bellum iuventus
De tenero properabat ungui.
Nos masculorum secla Quiritium
Molles tulerunt fortia. Quin togam
Mutamus, instantis tyranni
Præda, sago male feriato?
Jam nunc minaces arbiter Austriæ
Nostris cohortes abdidit oppidis,
Duroque cessantes fatigat
Imperio. Quid avita prodest
Fortuna gentis? marte quid Ausonum
Hinc Parthus, illinc qui Tanaim bibit
Devictus, et nunquam Quirini
Regna vago caritura Phœbo?

[1] Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

Audire tristes iam videor minas,
Singultientum non sine montium
Clamore silvarumque fletu,
Non sine Naïadum querela:
Servire natos terra dolet suos:
Cui patriorum nenia fluminum
Respondet, indignata servis
Romulidum nituisse fontes.
Gliscunt frementum murmura civium
Campos per omnes: hinc querimoniis
Ticinus, hinc clamosa fervet
Ripa Padi, nec amœnioris
Fautor camœnæ Mincius abnegat
Questus et iram, non Athesis tacet,
Non Arnus aut raucis inertes
Increpitans Tiberinus undis.
Tandem precamur subvenias tuis,
Sive in remotis, candida, rupibus
Morare, seu terras relinquens
Sideris in numerum volasti:
Descende, plenum gentibus Italis
Vultum recludens: te solium ruat
Ultrice, Libertas, tyranni:
Te veterum recidiva surgat
Suadente virtus!—Fallor, an audiit
Præsens vocantem? Concutitur solum:
Miror renidentes per auras
Insolitam radiare lucem:
Stat forma, Phœbo splendidior novo,
Cœlestis, ingens, virgine pulcrior
Augusta virgo, nec serenæ
Non similis dea Noctilucæ:

Defixa paulum mæstitia tacet;
Mox ora fatis cum gemitu gravi
Resolvit: "Ut vobis imago
Riserit et fugiens eburna
"Spes falsa porta, vera morabitur
Non ut precaris nec leviter salus
Ventura, sed passu severos,
Dum redeunt, comitante mores.
"Romana demum secla reviserit
Fortuna Romæ. Nunc furor irritus
Vos torquet, et vanæ fidei
Par levibus trahit umbra ventis.
"Cerno timendum scilicet Austriæ
Gallum rapaci: dextera tenditur
Jurantis eversæ per aras
Italiæ: sedet ipsa blandis
"Suadela labris. Unde perhorrui?
Terrent superbi frigora luminis
Et vultus: agnosco tyrannum
Qui, lupus insidians ovili,
"Jacentis idem justitiæ cupit
Audire vindex: quem Deus unicum
Secrevit ignotasque sortes
Volvere terribilem coegit:
"Abominandum, qualiter æthere
Dirum cometum, nec solita via
Raptum nec incerta per auras,
Funera terricolis minantem.
"Dereptus ergo pariete militat
Avitus ensis, nec sine virginis
Non ante concesso capillo
Spes patriæ rapit arma tiro.

"Auditis? urbes et placidum nemus
Eques sonanti verberat ungula:
Auditis? ærato tumultu
Concava personuere saxa.
"Jam Gallus hostes cedere nescios
Vafer refringit, jam decus Italum
Speratur. At totum repente
Conticuit posuitque bellum.
"Contaminatam prendere dexteram
(Immane fœdus!) dextera Vindicis
Dignatur, et claris probrosam
Miscuit imperiis quietem.
"Jam luctuosas undique sentio
Voces meorum, sceptra vel Austriæ
Desiderantes, heu superbo
Pontificis leviora fastu."

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

Mutans Evæ nomen.

EVA parens scelerum, humani nec sanguinis insons
Dicitur; at Maria spes pariente venit.
Spes redit atque Salus: Christum paris, inclyta virgo,
Omnia qui redimat sanguine damna suo.
Sic quot damna prius genitrix fecunda malorum
Intulerit nobis Eva, repensat Ave.

EDWARD WALFORD.

Sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.

NEMO amat Autophilum; nulli stipantur amici;
Autophilo tota nullus in urbe comes.
Quæritis, Autophilo quæ sint solatia vitæ?
Autophili Autophilo sufficit unus amor.

HENRY EARLE TWEED.

ἀστὴρ κομήτης.

MDCCCLVIII.

ORMIDOLOSIS æthera crinibus
Vidi flagrantem, ceu Borealia
Duxere nocturnas coruscum
Lumina per tenebras ruborem:
Vidi sereno jam dominans polo
Numen cometæ. Quo feror ebrius
Terrore? Mavortis videbar
Fulmina terricolas tumultu
Miscentis uno, non sine murmure
Sævo struentum prœlia civium,
Audire, regnorumque lapsus
Funditus excidio datorum!
O qui peractis, advena, seculis
Et nos eadem qua proavos face
Revisis et seros revises
Lumine non alio nepotes,
Si punientum crimina fulgeas
Augur malorum, parce, minacibus
Horrende flammarum capillis!
Improba ne rabies duelli
Stantem columnam proruat, aut gravis
Longe nocentum spiritus ignium
Descendat improvisa ducens
Funera perniciemque frugum;
Nec vana fingo: sic placitum Deo,
Qui fluctuantes numine mitigat
Terras, et Orionis idem
Brachia sideribus revinxit—

Si versa fato nobilis occidat
Fortuna gentis, seu properet fugam
Excelsa regalisque virtus
Sidereæ socianda paci,
Tum magna cœli fœdera gentium
Fatis moveri, condere lugubres
Solem tenebras, aut rubentem
Surgere terricolis cometam.
Extinxit ultor quicquid erat tui
Mortale, Cæsar; nescia pars mori
Aufugit indignans, suumque
Æthera cum gemitu petivit:
Tum Roma toto conspicuum polo
Vidit cometam: scilicet Arbiter
Terræque devictique ponti,
Splendidus invidiaque major,
Ibat per auras; scilicet æmulo
Jovis colendum nomine Julium
Æterna festinabat ala
Reddere conciliis deorum!
Cum cingerentur milite barbaro
Sionis arces, notaque Numinis
Delubra linquentis sonaret
Nenia per veteres recessus,
Pendens in auris sanguineum jubar
Terrebat urbem: tempus ad ultimum
Decembris a Maio novæque
Sidere Taygetes micabat,
Fatique signum pallida civitas
Agnovit: ensis scilicet igneus
Impendet, et vindex caduco
Exitium minitatur ictu

Sed cur vetustis prodita seculis
Portenta dicam? Nos quoque vidimus
Nitere ceu quondam nitebat
Vespere sub placido cometam;
Nobis tremendi sideris omina
Vates canebant: "Mox sonitum dabit
Concussa, letalesque flammas
Excipiet peritura tellus."
Sed nec perivit, Numine, quos dedit,
Flectente cursus; nec fera pestium
Tormenta tu, mirande, præbes,
Advena, nec miseros tumultus:
Jam nunc redacto vincula roborat
Indo Britannus:[1] Mercurialium
Occulta donorum potestas
Hesperiæ sociavit Anglos:[2]
Et quum remensus tu rutilantium
Tractus viarum postera videris
Hoc usque demissis ab ævo
Secula muneribus beari,
Faustos recordans auspice te dies
Ætas nepotum tristia somnia
Depellet, et nobis secundum
Lætior excipiet cometam.

Richard Claverhouse Jebb.

[1] The suppression of the Indian Mutiny.
[2] The Atlantic Telegraph.

SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

III.

Οτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμος
βρέμῃ πνέων, κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα
δείματι ἔρειπεν, οὔτ' ἀδιάνταισι
παρειαῖς ἀμφί τε Περσεῖ βάλλε
φίλαν χέρα, εἶπέν τε· ὦ τέκνον,
οἷον ἔχω πόνον. σὺ δ' αὖτε γαλαθηνῷ
ἤτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι
χαλκεογόμφῳ δὲ νυκτιλαμπεῖ
κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ· τὸ δ' αὐαλέων
ὕπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθεῖαν
παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις
οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθόγγων πορφυρέᾳ
κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.
εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν,
καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν
ὑπέσχες οὖας· κέλομαι, εὖδε, βρέφος,
εὑδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὑδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν·
ματαιοβουλία δέ τις φανείη,
Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο· ὅτι δὴ θαρσάλεον
ἔπος, εὔχομαι τέκνοφι δίκας μοι.

SIMONIDES.

YMBA dum raucis agitata ventis
Fluctibus fertur, Danaen pavores
Occupant diri pueroque circum
Brachia fundit.

Quot premunt eheu! mala, quot dolores!
Te tamen cunis fovet inquietis
Nescium fraudis sopor et jacentis
Pectora mulcet.

Te fovet somnus medio in tumultu,
Luna dum raram per opaca fundit
Invidens lucem, dominatur atris
Noxque tenebris.

Unda nil curas super ut capillos
Volvitur siccos resonans; neque Eurus
Ut minax stridet, ter amande, molli
Tutus amictu.

Ceterum si quid grave te moveret,
Mi puer, nostris tenuem querelis
Tu dares aurem, neque verba vento
Sparsa perirent.

Dormias vero, placidam quietem
Dormias opto, vigil ipsa curis;
Dormiat pontus, pariter dolorum
Dormiat æstus.

His, Tonans, tandem eripias procellis
Tu tuos; et, spes neque vana fallat,
Crescat ulturus puer hic paterno
Numine matrem.

ANON. *circa* 1760.

Astyanactis Epitaphium.

LOS Asiæ, tantaque unus de gente superstes,
Parvulus, Argivis sed jam de parte timendus,
Hic jaceo Astyanax Scæis dejectus ab altis;
Proh dolor! Iliaci, Neptunia mœnia, muri
Viderunt aliquid crudelius Hectore tracto.

AUSONIUS.

O fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

Λείψανα Δαρδανιδῶν καὶ γῆς Ἀσιήτιδος ἄνθος,
μίκκυλος, ἀλλὰ φόβος τῶν μεγάλων Δαναῶν,
σκαιῶν ἐκριφθεὶς Ἀργείων χερσὶ πυλάων
κεῖμαι τῇδε θανὼν Ἕκτορος Ἀστυάναξ.
φεῦ· τροίας πύργοι τι, Ποσειδάωνος ἄγαλμα,
εἶδον ἔθ' ἑλκομένου Ἕκτορος ὠμότερον.

Connop Thirlwall. 1809.

RIGORA quum Zephyri minuunt, brumaque peracta
Amplius haud condit nix hyemalis humum:
Tum pueri teneris conjuncti, Delia, nymphis
Flores purpureos ad tua busta ferent.
Non aderunt umbræ, gelidisve excita sepulcris
Inviset sanctum mortis imago locum.
Huc venient juvenes, timidumque agnoscet amorem
Ingenuas virgo fusa rubore genas.
Non Saga errabit passis insana capillis,
Nec spectra in tenebris irrequieta gement.
At faciles Nymphæ semper Dryadesque puellæ
Mane novo dulci rore sepulcra tegent.
Sæpius huc veniet, tenuique rubecula rostro
Exiguam, ut poterit, suppeditabit opem;
Muscoque albenti, et decerptis floribus ultro
Ornabit tumulum, qua tua membra jacent.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempest shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase on every plain
The tender thought shall on thee dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

Αἰτέω σε, φιλάγλαε καλ-
λίστα βροτεᾶν πόλεων,
Φερσεφόνας ἕδος, ἄτ'
ὄχθαις ἔπι μηλοβότου
ναίεις Ἀκράγαντος εὐ-
δματον κολώναν, ὦ ἄνα,
ἵλαος ἀθανάτων
ἀνδρῶν τε σὺν εὐμενίᾳ
δέξαι στεφάνωμα τόδ' ἐκ
Πυθῶνος εὐδόξῳ Μίδᾳ,
αὐτόν τέ νιν Ἑλλάδα νικά-
σαντα τέχνᾳ, τὰν ποτε
Παλλὰς ἐφεῦρε θρασειᾶν Γοργόνων
οὔλιον θρῆνον διαπλέξαισ' Ἀθάνα·
τὸν παρθενίοις ὑπό τ' ἀ-
πλάτοις ὀφίων κεφαλαῖς
ἄϊε λειβόμενον
δυσπενθεῖ σὺν καμάτῳ,
Περσεὺς ὅποτε τρίτον ἄ-
νυσσεν κασιγνητᾶν μέρος,

Seu nigris pluvii erumpunt de nubibus imbres,
Sævaque tempestas per nemus omne ruit,
Seu canis intrepidus sequitur vestigia cervæ,
Te recolet memori pectore fidus amor.
Te sylvas inter discent memorare coloni,
Et cadet in cineres debita gutta tuos.
Delia amanda jaces, vitæ dum gratia restat,
Flendaque, dum pietas ipsa dolere potest.

JOHN CECIL HALL. 1818.

T o beatis dives honoribus,
Suprema et urbes inter amabiles!
Quam furva Plutonis marita
Ante alias coluisse fertur;
Regno relicto visere gestiens
Præclara priscis mœnia turribus,
Camposque nativosque colles,
Et Siculas Agragantis oras;
Qua mille ripis gramineis oves
Errare gaudent: accipe Pythiam,
Regina, victoris perito
Impositam capiti coronam.
Ipsumque lætis auspiciis Midan
Et cum tuorum laudibus excipe,
Qui nuper Hellenas canendi
Egregia superavit arte;
Quam læta pugnis, ut perhibent, Dea,
Minerva quondam provida repperit,
Et flebili cantu sororum
Gorgoneos imitata planctus.

εἰναλίᾳ τε Σεριφῳ
λαοῖσί τε μοῖραν ἄγων·
ἦτοι τό τε Θεσπέσιον
Φόρκοιο μαύρωσεν γένος,
λυγρόν τ' ἔρανον Πολυδέκτᾳ
θῆκε ματρός τ' ἔμπεδον
δουλοσύναν, τό τ' ἀναγκαῖον λέχος,
εὐπαράου κρᾶτα συλάσαις Μεδοίσας
νιὸς Δανάας· τὸν ἀπὸ
χρυσοῦ φαμὲν αὐτορύτου
ἔμμεναι.

PINDAR. *Pyth.* xii.

REM nulli obscuram, nostræ nec vocis egentem
Consulis, o bone rex: cuncti se scire fatentur,
Quid fortuna ferat populi: sed dicere mussant.
Det libertatem fandi flatusque remittat,
Cujus ob auspicium infandum moresque sinistros—
Dicam equidem licet arma mihi mortemque minetur—
Lumina tot cecidisse ducum totamque videmus
Consedisse urbem luctu, dum Troïa tentat
Castra fugæ fidens, et cœlum territat armis.
Unum etiam donis istis, quæ plurima mitti
Dardanidis dicique jubes, unum, optime regum,
Adjicias; ne te ullius violentia vincat,
Quin gnatam egregio genero dignisque hymenæis

Quando draconum terribili sono
Fudere tristes carmina virgines,
Fatale plorantes Medusæ
Exitium, validumque Persen:
Ille et sorores anguicomas metu
Prostravit, illum et letiferum sibi,
Regumque conspexit suorum
Cæde trucem scopulus Seriphi.
Phorcique proles corruit inclyta:
Tum victor acrem raptus in impetum
Infausta turbavit tyranni
Pocula, conjugioque matrem
Solvit coacto; tempore quo caput
Lethale monstrans armiger adstitit
Quem fama fert auro latentem
Deciduo genuisse Divum.

WILLIAM JAGO. 1820.

Ναὶ δὴ ταῦτα, ἄναξ, κατὰ κόσμον, ἅτ' εἴδομεν αὐτοὶ,
φράζεαι, οὐδὲ τὰ νῦν βουλῆς ἐπιδεύεται ἡμέων.
γνωτὸν γὰρ πάντεσσιν, ὅπως τάδ' ἀμείνονά κ' εἴη,
ἀλλ' ἐρέειν ὀκνοῦσ', αὕτως δ' ἔζονται ἕκηλοι.
τοῦ δ' ὑπερηφανίη πικροῦ ἐξῆρχεν Ἄρηος,
οὕτος ἐπιτρεπέτω εἰπεῖν, τοῦ εἵνεκ' ὁρῶμεν
(οὐδ' ἐμέ γ' οὖν ἐπέων παύσει θανάτοιο φόβος τις,
εἴπερ ἀπειλήσῃσι κακῶν τῶνδ' αἴτιος ἀνὴρ,)
τόσσους ἥρωας πεδίῳ σὺν ὄχεσφι πεσόντας
θρηνοῦσάν τε πόλιν· τόφρ' αὐτὸς ποσσὶ πεποιθως
Τρώων πειρᾶται, νῦν δ' ἂν Διὶ πατρὶ μάχοιτο.
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τοῖς ἄλλοισιν, ἃ πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλὰ κελεύεις,
φίλτατ' ἄναξ, λαὸν δόμεναι Τρώεσσι φορῆναι,

Des, pater, et pacem hanc æterno fœdere jungas.
Quod si tantus habet mentes et pectora terror,
Ipsum obtestemur, veniamque oremus ab ipso,
Cedat, jus proprium regi patriæque remittat.
Quid miseros toties in aperta pericula cives
Projicis, o Latio caput horum et causa malorum?
Nulla salus bello: pacem te poscimus omnes,
Turne, simul pacis solum inviolabile pignus.
Primus ego invisum quem tu tibi fingis, et esse
Nil moror, en supplex venio. Miserere tuorum,
Pone animos, et pulsus abi. Sat funera fusi
Vidimus, ingentes et desolavimus agros.
Aut si fama movet, si tantum pectore robur
Concipis, et si adeo dotalis regia cordi est,
Aude, atque adversum fidens fer pectus in hostem.
Scilicet ut Turno contingat regia conjux,
Nos, animæ viles, inhumata infletaque turba,
Sternamur campis. Etiam tu, si qua tibi vis,
Si patrii quid Martis habes, illum adspice contra,
Qui vocat.

Virg. *Æn.* xi. 343.

ἔν γ' ἐπίθες δῶρον, μετὰ δ' ἔστω καὶ πάϊς αὐτή·
μὰψ οὗτος ῥίπτῃσι μένος θυμοῖο βιαίου,
ἀλλὰ σὺ, ὥστε πατὴρ, γαμβρῷ ἐρικυδεῖ παῖδα
δὺς πρόφρων, δαῖσόν τε γάμους, ὡς ἄξιον ἔσται,
ὅφρ' ὦδ' ὅρκια πιστὰ μετ' ἀμφοτέροισι τάμωμεν.
εἰ δὲ τόσον δέος ἐν στήθεσσιν ἱκάνει ἕκαστον,
καὶ δὴ τόνδ' ἀγανοῖσι παρατρωπῶμεν ἔπεσσι
λισσόμενοι βασιλῆ' αἰδεῖσθαι πατρίδι τ' εἴκειν.
τίπτε σὺ, οὕνεκ' ὄρωρε κακὰ στυγεροῦ πολέμοιο,
τοσσάκι κινδύνονδ' ἁλίαστον ἴμεν πολίτας
ὑτρύνεις δειλούς; πόλεμος δ' ὁλοώτατός ἐστιν.
Τοῦρνε, σὲ δ' αἰτοῦμεν πάντες κούρην ἀποδοῦναι,
τῆς ἄτερ ἄκρητοι σπονδαὶ, φιλότης τ' ἀτέλεστος.
πρῶτος ἐγὼν ἧκω γουνούμενος, (εὖ δέ σε οἶδα,
ὡς στυγέεις μ', οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἀναίνομαι, οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω,
σοὺς δὲ φίλους ἐλέαιρε, μετάλληξόν τε χόλοιο,
ἂψ δ' ἀναχώρησον νικηθείς. ἦ ῥα δαμέντες
ὠλέσαμεν ἅλις ἄνδρας, ἐρήμωθεν δὲ καὶ ἀγροί.
ἢ εἰ τέτληκας θυμῷ, εἰ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι,
εἴ σοι ὀπυιέμεναι δώσειν βασιλῆα θύγατρα
ἐλπεαι, ἐμμεμαὼς τόλμα πρόμος ἔμμεναι ἐχθροῖς.
ἦ μάλα χρεὼ, ἵν' ἔχῃ νύμφην βασιληΐδα Τοῦρνος,
ἐν κονίῃ πεσέεσθαι ἀδακρύτους καὶ ἀθάπτους
ἡμέας, οὐτιδανοὺς ψυχάς· ἀλλ' εἴ τί τοι ἦτορ,
εἴ τι μένος πατρῷον, ὅ σε προκαλέσσατο χάρμῃ,
τοῦδε, κατ' ὄσσε ἰδὼν, μὴ τάρβει στήμεναι ἄντα.

William Penrice Borrett. 1821.

HEAVY sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard II.* i. 3, 154.

Ἧ μοι βαρεῖαν τήνδε προστρίβεις δίκην,
οὕτως, ἄναξ, παρ' ἐλπίδ' ὀξύνων στόμα.
πρὸς σοῦ γὰρ αἰὲν κρεισσόνων τιμημάτων
κατηξιώθην, οὐδὲ τραύματος τόσου,
ὥστ' ἐκπεσεῖν με κοινὸν εἰς θηρῶν στίβον.
καὶ δή με γλώσσης, πόλλ' ἔτη κεχρημένον,
φθογγὴν πατρῴας ὀψὲ μεταμαθεῖν χρεών.
οὐδὲν δὲ φωνῆς ἐστ' ἀφωνήτῳ γ' ἐμοὶ
λύρας ἀχόρδου μεῖζον ὠφέλημ' ἔτι·
ἢ χέλυΐ πως ἔοικε ποικιλοστόμῳ
κιβωτίου μυχοῖσιν ἐγκεκρυμμένῃ,
εἶτ' ἐκτὸς ἐκφανεῖσα τυγχάνει, βροτῶν
ἐνειμένῃ του χερσὶν, ὅσπερ οὐ θιγὼν
εὐτερπὲς οὐδὲν οἶδε ῥυθμίζειν μέλος.
στόματος γὰρ ἐντὸς τὴν ἐμὴν γλῶσσαν, διπλοῖς
χειλῶν τ' ὀδοντῶν θ' ἕρκεσιν πεφραγμένην,
ἔχεις καθείρξας· κἀμὲ, δημίου δίκην,
κωφὴ φυλάξει δυσπαθὴς ἀγνωσία.
καὶ γάρ προῆγμαι τήνδε πρὸς γήρως βάσιν,
ἐφ' ᾗτε μή 'στί μοι μαθεῖν, μήτ' ἐν τροφοῦ
κόλποις ἀθύρειν· τίς ποτ' οὖν ἡ ζημία;
ἆρ' οὐχὶ μοῖρ' ἄφωνος, ἣ γλῶσσαν στερεῖ,
τοῦ μὴ πατρῴας εἰς τὸ πᾶν ἄγειν πνοάς;

CHARLES BANNATYNE. 1823.

Miranda.

OW came we ashore?

Prospero. By providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise:
Sit still and hear the last of our sea-sorrow,
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pros. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.

SHAKSPEARE, *Tempest*, i. 2, 158.

M. Ἐπάκτιοι δὲ πῶς ἐσώθημέν ποτε;
Π. σωτῆρι τούτου χρὴ Θεῷ τίνειν χάριν.
βορᾶς σπανιστὸν, καί τι κρηναίου πότου
ἐπωφέλημα Γονζάλων τις, εὐγενὴς
Νεαπολίτης, τοῦδε μηχανήματος
ταχθεὶς ἄναξ, προύθηκεν ἡμὶν οἰκτίσας·
πρὸς τοῖσδέ τ', ὀθόνας καί τιν' εὐφυῆ στολὴν,
τά τ' ἄλλ', ἔχουσιν ὧν βροτοὶ χρείαν, ἃ δὴ
κέρδος μεγὰ πρόσεστι. προσφιλῶς τ' ἐμοὶ,
εἰδὼς ἔνοντα τῶν μαθημάτων πόθον,
βίβλους παρέσχε δωμάτων ἐμῶν ἄπο,
ὧν δῆτα πλείων τῆς δυναστείας χάρις.
M. πῶς ἂν τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐκεῖνον ἐσιδοίην ποτέ;
Π. σταθεὶς ἐγὼ μὲν νῦν ἐρῶ. σὺ δ' οὖν τύχης
σιγῶσ' ἄκουσον τῆς θαλασσίας τέλος·
ταύτην γὰρ ἀκτὴν ὧδε τ' ἰν περίῤῥυτον
ἀφικόμεσθα, κᾆθ' ὁ παιδεύων σ' ἐγὼ
μᾶλλόν γ' ἐπωφέλησά σ' ἢ κἄλλοι τέκνα
βασιλεῖς ἔχουσιν ὠφελεῖν, ὅσοις πάρα
σχολή τε πλείων καὶ κακίονες τροφοί.
M. ἀλλ' ἀντίποινα τῶνδε σοι δοίη Θεός·
νῦν δ', ἐννοῶ γὰρ, πρὸς Θεοῦ φράσον, πάτερ,
χειμῶν' ἐνάλιον πρὸς τί τόνδ' ὄρσας ἔχεις;
Π. τοσοῦτό γ' ἴσθι· συμφορᾷ θείᾳ τινὶ,
ἡ νῦν ἄνασσα προσφιλὴς ἐμοὶ, Τύχη
ἤδη τὸν ἐχθρῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ταύτην στόλον
προσέσχ' ἐς ἀκτήν· κἂν προμηθίαν ἔχω,
ὥρα, σάφ' οἶδα, τοῦ καλῶς πράσσειν ἐμὲ
εἰς εὐπρόσωπον ἀστέρα ῥέπει τινά,
τὸν εἰ τὰ νῦν μὴ θησόμεσθα πρευμενῆ,
φανούμεθ' ἤδη κεἰσάπαξ πεπτωκότες.

JOSEPH SUMNER BROCKHURST. 1824.

Gaunt.

LL places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest.
Suppose the singing birds musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

SHAKSPEARE, *Richard II.* i. 3, 275.

Γ. Οὐράνιον ἦντιν' ὄμμα γῆν ἐπισκοπεῖ,
ὅρμους παρέξει τῷ σοφῷ μάλ' εὐξένους,
καλούς τε λιμένας· ταῦτα δὴ τὴν σὴν φρονεῖν
δίδασκ' ἀνάγκην, ὦ τέκνον, πασῶν ὅτι
ἀρετῶν ἀνάγκῃ γ' οὔτις ἐξ ἴσου κρατεῖ.
νόμιζε δ', οὐχ ὡς ἐκβαλών σ' ἄναξ ἔχει,
σὺ δ' ὡς ἐκεῖνον. Τῷ φέροντι δυσλόφως
λύπης βαρύτερον τοὐπίσαγμ' ἐφιζάνει.
ἄγ' εἰπέ, δόξαν ἐμπολήσοντθ' ὡς ἐγὼ
ἔπεμψά σ', οὐκ ἐκεῖνος ὥς σ' ἐξήλασεν.
ἦ χὡς ἐφῆπται πάμφαγος τῷδ' αἰθέρι
λοιμὸς, σὺ δ' ἄνοσον εἰς τίν' ἐκφεύγεις χθόνα.
ὅρα. τὰ προσφιλέστατ' ἔνθ' εἶναι φρόνει,
ὅποι πορεύει, κοὐχ ὅθεν μολὼν ἔχεις.
φθόγγον τὸν ὀρνίθειον, εὔλυρον μέλος
νόμιζ'· ἐφ' ᾗ δ' ἂν τυγχάνῃς ἕρπων χλοῇ,
αὐλῆς πέτασμα πορφυρύστρωτον τίθου.
τἄνθη δ' ἁβρὰς γυναῖκας, οὐδὲ σὴν βάσιν
ἄλλ', ἢ χορείας τερπνὸν εὐμέτρου ῥυθμόν.
εὐωριάζει δ' εἴτις, ἠδ' ἐπεγγελᾷ,
τοῦτόν γ' ἔλασσον ἀγρία Λύπη δάκνει.

Β. ὤμοι, τίς ἂν πῦρ χειρὶ βαστάζειν ἔχοι,
τὸ Καυκάσειον ἐννοούμενος κρύος;
τίς δῆτα λιμοῦ νῆστιν ἀμβλύνειν ἀκμὴν,
κενοῖσι τερφθεὶς δαιτὸς ἐννοήμασιν;
ἢ χιόνι γυμνὸς ἐγκυλίνδεσθαι μέσῃ,
μάτην ἄδηλον ἐν φρεσὶν νωμῶν θέρος;
οὐ δή. καλῶν ἔννοια τῆς κακίονος
σφοδρωτέραν δίδωσιν αἴσθησιν τύχης·
μάλιστα δ' ἐντὸς ἑλκέων ὀξύνεται
ἡ δηξίθυμος ἀγρίας Λύπης γνάθος,
ὅταν δακοῦσα μὴ διαμπερὲς τάμῃ.

Edmund Law Lushington. 1825.

HEN from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place :—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

SHAKSPEARE, *As You Like It*, iv. 3.

Ἡμῖν γὰρ ὡς ἄνωθεν εἰς τέλος λόγους
ἔδευσεν ἤδη δάκρυ᾽ εὐφιλέστατα,
ὅπως ἔρημον κεῖνον ἱκόμην τόπον,
ὡς τὸν προσηνῆ κοίρανόν μ᾽ εἰσήγαγεν,
ὃς ξεινίαν παρέσχε καὶ νέαν στολὴν,
φιλότητι κάσιος εὐμενεῖ μ᾽ ἐπιτρέπων·
ὃς εὐθὺς ἄντρου μ᾽ ἐντὸς ἤγαγεν μυχῶν,
ἔνθ᾽ εἵματ᾽ ἐκδὺς, ἕλκος ἐν βραχίονι
λεύσσει σπαραχθὲν τῇ λεοντείᾳ γνάθῳ,
ὃ συνεχὲς αἷμ᾽ ἔσταζε· καὶ τότ᾽ ἀσθενῶν
πίτνει, πίτνων δ᾽ ὤμωξεν ἀσθενὴς Ῥόδην.
ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἀνέψυξ᾽ ἕλκος ἀνδήσας· ὁ δὲ
εὐκάρδιος γενόμενος, ἐν βραχεῖ χρόνῳ
ἔμ᾽ ὧδε πέμπει, καὶ ξένον περ ὄντ᾽, ἔπη
φέρειν κελεύσας ταῦθ᾽, ὅπως ὑπόσχεσιν
ξυγγνῶτε μὴ κράναντι, χἄμα σινδόνα
τήνδ᾽ αἱμότεγκτον τῷ νέῳ βούτῃ πορεῖν,
Ῥόδην ἐκεῖνος ὅνπερ ἐμπαίξας καλεῖ.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON. 1826.

ROSE, as at thy call, but found thee not:
To find thee I directed then my walk:
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day;
And as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heaven
By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia: on that tree he also gazed:
And, "O fair plant," said he, "with fruit surcharged,
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
Nor God nor man? Is knowledge so despised?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good: else why set here?"
This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, v. 48.

Ὡς σοῦ με προσκαλοῦντος ἠγέρθην ἐγώ,
ἀλλ', οὐ πέλας γὰρ εἶδον, ἰχνεύουσά σε,
βάσιν κυκλώσασ' ἐξόδους μόνη κάτα
ἔδοξα βαίνειν, αἴπερ εἰς δένδρον τάχα
τῆς νῷν ἀθίκτου μ' ἤγαγον μαθήσεως.
καλὸν μὲν ἐφάνη, ταῖς δ' ἐμαῖς φρεσὶν μακρῷ
κάλλιον, ἢ δι' ἡμέρας, ὡς δ' οὖν ἐγὼ
θεωμένη 'θαύμαζον, ἔνθα τις παρῆ
μορφὴν ἐοικὼς πτερά τε τοῖσι πολλάκις
ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ φανεῖσι, καὶ τρίχ' ἀμβρότοις
στάζων δρόσοισιν· εἰσορῶν δ' αὐτὸς φυτὸν,
ὦ δένδρον, εἶπεν, ὦ καλὸν, καρπῷ τ' ἄγαν
βαρυνθὲν, ἄχθος οὕτις ἆρα κουφίσαι,
οὐδ' ἀξιοῖ τις τοῦδε γεύσασθαι γάνους;
οὐ θεός τις, οὐδ' ἄνθρωπος; ἡ μάθησις οὖν
παρ' οὐδέν; αἰδὼς ἆρα κωλύει φαγεῖν
ἢ φθόνος; ἄγ', ὅστις βούλεται, κωλυέτω.
ἀπ' ὠφελείας σῆς προκειμένης ἐμὲ
οὐδεὶς ἔτ' εἴρξει· τί γὰρ ἐκεῖ ποτ' ἐσπάρης
ἄλλως; τάδ' εἰπὼν οὐδὲ δηθύνων, θρασὺς
τὴν χεῖρα τείνας ἥρπασεν κἀγεύσατο.

JOHN GOUGH CLAY. 1827.

UCH duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot;
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

SHAKSPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, v. 2, 156.

Οἵαν γ᾽ ὀφείλει κοιράνοις ὑπήκοος,
τοίαν γυναῖκα τἀνδρὶ δεῖ τιμὴν φέρειν.
ὅταν δ᾽ ἀσελγὴς, δύσκολος, τλήμων, πικρὰ,
καλῶς φρονοῦντι μὴ ξυνεκφέρειν θέλῃ,
πῶς οὐ πανοῦργος, πρόδοτις, αἰσχίστη πέλει,
ἐχθρά τ᾽ ἐρῶντι δυσμενὴς ξυνευνέτῃ;
αἰδὼς ἔχει με τοῦ γυναικείου γένους,
ὡς ἄφρον ἐστὶν, οἷσιν εἰρήνην φέρειν
χρὴν προσκυνούσας, τοῖσιδ᾽ ἐπισείειν Ἄρην,
ἀρχὴν τ᾽ ἐπαιτεῖν, σκῆπτρα, καὶ τυραννίδα,
ὅπου πιθέσθαι δεῖ σφ᾽, ὑπηρετεῖν, ἐρᾷν.
τίφθ᾽ ἁβρὸν ἡμῖν, οὖλον, ἀσθενὲς δέμας,
μόχθοις ἀχρεῖον καὶ πόνοις ἀγωνίοις,
εἰ μὴ φρενός τε καὶ τρόπων ἐκηλίαν
τοῖς σώματος ξυνῳδὰ χρὴ νόμοις ἔχειν;
ἴτ᾽ οὖν, ἀσελγῆ θρέμματ᾽, ἀσθενῆ δ᾽ ὅμως,
ἐμοί ποτ᾽ ἔζει θυμὸς, ὡς ὑμῖν, μέγας,
ἐμοὶ δ᾽ ὑπῆρχεν αἰτία πλείων ἴσως,
βολῆς σκύθρωπον ὥστ᾽ ἀμείψασθαι βολὴν
κακῶν τε κακά. νῦν οἶδα, δόνακας ὡς, βέλη,
σθένος δὲ παντὸς ἀσθενέστερον πέλειν.
ὃ δ᾽ ἐσμὲν ἥκισθ᾽, ὡς μάλιστ᾽ εἶναι τόδε
δοκοῦμεν· ὀργὰς οὖν ἀνωφελεῖς σχέτε,
γυναῖκες, ἀνδρὸς χεῖρας ὑποθεῖσαι ποδί.
τεκμήριον δὲ τοῦδ᾽, ἐὰν θέλῃ, τέλους,
χεὶρ ἥδ᾽ ἐμὴ πάρ᾽, εἰ τόδ᾽ ἡδονὴν φέρει.

HENRY LUSHINGTON. 1828.

O work the honey bees,
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom;
They have a king and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in her majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,
As many lines close in the dial's centre,
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.

Shakspeare, *K. Henry V.* i. 2, 187.

Τόδ' ἐν μελίσσαις ἐστ' ἰδεῖν πονουμέναις,
αἳ δὴ, τρέφουσαι πρὸς φύσεως νόμον τινα,
πολύανδρον εὖ πείθουσι κοσμῆσαι λεών.
βασιλεὺς γάρ ἐστί σφιν, γένη θ' ὑπηρετῶν,
ἄλλοι μὲν οὖν εὔκοσμον ἔνδοθεν πόλιν,
δικασπόλοι, νέμουσι· τἀμπολήματα
ἄλλοι θύραθεν ἐκπονοῦσιν ἔμποροι·
ἄλλοι, δορυφόροι, σώματ' ἐξωπλισμένοι
κέντροισιν ἄνθη μαλακὰ λῄζονται θέρους
λείαν τ' ἄγοντες, ἐν κεχαρμένοις ποσὶ,
στείχουσι κλισίαν βασιλικὴν στρατηλάτου·
ὁ δ' αὖ, μεγίστην ἀμφέπων τυραννίδα,
ἐπισκοπεῖ μὲν τέκτονας, χρύσεα 'ν δόμοις
στεγάσματ' ἐκπλάσσοντας οὐχ ὕμνων ἄνευ·
τοὺς δ' αὖ πολίτας σωφρονεστέρους μέλι
δεψοῦντας· ἐργάτας δὲ, τοὺς ἀχρημάτους,
βαρὺν τιθέντας ἐν στεναῖς φόρτον πύλαις·
τὸν δὲ σκυθρωπὸν ἀγρίῳ 'ν κελεύσματι
ὠχροῖς κολαστὴν παραδιδόντα δημίοις
κηφῆνας ἀργούς· ὧν τάδ' ἐκδιδάσκομαι·
πόλλ' ἂν φέροντ' ἐς ταὐτὸ συμφώνως τελος
ἐναντίοισι τοῖς τρόποις ἂν ξυμπεσεῖν.
ὡς πολλὰ πολλῶν ἐκ χερῶν βεβλημένα
ἑνὸς σκοποῦ τοξεύματ' εὖ στοχάζεται,
πόλλ' ὡς κέλευθα πρὸς μίαν φέρει πόλιν,
πολλοὶ δὲ ποταμοὶ κοινὸν ἐς πόντου σάλον,
πολλαὶ δὲ γραμμαὶ ταὐτὸ πρὸς κέντρον κύκλου,
ὡς μυρί' ἔργα ταὐτὸ, κινηθέντ' ἄπαξ,
πρὸς τέρμα βαίνοντ', ἀσφαλῶς ἂν εὐτυχοῖ.

GODFREY MILNES SYKES. 1832

NO martial myriads muster in thy gate:
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait:
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre and swell the tide of song:
But lawless force and meagre want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless fear;
While cold oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.
Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of heaven,
To whose high care Judæa's state was given!
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount or Tabor's echoing hill;
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you loved so well;
(For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's balmy vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear;)
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!
Yet might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's sacred fire,
Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-plumes, exulting in the light.

HEBER.

ARTIA nec lætis effulgent millia portis,
Supplice nec late resonant tua templa caterva;
Nec pleno docti cantantes ore prophetæ
Deliciis citharæ laqueata palatia complent,
Fluctibus aut tumidis nunc carminis æstus abundat,
Vis effrena tua passim bacchatur in urbe;
Hic jejuna Fames, Metus hic deserta locorum
Irrequietus habet, lapsisque Oblivia templis
Excubias longa duras caligine servant,
Languidaque humentes gaudent complectier alas.
Felices animæ! cœli divina propago!
Quorum Judææ servatur numine sedes!
O soliti quondam noctes vigilare perennes,
Excubiæ sacræ, celsam Sionis ad arcem!
Abdita si forsan Siloæ vestigia fontem
Et nunc vestra colant, seu qua Tabor extulit altus
Carmine raucisonos apices clivosque sonantes;
Gloria si vobis recolatur prisca Salemi,
Caraque det vobis tellus captiva dolorem;
(Fertur enim platanos, media convalle Kedroni,
Æthereis resonare lyris; noctisque sub umbra
Mystica celati delectant carmina vates,
Qualis ros reficit saltus Hermonis amœni.)
Felices animæ! ne sint mihi crimina, testor,
Grandia si nostrum contemnant carmina plectrum;
Attamen auxiliis si vestris forte calescant
Anxia cœlesti paullo mea pectora flamma,
Quales ætherios animo conceperat ignes
Miltonus magno,—citius tum Musa profundum
Surgeret in cœlum, superis sublimis in auris,
Æmulaque ingentes aquilæ sibi posceret alas.

GEORGE FERGUSSON BOWEN. 1839.

FOR thee his ivory load Behemoth bore,
And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore;
Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
When Tiber slept beneath the cypress' gloom,
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome,
Or e'er to Greece the builder's skill was known,
Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone,
Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
Then tower'd the Palace, then in awful state
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate:
No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung!
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung,
Majestic silence! then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voiced trumpet spoke:
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God.
Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud;
E'en they, who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery strand,
Fill'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land:
Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bread with bitter tears:
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn
Their destined triumphs, and their glad return.

HEBER.

IPSA tibi pondus tum bellua gessit eburnum,
Tum Sofala tibi longe auro plurima fluxit;
At tibi crescentem sortem quæcunque sequuntur
Artes, quæ Pacis geniali lumine gaudent,
Cum Tibris in tacita cyparissi dormiit umbra,
Ante et fabrilem quam Græcia noverat artem
Et Paria alatum formarat marmora cælum.
Hic Doctrina tamen nascentes nutriit ignes,
Quos tutela Tyri succendit amica peritæ.
Tum stetit alta Domus: fastu sublime superbo
Sustulit æternæ Templum vasta ostia portæ;
Non ferrum fabrile sonat, non plaga dolabræ,
Sed teretis ritu palmæ tacita ecce! per auras
Erigitur moles. Tum sacra silentia rupit
Barbitos: arguto sonuerunt cymbala pulsu:
Tum tuba conclamans vocem edidit ænea raucam.
At Solyma extendit supplex sua brachia, flammam
Delapsam agnovit, præsentia numina adorans.
Nec tremuit constans, magna bacchante procella,
Cum pressam fluctus animam vexare superbi.
Nam, qui ferventes pulsi ad Sennaris arenas
Ignotam inviti terram coluere; morantes
Qui mœsti numerare annos, heu longius ævum,
Captivi lacrymis spargentes frustula acerbis,
Sæpius his etiam spes est accensa, triumphos
Venturi et dulcem reditum spectantibus ævi.

CHARLES GEORGE CURTIS. 1840.

Ἁλιβάτοις ὑπὸ κευθμῶσι γενοίμαν,
ἵνα με πτεροῦσσαν ὄρνιν
θεὸς ἐν ποταναῖς ἀγέλαις θείη.
ἀρθείην δ' ἐπὶ πόντιον
κῦμα τᾶς Ἀδριηνᾶς
ἀκτᾶς Ἠριδάνου θ' ὕδωρ·
ἔνθα πορφύρεον σταλάσσουσ'
εἰς οἶδμα πατρὸς τριτάλαιναι
κόραι Φαέθοντος οἴκτῳ δακρύων
τὰς ἠλεκτροφαεῖς αὐγάς·
Ἑσπερίδων δ' ἐπὶ μηλόσπορον ἀκτὰν
ἀνύσαιμι τᾶν ἀοιδῶν
ἵν' ὁ ποντομέδων πορφυρέας λίμνας
ναύταις οὐκέθ' ὁδὸν νέμει,
σεμνὸν τέρμονα κύρων
οὐρανοῦ, τὸν Ἄτλας ἔχει,
κρῆναί τ' ἀμβρόσιαι χέονται
Ζηνὸς μελάθρων παρὰ κοίταις
ἵν' ἁ βιόδωρος αὔξει ζαθέα
χθὼν εὐδαιμονίαν θεοῖς.
ὦ λευκόπτερε Κρησία
πορθμίς, ἃ διὰ πόντιον
κῦμ' ἀλίκτυπον ἅλμας
ἐπόρευσας ἐμὰν ἄνασσαν
ὀλβίων ἀπ' οἴκων,
κακονυμφοτάταν ὄνασιν.
ἦ γαρ ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων ἦ
Κρησίας ἐκ γᾶς δύσορνις ἔπτατο κλεινὰς Ἀθάνας,
Μουνύχου δ' ἀκταῖσιν ἐκδήσαντο πλεκτὰς πεισμάτων ἀρχάς.

Eurip. *Hippol.* 732.

SI sub antris sole tepentibus
Ignota visam littora, si ferar
Sublime, si tendam biformis
Pennigerum super alta cursum:
Qua fluctuosus murmurat Hadria,
Qua sanctus undas Eridanus pater
Devolvit, electrique puris
Rite dolent Phaëthonta guttis
Mœstæ sorores: alite si fuga
Visam beatos Hesperidum choros
Aureasve si visam sororum
Divitias, ubi clausa nautis
Cursum per undas æquora denegant,
Jussasque sedes Rex pelagi tenet
Neptunus, et tergo laborans
Æthereum vehit altus orbem
Atlas: deorum pulchra cubilia
Qua semper undis ambrosiis madent
Perfusa, qua Tellus adauget
Frugifero sua dona cornu.
O cymba Cretes, per rabiem feri
Jactata ponti, quæ domibus malum
Fatale et infaustum beato
Conjugium domino tulisti:
Heu! fata Athenis, si qua fides, loquor
Adversa, puppes alite quum mala
Classemque quassatam magister
Munychiis religavit oris.

EDWARD WALFORD. 1840.

ELL heard the unsufferable noise: hell saw
Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy: so huge a rout
Encumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last,
Yawning, received them whole and on them closed:
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heaven rejoiced and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole Victor from the expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign. He, celebrated, rode
Triumphant through 'mid heaven into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father throned
On high.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 867.

AUDIIT immanes strepitus, ac vidit hiante
Detortum a cœlo cœlum; fatalia monstra
Vidit et obstupuit, forsanque exterritus Orcus
Fugisset, nisi sors et inexorabile fatum
Vinxissent firmo nigras fundamine sedes.
Sol rediit novies; illi ter terna cadebant
Lumina; confusum fremuit Chaos, atque tenebris
Tergeminum confusa dedit per regna tumultum
Occasu tanto; tantæ incubuere ruinæ.
Semianimos tandem accepit, jamque ore voraci
Clausit hians, rapidumque æstum, flammasque perennes,
Et propriam sceleri sedem circumdedit Orcus;
Orcus, ubi luctus habitant sævique dolores.
Interea gaudens decusso pondere cœlum
Restitit; effracti spatia in bipatentia muri
Continuo rediere, polique arx alta resedit.
Hostibus expulsis solus per sidera victor
Ipse triumphalem Messias vertere currum
Cœpit,—ad hoc tacita quæ circumfusa corona
Omnipotens sanctæ bellum aspectaverat hastæ
Obvia turba ruit: longo simul ordine euntes
Frondosa incincti palma cecinere triumphum,
Victorem cecinere gravi certamine Regem,
Hæredem, Natum, Dominum: divinitus Illi
Permissum imperium. Regno dignissimus Ipse,
Inclytus et medii cœli per regna triumphans
Atria supremi Patris templumque petebat.

EDWIN PALMER. 1841.

O ! star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King !
Mark'd ye where, hovering o'er this sacred head,
The Dove's white plumes celestial glory shed ?
Daughter of Sion ! virgin queen ! rejoice !
Clap the glad hand and lift the exulting voice !
He comes, but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ;
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain and the lord of war :
Messiah comes, let furious discord cease ;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace !
Disease and anguish feel His blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortured soul :
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illume,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread !
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red !
Ye hovering ghosts that throng the starless air,
What shakes the earth ? why fades the light ? declare !
Are those His limbs with ruthless scourges torn ?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn ?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye,
Raised from the cross in patient agony ?
Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night, arise,
And hide—oh hide the dreadful sacrifice !

HEBER.

SPICE ut Assyrios, ducit nam sidus, odores
Rite ferunt, puerique agnoscunt numina Regis,
Aspice cœlesti ut demissa ex sede columba
Incumbit capiti divinaque lumina fundit.
Filia Sionis, salve! tu, regia virgo,
Plaude manu et vocis fremitu lætare secundo.
Advenit, en frontem nullum diadema coronat,
Advenit, haud humeros Tyrio velatus amictu
Regius, haud flamma et variis conspectus in armis
Mille virum ductor; bellique potentior auctor.
Aspice Messiam—fugiat Discordia retro
Horrida, paciferum invitet pax aurea Regem.
Diffugiunt morbi pestes morbique dolores,
Impiaque adflictos animos tormenta relinquunt.
Aspice ut infernos reserat lux alma recessus,
Incubat et victæ victrix Clementia nocti!

Tuque imo tremefacta solo, perterrita tellus,
Nocturnaque dies nigrans caligine, dirum
Sanguine Sol fulgens, vacuumque per aëra manes!
Dicite, cur trepidet tellus, cur lumina desint!
Illius hi vultus tortaque insecta corona
Ora vel immiti lacerata hæc membra flagello?
Pallida quæ facies! oculique in morte suprema
Sublati, æthereum confessi mentis amorem?
Sol fuge, nox lucem reprimas obscura diurnam,
Impiaque æternis obducas sacra tenebris.

EDWARD WALFORD. 1841.

ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has heard Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

RISTIS Hyperboreis glacies ubi montibus horret,
Indica coralias qua fovet ora domos,
Africus auratas qua fons devolvit arenas
Fervidaque apricis desilit unda jugis.
Sæpe ubi præclari fecundant æquora rivi,
Sæpe ubi palmifero terra renidet agro;
Nos clamor vocat increpitans, – uno ore requirunt,
Qui luat erroris littore vincla suo.
Quid si balsameis halantes flatibus auras
Accipit Eoo Javia cincta mari?
Undique si lætam pascunt spectacula mentem
Dulcia: si dignus crimine solus homo?
Nequicquam cumulata Deus sua munera fudit,
Nequicquam larga vestiit arva manu.
Barbarus heu vanas cæcus procumbit ad aras,
Lignaque vel stolida marmora voce colit.
Nos igitur, quorum summi Sapientia Patris
Pectoribus lucem vult radiare suam—
Nos igitur nigro mersis errore moremur
Suppetere, et vitæ lampada ferre manu?
En optata salus! en lux micat alma salutis!
Tollite felicem, tollite ad astra sonum.
Tollite, dum mundi finis, quæque ultima tellus
Nomina Messiæ discat amare sui.
Illius ingentem, venti, diffundite famam;
Illius, æquoreæ, volvite nomen, aquæ.
Donec, uti quondam splendentibus aureus undis
Oceanus, cursu tangat utrumque polum.
Donec in ereptam convertat lumina gentem
Agnus, pro miseris hostia cæsa viris;
Et rediens, Auctorque idem, Rex, atque Redemptor,
Debita fatali numine regna petat.

EDWIN PALMER. 1841.

MUSIC, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,
Layst thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learned an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard :
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
Arise as in that elder time
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said—and I believe the tale—
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age :
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece :
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

COLLINS.

CITHARÆ præses, cœlo demissa potestas,
Cara voluptati, mentis amica comes;
Cur, Dea, cur nobis modulamina prisca recusas?
Cur veteris torpent fervida fila lyræ?
Cecropio veluti quondam seposta sub antro
Docta tuis numeris robora celsa dabas;
Iam revocare potest tua mens imitabilis ultro
Quæ didicit: revoca, candida Nympha, precor.
En! ubi simplicitas, ubi vis nativa decoris
Fluxit virtutis Phantasiæque comes?
Surge age, surge, precor, qualem longinqua vetustas
Te novit: fervens, candida, pura veni.
Nam quæ monstrasti quondam miracula divom
Omnia consortis pagina fida refert.
Traditur—et teneo pro veris tradita, vestrum
Vel minimum potius prævaluisse sonum;
Prævaluisse sonum potius celsumque furorem
Illecebris, quantas lux hodierna capit.
Quamvis Ceciliæ numerum referantur in unum
Confusæ voces, copia mixta soni.
At jubeas vanum nos detrectare laborem:
Cum veteri felix Hellädos arte veni.
Redde, precor, simplex eadem et sublimis, honores
Græcia quos tellus vindicat ipsa suos.

HENRY JACOBS. 1841.

Ἄυρα, ποντιὰς αὔρα,
ἅτε ποντοπόρους κομίζεις
θοὰς ἀκάτους ἐπ' οἶδμα λίμνας,
ποῖ με τὰν μελέαν πορεύσεις;
τῷ δουλόσυνος πρὸς οἶκον
κτηθεῖσ' ἀφίξομαι;
ἢ Δωρίδος ὅρμον αἴας,
ἢ Φθιάδος, ἔνθα καλλίσ-
-των ὑδάτων πατέρα
φασὶν Ἀπιδανὸν γύας λιπαίνειν;
ἢ νάσων, ἁλιήρει
κώπᾳ πεμπομέναν τάλαιναν
οἰκτρὰν βιοτὰν ἔχουσαν οἴκοις,
ἔνθα πρωτόγονός τε φοῖνιξ,
δάφνα θ' ἱεροὺς ἀνέσχε
πτόρθους Λατοῖ φίλᾳ
ὠδῖνος ἄγαλμα δίας;
ξὺν Δηλιάσιν τε κούραις
Ἀρτέμιδός τε θεᾶς
χρυσέαν ἄμπυκα τόξα τ' εὐλογήσω;
ἢ Παλλάδος ἐν πόλει
τᾶς καλλιδίφροι' Ἀθα-
-ναίας ἐν κροκέῳ πέπλῳ
ζεύξομαι ἅρματι πώλους,
ἐν δαιδαλέαισι ποικίλ-
-λουσ' ἀνθοκρόκοισι πήναις.

Eur. Hec. 444.

QUÆ volucres fluctivago rates
Cursu propellis per maris æquora,
Quas luctuosam me sub oras
Aura venis positura ponti?
Cui servitute ad littora Dorica
Vel Phthia fungar protinus in domo,
Qua læta (sic dicunt) feraci
Apidanus rigat arva cursu,
Insigne pulchris fluminibus caput?
Visam insularum littora remige
Subvecta per fluctus et ægram
Docta domo tolerare vitam?
Qua palma, veris primitiæ, virens
Ramosque ad auras laurus agit sacros
Quod grande Latonæ subortum est
Auxilium pariente Diva.
Et cum puellis Deliacis cauam
Arcum et sagittas Artemidos Deæ;
Acuve vestes mox in urbe
Palladia croceas adornans,
Curru sedentem conspicuo Deam
Junctosve pingam tristis equos rotis,
Dum tela subtilis refulget
Florifero variata texto?

SAMUEL JOSEPH HULME. 1842.

ITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper: Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

POPE.

PARTICULA æthereæ flammæ mortalia vivax
Desere corporeæ desere claustra domus.
Quantum lætitiæ, quantum est in morte doloris,
Dum geminas trepida spemque metumque mora.
Desine luctari; tandem, Natura, perennis
Quærere me vitæ gaudia morte sinas.
Audin' ut angelicis resonant hæc dicta susurris,
"Cara soror, propera; mobilis umbra veni?"
Sed mihi quæ totos lento vis numine sensus
Obruit, et subita lumina nocte premit?
Qua vi corda labant, et clauditur halitus oris?
Hæccine mors (referat Spiritus) esse potest?
Terra fugit fallens oculos; cœlestia surgunt
Atria; seraphicum murmurat aure melos.
En! præbete alas; videor jam cœrula cœli
Scandere, jam liquidam pervolitare viam.
Ergo age! num superest Orco vetus ille triumphus?
Territa num mortis spicula vulnus habent?

EDWIN PALMER. 1842.

HO hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way, and he hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Isaiah, liii.

Τίς οὖν πέποιθε τοῖς ἐμοῖς λόγοις; τίνι
ὤφθη βραχίων Κυρίου πεφασμένος;
φυτὸν γὰρ ὡς ἰεῶρες, ἢ ξηρῷ πεδῷ
ῥιζωθὲν ἄνθος, ὧδ' ἐφηβήσει πατρὸς
ἔμπροσθεν· οὐ γὰρ εἶδος, οὐ μορφῆς κλέος
κείνῳ πάρεστιν· οὐδ' ὅταν θεώμεθα
ἐφίμερόν γε δόξομεν κάλλος βλέπειν.
ἀτημέλητος, ἠδ' ἀπόπτυστος πέλει
ἀνδρῶν ἕκατι· καὶ μάλ' ἔμπειρος κακοῦ,
λύπῃ ξυνοικῶν·—ἦν ἀπόπτυστος βροτοῖς,
ἡμεῖς δ' ἰδόντες εὐθὺς ἠτιμήσαμεν.
ἦ μὴν πέπονθε κεῖνος ἀνθ' ἡμῶν κακὰ
δεινήν τε λύπην·—ἀλλ' ὅμως τεθλιμμένος,
πρὸς θεοῦ κακωθείς, ἄθλιος θ' ἡμῖν δοκεῖ.
ἡμῶν δ' ἐτρώθη γ' ἀντὶ πλημμελημάτων,
ἡμῶν ἕκατι τῆς κακουργίας δίκην
θραυσθεὶς ὑπέσχε· κἄτ' ἐπ' εἰρήνῃ βροτῶν
κόλασιν πέπονθε καὶ κακῶν πληγῶν διὰ
ἴασιν ἡμῖν κἀνάπαυλαν ἤγαγεν.
ἡμεῖς γ' ἅπαντες, οἷα τῶν οἰῶν γένος
πλανώμεθ', ἄλλος ἄλλοσ' ἐκπεπτωκότες
ὁρθῆς κελεύθου· τῶν δ' ἁμαρτιῶν βάρος,
πρὸς θεοῦ κελευσθείς, εἷς ἀνὴρ πάντων φέρει.

EDWIN PALMER. 1842.

Rosalind.

HY, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle [in the forest of Arden].

Ros. Alas! what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand: and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside.

SHAKSPEARE, *As You Like It*, i. 3. 108.

P. Φέρ' εἰπὲ, ποῖ τραπώμεθ';
K. εἰς θείου δόμοι.
P. ἡμῖν δὲ δεινὸν, ὡς ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ, φίλη,
ἔσται κόραις γε τήνδε μηκύνειν ὁδόν,
κάλλος γὰρ ἕλκει μᾶλλον ἢ χρυσὸς βίαν.
K. πτωχὴ μὲν εἶμα σχῆμα δ' αὖ φανήσομαι.
καλὴν ἀμαυρώσασά τῳ φύκει χρόαν.
τοιαῦτα καὶ σε χρὴ ποιεῖν αὐτὴν, ὅπως
ἔσται βαδίζειν ἀσφαλῶς.
P. ὡς μοι δοκεῖ,
κάλλιστον εἶπας· ἀλλ' ἔγωγε, φιλτάτη,
(μεγάλη γὰρ οὖσα πλεῖστον ἀνθρώπου φέρω)
ἀνὴρ φανοῦμαι· τοῦτο φάσγανον χερὶ,
τοῦτ' ἔγχος οἴσω· κἄτά γ' — ἦν τῇ καρδίᾳ
ἐνῇ γυναικὸς οἷον ἐν θυμῷ δέος—
ἀνδρεῖον ἀνδράσιν γε καὶ σιδηρόφρον
εἶδος παρέξω· ταῦτά τις ποιῶν, καλὸς—
κἂν δειλὸς αὐτὸς ᾖ—μέγας τε φαίνεται.

Francis Turner Palgrave. 1842.

MY sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer: when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder: and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels: and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments: but, perhaps,
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a hostile foe.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 51.

BELLA placent nobis: bello certemus aperto:
Non mihi sunt curæ fraudes; qui talia quærunt,
Factos arte dolos proprio sibi tempore sumant.
Non hoc ista sibi tempus molimina poscit:
Dum dubitant, trepidique mora trepidique timore
Cœli mille jacent, cupidæ stant mille catervæ,
Quas circum nigræ tenebræ, feralia vincla,
Undique tenduntur: queis dedecus insidet: illos
Despicit invisus celsa de sede tyrannus.
Nulla sit hac potior sententia, corripite ignes,
Corripite arma manu, cunctis furor arma ministret,
Tum super ingentes turres super ardua cœli
Præcipitemus iter: cruciatibus obrutus Ipse
Occidet, et noscet proprias in funere pœnas.
Quippe etiam infernos procul audiet ille tumultus
Altius ingressus curru: tremet ignibus æther:
Nec diversa suis occident tela ministros
In quos fulgur idem torquebitur: igne videbit
Æternas sedes et mixto sulfure fumo
Collucere Deus suaque in se vertier arma.
Forsitan at celso pennis se credere cœlo
Difficilisque via, et scandentibus ardua in altum
Visa sit, hostili muros cingente corona.

Francis Turner Palgrave. 1843.

H Mariamne ! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding :
Revenge is lost in agony,
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.
Oh, Mariamne ! where art thou ?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading :
Ah ! couldst thou—thou wouldst pardon now,
Though heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

And is she dead ? and did they dare
Obey my frenzy's jealous raving ?
My wrath but doom'd my own despair :
The sword that smote her's o'er me waving.
But thou art cold, my murder'd love !
And this dark heart is vainly craving
For her who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

She's gone who shared my diadem ;
She sunk, with her my joys entombing ;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming ;
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming ;
And I have earn'd those tortures well
Which unconsum'd are still consuming !

BYRON.

QUOD tibi conscivit lethum, Mariamna, cruentum
Vulnera jam pectus quæ dedit ipsa capit.
Et juvat, et merui. Cedit vindicta dolori;
Quæque habuit rabies pectora, mœror habet.
O ubi cara mihi frustra Mariamna teneris?
An locus indignas non capit iste preces?
Si tamen acciperes nostras, dilecta, querelas,
Quam veniam cœlum non daret, ipsa dares.
Mortuane illa jacet? Sani fecere, quod ipse
Insanus jussi? Mortuane illa jacet?
Causa mihi nimium longi fuit ira doloris;
Pœnaque diversos occupat una duos.
Pectora discedens tenebris velata reliquit,
Quæ gelida a nostro victa furore jacet.
Illa petit, sed sola petit, sua regna diei,
Corda opibus linquens non bene digna suis.
Ergo decessit nostræ pars prima coronæ?
Detulit ad tumulum gaudia nostra suum?
Ille ego qui florem Judæ de stipite carpsi,
Serta prius semper quæ tulit una mihi.
Culpa mea est, damnumque meum, longique dolores,
Et desolato fixa ruina sinu.
Et bene inexhausto tentus depascor ab igne;
Virque mea pœna, pœnaque digna viro.

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE. 1844.

Theseus.

Y hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crook-knee'd and dewlapt, like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells
Each under each. A cry more tuneable,
Was never holla'd to nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, or in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear,—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

Eg. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep:
And this, Lysander: this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nestor's Helena;
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Eg. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

SHAKSPEARE, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1.

Θ. Σκύλακας Λακαίνης ἐκ σπορᾶς θρέψας ἔχω
μακρὰς τὰ χείλη καὶ πυκνοστίκτους δοράν·
τὰ δ' ὦτ' ἐῴαν ὥστ' ἀποσκεδᾶν ἄχνην
κρατὸς κρεμαστά, κἄχρι γουνάτων κρέας
φολκῶν τριχῶδες, Θεσσαλῶν βοῶν δίκην,
κρέμαται τανυσθὲν· εἰσὶ καὶ βραδυσκελεῖς
ἠδὲ ῥυθμίζουσ' ἐνδατούμεναι μέλος
ἄλλη γ' ὑπ' ἄλλης εὖτε κώδωνος στόμα·
γλυκίον' οὔποτ' ἔκλυεν Σπάρτη βοὴν
ἀνδρῶν ὕπ' ἐκραγεῖσαν οὐδ' αὐλουμένην,
οὐδ' ἄκρα Κρήτης οὐδὲ Θεσσαλῶν νάπαι·
κρῖνον δ' ἀκούσας· ἀλλὰ σῖγα, παρθένοι
ποῖαι πάρεισιν;

A. ἥδ' ἐμὴ κεῖται κόρη
ὕπνῳ πεσοῦσα, πάρα δὲ Λυσάνδρου κάρα,
Δημήτριός τε πρὸς δὲ Νέστορος τέκνον
Ἑλένη γέροντος· θαῦμά τοί μ' ὑπέρχεται
τοιάνδε δυστέκμαρτον εἰσορῶνθ' ἕδραν.

Θ. ὤρθρευσαν ἱερεύσοντες, ὡς ἐπεικάσαι,
τέλη πρόωροι Μαιάδος, γνώμην δὲ νῷν
ταύτην μαθόντες, ἱερὰ κοσμῆσαι τάδε
ἥκουσιν, ἀλλὰ λέξον, Αἰγέως κάρα,
οὐ κύριον τόδ' ἦμαρ Ἑρμίᾳ φάνη,
ἐν ᾧ κρίσιν τιν' ἀνταμείψασθαι χρεών;

A. σάφ' ἴσθι τοῦτ', ὦ δέσποτ'.

Θ. εἶ κυνηγέτας
σάλπιγξιν αὐτοὺς ἐγκέλευ' ἐξυπνίσαι.

JOHN WINSTANLEY HULL. 1844.

S the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill and ours to spare,
Spite of danger he shall live,
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head,
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Erin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality.

GRAY.

NSEQUIMUR dum nigra via vestigia fati
Quaque cruentato vix datur ire solo:
Geira soror, vestræque simul sit, Gondula, curæ
Ut clypeus juvenem protegat orbe virum.

Nostrum erit infandas moderari cladis habenas,
Parcere seu vitæ, sive necare, juvet:
Texite sanguinei feralia licia belli,
Hic tamen e media morte superstes erit.

Illi, quos olim deserti littoris alga
Sævæque Oceani continuere plagæ,
Ocyus extento regnabunt limite campi
Qua bene divitiis floret opimus ager.

Qui ruit in medios Dux imperterritus hostes
Heu jacet, haud uno vulnere cæsus, humi:
Nobilius sed dira caput sibi Fata requirunt,
Rex modo fatalem pectore planget humum.

Ipsa diu amissum Regem deflebit Ierne
Haud similem tellus exhibitura virum,
Ipsa diu mœsto tinget sua carmina fletu,
Carmina suprema vix peritura die.

HANS WILLIAM SOTHEBY. 1845.

AND see where surly Winter passes off
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravag'd vale:
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless, so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill engulph'd,
To shake the sounding marsh, or, from the shore
The plovers, when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs, and, unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays;
Joyous th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
Then, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work and sidelong lays the glebe.

THOMSON.

NONNE vides, torvo qua vultu Bruma recedens
Quærit Hyperboreos campos unaque procellas
Evocat: excedunt illæ collesque sonantes
Quassatumque diu lucum vallemque relinquunt.
Tum Zephyri surgunt, quorum sub lenibus auris
Nix fluit et gelidus sensim dissolvitur humor,
Excelsosque petunt iterum sua gramina montes.

At trepidus nondum totis se viribus annus
Induit: et sero quum Vesper lumine pallet,
Sæpe truces flatus etiamnum Bruma reducit,
Aut matutino contristat frigore cœlum,
Aut nivibus pluviaque diem contristat amœnum.
Ardea non noscit, quo tempore linquere nubes
Conveniat, rostroque suo quassare paludem.
At dubitant aliæ volucres e littore curvo
In loca præcipiti penna dumosa volare,
Incultosque rudi cantu complere recessus.

Sol rutilus tandem fulgentia cornua Tauri
Quærit et e superis Aries se subtrahit oris.
Nec mora—non æther concreto frigore lætus
Nunc riget, at vivus renovato robore nubes
Altius attollit, tenui quæ veste nitentes
Undique per cœlum sese ceu vellera pandunt.

Nunc tepidæ assurgunt auræ, terramque recludens
Errat, et huc illuc gratus dispergitur humor.
Rusticus exsultans mutatum cernere visum
Gaudet et impatiens procul e præsepibus arctis
Dirigit eductos assueta per arva juvencos,
Qua jacet in sulcis resolutis frigore aratrum;
Hic illi sua colla jugo tangenda parato
Sponte sua tendunt, notosque subire labores
Cantibus accensi gaudent gyrisque volucrum.
Interea dentale super robustus arator
Incumbens movet argillam, glebasque jacentes
Ipse tenens stivam verso perrumpit aratro.

RICHARD ELWYN. 1845.

RIGHT in the middest of that Paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compass'd the hight,
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with precious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasant arber, not by art
But of the trees' own inclination made,
Which, knitting their rancke branches part to part,
With wanton yvie-twine entrayled athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole emong,
Fashion'd above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And all about grew every sorte of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformde of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramourc
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore,
And Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seems I see Aminta's wretched fate;
To whom sweet poets' verse have given endless date.

SPENSER.

PSIUS in medio surgens altissimus horti
Mons erat, umbrarum tenebris cui leve cacumen
Myrteti occuluit semper densissima sylva,
Cui neque frondenti nocuit vis ulla ferarum,
Nec ferri intactos acies decussit honores,
Insuper at pendens viridis de more coronæ
Pinguibus exundans sudabat balsama truncis,
Rore soli humectans gremium, cui dulcis ubique
Halitus ambrosiæ liquidum spirabat odorem.

Hic etiam incubuit nemoris qua densior umbra,
Artifices imitata manus Natura recessum
Finxerat, incurvis jungens umbracula ramis,
Illi intertextos fratrum de more lacertos
Consociant, arctis hederæ complexibus hærent
Insuper et variis pendentia serta corymbis
Interiora dabant laquearia: quæ neque Phœbi
Turbaret nimiis penetrans fervoribus æstus
Nec gravis Æolio demissus spiritus antro.

Hæc circum flores, turba olim tristis amantum,
Mutatas referunt sub eodem nomine formas;
Hic tu perpetua florens, Hyacinthe, juventa,
Deliciæ Phœbi: nec non Narcissus inepte
Nunc quoque jam nimium gaudens fluvialibus undis,
Tuque, Amaranthe miser, numeroque novissime florum,
Una, Amaranthe, aderas, miseri cui sanguis Amyntæ
Heu matura nimis revocat mihi fata; poetæ
Carminibus celebrata diu cui gloria vivet.

HENRY EARLE TWEED. 1846.

FOUR faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure but of equal grace.
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities raised or tamed a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace;
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy sports here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield;
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club and holds the Hesperian spoil;
Here Orpheus sings: trees, moving to the sound,
Start from their roots and form a shade around,
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire:
Cytheron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall;
There you might see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

POPE.

QUATUOR exstructas obvertit ad æthera frontes
Diversa specie, sed eadem ex arte politas,
Et portæ, ærę premens excelsas quæque columnas,
Quatuor aspectant quadrinas ætheris oras.
Hic proceres stantes, quorum meminere poetæ
Queisve vetustatis per glauca crepuscula natis
Callida mens lucere dedit, ferrumve cruentum,
Quive immane genus quondam domuere colendo
Mœniaque exstruxere, nitent, venerabilis ordo!
Illic heroes, spirantia signa, minantur
Stansque animi pendet vivo de marmore consul.
Solis ad occasum se frons lautissima tollit
Rite columnarum series, cui Dorica canet
Antiquæque trabis quadrat superaddita forma
Asperaque auratis exstant cælamina signis.
Exuviis hirtis hic cinctus corpora Theseus
Conspicitur, Perseusque minax tenet ægida Divæ;
Hic etiam Alcides defesso corpore clava
Nititur, incumbitque operi gaudetque potitus
Hesperidum spoliis; illic dulcissimus Orpheus
Dum canit, in numerum ducunt arbusta choream
Exutoque solo circumdant frondibus umbram.
Parte alia Amphion, opifex vocalis, in æquor
Artificem fundit sonitum, quo condita crescunt
Mœnia Thebarum, montis pars magna dehiscens
Fit murus, sese fastigia tendere in auras
Videris, et turgere domos camerasque patere;
Halitus e terra veluti fera mœnia surgunt
Arrectæque sono tolluntur in æthera pilæ.

ROBERT HENNIKER. 1851.

PART, on the plain or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields:
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when to warn proud cities war appears,
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides from Œchalia crown'd
With conquest felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Œta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle, and complain that fate
Free virtue should inthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial: but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 528.

PARS etiam in campo aut sublimis in aëre cœli
Aut pennis alte aut volucri contendere cursu
Pythia ceu celebrare solent et Olympia Graii:
Pars et equos cohibent rapidos aut carcere curru
Vitato celeri glomerantur in agmina densa.
Ut quum turbatum per cœlum signa superbis
Tristia bella furunt populis demissa, ruuntque
Nubibus in mediis acies ad prœlia, primi
Undique procurrunt equites, hastasque vibrantes
Projiciunt acies in densas: robore magno
Tum sonat extremi fervens pars utraque cœli.
Ast alii rabie ingenti tumidoque furore
Montes et colles vellunt, equitantque per auras
Turbine præcipites, Erebus cohibere fragorem
Vix valet: Alcides ut quum victrice corona
Œchaliæ vinctus pallam circumdedit atro
Felle venenatam, pinos tunc eruit amens
Thessalias, Œtæque Lichan de vertice summæ
In mare projecit. Sese sub valle silenti
Tranquillos ponunt, citharisque et carmine multo
Gesta canunt blando sonitu, miseramque ruinam
Sanguinei fato belli, cæcumque gementes
Virtutem fatum veram superasse queruntur,
Carmine non æquo; verum modulamina vocum
(Quid potuere minus cœlestia carmina) sedes
Tartareas mulsere etiam: dulcedine capti
Obstupuere omnes.

William Edward Allen Young. 1852.

O saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
Like a black mist, low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him, fast sleeping, soon he found,
In labyrinth of many a round, self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles;
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet; but on the grassy herb,
Fearless, unfear'd, he slept: in at his mouth
The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense
In heart or head possessing soon inspired
With act intelligential, but his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting the approach of morn.
Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
From the earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The season prime for sweetest scents and airs:
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Their growing work: for much their work outgrew
The hands' despatch of two gard'ning so wide.

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, ix. 179.

DIXERAT ; et nubes veluti dumeta pererrans
Serpentem quærit per muta silentia noctis ;
En jacet ille suo multo circumdatus orbe
In medioque caput : diræ non immemor artis
Nec fuit ille nocens : sed verna innoxius herba
Carpebat placidos somnos ; mox Hostis inivit
Per fauces, mittitque feræ per corda vigorem
Insolitum, sed non requiem decussit ab illo
Dum sol mane novo primos accenderet ignes.
Quum summi Eoa montes albescere luce
Cepere, et flores recreari rore virentes,
Quodque potest spirare fragrantia vota per auras
Fundit odoratas, nam talia vota Creator
Accipiens gaudet, gratos ubi sentit odores,
Ecce duo incedunt pariter : dein voce carentum
Sufficiunt cantus modulata voce precantes :
Olli auris jucunda et tempestate fruuntur :
Mox, quo jam melius properent ratione labores,
Inter se volvunt, nam vix potuere novatum
Pensum perficere et magno dominarier horto.

WILLIAM SMITH NICHOLSON. 1852.

OULD I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope: no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

SHAKSPEARE, *K. Henry VIII.* iii. 1. 142.

RIEF fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies on his bed, walks up and down with me.
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
Oh Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort and my sorrow's cure!

SHAKSPEARE, *King John*, iii. 4. 93.

Εἴθ' ὤφελον γῇ τῇδε τῇ Βρεττανικῇ
μηδ' ἐμπατῆσαι μηδὲ τῶν αὐτοχθόνων
θωπευμάτων εἰς πεῖραν εἰσελθεῖν ποτέ.
τὰς μὲν γὰρ ὕψεις δαιμόνων δοκεῖτ' ἔχειν
φρένας δὲ τὰς ἔσωθεν ἔξοιδεν Θεός.
καὶ νῦν τί, δυστάλαινα, χρὴ ποιεῖν ἐμὲ,
ἥτις γυναικῶν εἰμὶ τλημονεστάτη·
δμωαὶ δ' ἔποικτοι, ποῖ βέβηκεν ἡ τύχη;
ὁρᾶτε γάρ με τῇδε ναναγὸν χθονὶ,
δυσέλπιδ' οὖσαν καὶ φίλων οἴκτου μόνην·
οὐδεὶς δ' ἐμοῦγε συγγενὴς καταστένει,
οὐδεὶς δίδωσι τύμβον, ὡς δὲ λείριον,
ὃ κοιρανοῦν τοῦ παντὸς ἐξήνθει πεδοῦ,
νεύουσα κεφαλὴν ὧδ' ἀποψύξω βίον.

THOMAS WELBANK FOWLE. 1854.

Ἀλλ' ἀντὶ παιδὸς τῇδε τοῦ τεθνηκότος
λύπη πάρεστι, τὴν κενὴν ἔχουσ' ἕδραν,
πατεῖ τε τὴν γῆν, ἣν ἐγὼ, λέγουσά τε
ἃ γ' εἶπε, φαίνει τὴν καλὴν φύσιν πάλιν·
πρέπει βλέπουσα τὴν χάριν τῶν ὀμμάτων
κἀν ταῖς στολαῖσιν εὐφυὴς παρίσταται·
ὡς οὖν ἔοικεν, ἔστιν ἡ λύπη φίλη·
χαῖρ'· εἰ δέ σοι τοῦτ' ἢ τοιοῦτό γ' ἦν πάθος
κρείσσω γ' ἂν εἶχες ἐξ ἐμοῦ παραψυχήν.
ἀλλ' οὐ κάρα χρὴ τοῦτ' ἐᾶν ἐστεμμένον,
διαρραγείσης ὧδε τῆς ἔνδον φρενός.
οἴμοι, σὺ δ' οὖν ὄλωλας, εὐγενὲς τέκνον,
ζωὴ, τροφή τε, τέρψις, ὦ τὰ πάντ' ἐμοὶ,
ἴαμα λύπης, ἐλπὶς ὦ χήρας μόνη.

ROBERT KEATE ALVES ELLIS. 1854.

E mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

NAUTÆ Britanni! littoris Anglici
Tutela, quorum insignia seculis
Nec pugna devicit nec Auster,
Nunc iterum properare tempus:

Vocavit hostis rursus in alterum
Certamen: ergo per mare currite
Ventosque surgentes, cruenti
Prœlia qua fremuere Martis.

Exstant ab undis en animæ patrum,
Qui multa laudis præmia navibus
Tulere: sed devexus illos
Oceanus cohibet sepulcro.

At qua beato Blacius occidit
Nelsoque letho, pectora fortia
Sic vestra contemnent procellas
Et rabidi mala longa belli.

Nostras per oras mœnibus haud opus,
Turrive: ponto tu, mea Patria,
Castella ponis, tu per undas
Omnivagas, tua regna, tendis.

Utcunque nostris robora fulminant
Desecta sylvis, Oceani sedent
Fluctus, et in sævo tumultu
Arma pavent dominamque rerum.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

COME, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause ; Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroicly hath finish'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor,
Through all Philistian bounds ; to Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;
To himself and father's house eternal fame ;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end.

MILTON.

Late Britannis signa fluentia
Lucem remittent nunc quoque luridam,
Dum, noctis excussis tenebris,
Astra diem referant quietam:

Tum vestra, nautæ, nomina concinent
Dapes et hymni; dum super æquora
Non amplius torrente bello
Surgere desierit procella.

ROWLAND HENNIKER. 1854.

M. Νῦν γ' οὔτε κλαίειν οὔτ' ὀδύρεσθαι πρέπει,
οὐδ' αἰτία δὴ τῇδε τῇ λύπῃ πάρα·
τέθνηκε Σάμψων Σάμψονος καταξίως
γενναῖον, ὡς γενναῖος, ἐκπνεύσας βίον.
καλῶς γὰρ ἐχθροὺς ἀντιτιμωρούμενος
ἔδωκε κείνοις πήμαθ', ἡμῖν δ' αὖ χαράν,
ὥστ' ἐνδακρύειν πάντα Κάφτορος τέκνα
κλαυθμοῦ τ' ὀδυρμοῦ τ' ἐν πόλει τυχεῖν ὅλῃ,
ἡμῖν δὲ τιμὴν ὤπασεν, παῖδες, θανών,
ἐλευθερώσας τῆς ἀναγκαίας τύχης
αὑτῷ δὲ κῦδος τῷ τε πατρῴῳ δόμῳ
ἔθηκεν εἰς ἅπαντα πλειστήρη χρόνον,
πρὸς τοῖσδ', ὃ τούτων εὐτυχέστατον πέλει,
οὐ δή ποτ' ἔλιπεν, ὡς ἔδοξ', αὐτὸν θεὸς
εἰς τὴν τελευτὴν αὐτὸς ἐσχάτην μένων
κεδνῇ φυλάξας χειρὶ διὰ παντὸς βίου.

HENRY NETTLESHIP. 1855.

Hamlet.

HERE wilt thou lead me? Speak: I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

H. I will.

G. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

H. Alas! poor ghost!

G. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

H. Speak, I am bound to hear!

G. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

H. What?

G. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.

SHAKSPEARE, *Hamlet*, i. 5. 1.

AM. Οὐ δὴ λέγοις ἂν, τίνα με νῦν ἄγεις ὁδόν;
ὡς οὐ πρόσω με σῖγα χωρήσονθ' ὁρᾷς.
EI. τἄπη σε, τέκνον, ταμὰ προσβάλλειν χρεών·
AM. πῶς δ' οὔ;
EI. πρόσω γὰρ οὐκ ἀποστατεῖ χρόνος,
ὅς μ' εἰς ἄχος φλογωπὸν εἰσβαλεῖ πάλιν,
ἄπαυστον ἄλγος.
AM. φεῦ· ταλαίπωρον κάρα.
EI. οὐ δή σε νῦν χρὴ τοὐμὸν οἰκτείρειν πάθος,
κλύειν δὲ μᾶλλον, οἷά σοι δείξω λόγοις.
AM. λέγ' οὖν. ἀκούειν, τέκνον, ὧν λέγεις, πρέπει.
EI. ἀλλ' οὖν ἀκούσωνθ' ὧδε τίσασθαί σε δεῖ.
AM. τί δή;
EI. πατρῴαν τήνδε νῦν ὁρᾷς σκιάν·
ἣ δὴ τέτακται τὸν πεπρωμένον χρόνον
νυκτὸς διελθεῖν τὴν πλανοστιβῆ χθόνα,
ἐν ἡμέρᾳ δὲ πυριφλέγων οἶκός μ' ἔχει,
πεινῶ δὲ μέλεος καὶ μαραίνομαι πυρί.
οὔδ' ἐστιν οὐδὲν τῶνδε μειλικτήριον,
ἕως ἃ τῷδ' ἔπραξα τῷ βίῳ κακὰ
καθαρσίᾳ φλογὶ εἰς τὸ πᾶν καθαγνίσει.

HENRY NETTLESHIP. 1855.

HAT time the mighty moon was gathering light,
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes:
When, turning round a cassia, full in view
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight:
"You must begone," said Death, "these walks are mine:"
Love wept, and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
Yet ere he parted said, "This hour is thine:
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity,
Life eminent creates the shade of death:
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all."

TENNYSON.

Ἔρως ἀκμαίῳ κῆπον εὐωδῆ θύμιῳ,
φάος σελήνης ἀμφιβαλλούσης μέγα,
νυκτὸς διελθὼν ἀστερωπὸν ὀμμάτων
ἔστρεψεν, ὡς ἔβαινε, πανταχοῦ σέλας·
τούτου δὲ Θάνατος εὐθὺς ἐξαίφνης παρὼν
κασίαν παραστείχοντος ἐσκιασμένος
χλόῃ κελαινῆς σμίλακος προστυγχάνει,
λαλῶν ἑαυτῷ πολλὰ καὶ κράζει πικρῶς,
ἄπερρ', ἐγὼ γὰρ τούσδε κέκτημαι τόπους·
ταῦτ' εἶπεν, εἶτα πολλὰ δακρύσας Ἔρως
λαιψηρὸς ἐξέτεινεν ἐς φυγὴν πτερά,
πρὶν δ' εἶπεν ὧδε. τήνδε τὴν ὥραν πρέπει
τὴν σὴν καλεῖσθαι, κοὐκ ἀπαρνοῦμαι τὸ μή·
σύ μοι κέκλησο, Θάνατε, τοῦ βίου σκιά,
ὡς γάρ τι δένδρον ἥδεται πολλῇ κόμῃ,
πέμπει δ' ἄνωθεν λαμπρὸν ἡλίου φάος,
πτόρθοι δ' ὁμῶς βάλλουσιν εἰς τὴν γῆν σκιάν,
ὅμοιος ὢν αἰῶνος ἀλλήκτῳ φάει
θανάτου πίσημος τὴν σκιὰν ποιεῖ βίος·
φεύγει μὲν ὕλης ἥδε πιπτούσης σκιά,
ἀρχὴ δ' Ἔρωτος οὐδαμῶς ἔξει τέλος.

Joshua Watson Churton. 1856.

WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired,
And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughter'd lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore:
Restore him to my sight, great Jove, restore!

So speaking, and by fervent love endow'd
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens, and her eye expands:
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? O joy!
What doth she look on? whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis He!
And a god leads him—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake,—and touch'd her with his wand
That calms all fear: "Such grace hath crown'd thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassion'd queen her lord to clasp,
Again that consummation she essay'd;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp,
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts, but parts to reunite,
And reassume his place before her sight.

WORDSWORTH.

NOCTE ego thura ferens et cæcis dona tenebris
Spe fudi falsa pectore vota Deo:
Rettulit inferias nigris pia dextera Divis,
Ut reducem aspicerent lumina nostra virum:
Jam miserere mei: jam nunc succurre precanti
Jupiter, illum oculis redde, benigne, meis.
Sic loquitur, tumidoque exardens pectus amore
Candentes supplex tollit ad astra manus.
Interea, veluti nubes Sol discutit atras,
Luce nova subito supplicis ora nitent.
Spe tumidum pectus: spe finem læta quieta
Expectans, tacitas fundit ab ore preces.
Quid videt? an diræ cernit spectacula noctis?
Quem subito attonito suspicit ore virum?
Ipse adstat conjux Trojano in littore cæsus:
Aspicit ipsius corpus et ora viri.
Ipse est—ipsa viri species, ni fallit imago,
Mercuriusque Deum nuntius ales agit:
Mox Deus affatur timidam: virgaque nitenti
Sustulit, atque Jovis mitia jussa refert:
Laodameia, tibi superas ascendit ad auras
Conjux: accepit sic tua vota Deus:
Accipe, quod refero, munus: tres ille per horas
Jam reduci terræ venit ad arva pede.
Prosilit ardentique suum Regina maritum
Bis frustra amplexu prendere læta cupit.
Effugit, heu, species: quoties prensaris, inanis
Eludis sponsam, Protesilae, tuam.
Conjugis umbra levis toties reditura recedit
Statque redux iterum, quo fuit ante, loco.

HENRY NETTLESHIP. 1856.

'ER the smooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of foot hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string:
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm, star-proof,
Follow me:
I will bring you, where she sits
Clad in splendour, as befits
Her deity:
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks,
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks:
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks and live with us:
Here ye shall have greater grace
To serve the lady of this place;
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her:
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

MILTON.

QUA gemmis nitet integrum
Gramen, nec viridi pes nocuit solo,
Mecum perge nigerrimas,
Dum lenis resonat chorda, sub arbores;
Ducam, qua medius nitor
Reginæ mediis fulget honoribus
Divæ, nec Dea rusticos
Hac unquam tenuit pulcrior Arcadas.
Nymphas et pecorum duces
Neu Lado teneat, neu nimis ardua
Panis, neu niveam levi
Cyllenen choreæ percutiant pede.
Vos arces Erymanthiæ
Plorent, dum melior det plaga gratiam.
Vestras Mænaleis procul
Saxis his pecudes addite pascuis:
Hic nostri nemoris Dea
Cultorum veniet lenior agmini.
Ut vestro placeant Deo
Syringis veneres, cesserit huic Deæ
Syrinx, nec Dea rusticos
Hac unquam tenuit pulcrior Arcadas.

RICHARD C. JEBB. 1857.

HE making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth speedily repaire:
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling was; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drouping head,
While sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one fair framed of burnished ivory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care, their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe;
By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he finds: of nothing takes he keepe.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne;
No other noyse, no people's troublous cryes,
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard, but careless Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimyes.

SPENSER.

LLE volans sparsasque auras, vastumque profundum
Undarum peragrat, tecta et penetralia Morphei
Advenit; huic imæ cæca inter viscera terræ
Prærupta, et radiis nunquam lustranda diei,
Est domus; hic madidum Tethys lavat æquore lectum
Perpetuo, niveoque rigat dea Cynthia fessum
Rore caput, necnon tristem nox pandit amictum
Lugubris, et fuscis antrum complectitur alis.
Tum geminas firmo præclusas objice portas
Aspexit, quarum solidis elephantina valvis
Una, sed inducto totum latus altera candet
Argento; vigilesque canes ad limina servant
Excubias, si qua possint expellere curam
Infestam, rupto quæ discutit otia somno.
Ingreditur, penetratque fores et Morphea cernit
Nuntius ante oculos: huic somno mersa profundo
Laxat membra sopor, nihil huic custodia curæ:
Quoque magis possit placido requiescere somno,
Rivulus e scopulo manans, guttæque frequentes
Insuper, admixto dant leni murmura vento,
Sicut apum glomerata cohors, suadentque soporem;
Non sonus hic alius, non pleno turbida cœtu
Agmina, vel clamor miseras qui concutit urbes
Auditur; sed tuta Quies, procul hostibus, antrum
Incolit, et servant æterna silentia limen.

JOSHUA WATSON CHURTON. 1857.

THE sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west-wind blows
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new: the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-trees' nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay:
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest:
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest.

LONGFELLOW.

SOL nitet et clare cœlum resplendet, hirundo
Cantat et aerium pervolat acris iter.
Audin? Procera dulces effundit ab ulmo,
Nuntia cœlestis, jam Philomela sonos.

Cœruleo fluvius resplendet lumine; rivus
Scilicet ætherio decidit ille polo;
Qua nubes aurasque manent Zephyrosque morantes
Qua tenet imbriferas ancora tarda rates.

Omnia se renovant, gemmæ frondesque, coronam
Ulmi nutantis quot decorare comæ:
Ipsa novum tignis nidum suspendit hirundo,
Sedibus in priscis non avis ulla manet.

Quisque voluptatis sentit nova gaudia, cuique
Ætas prima placet, primus adurget amor.
Hos liquidi docuere poli, quæ gaudia nocti
Adsint, quæ tenebræ dent, fugiente die.

At si, Chlori, tuo fuerint mea carmina cordi,
Corripe quot juveni dona juventa ferat.
Dum licet, æstatis flores decerpe serenæ,
Crede mihi, veris non viret usque decor.

Sit tibi carus Amoris honos, sit cara Juventus,
Nescio cui curæ sit tua vita Deo;
Hæc tibi monstrabit, quæ sunt verissima, Tempus:
Sedibus in priscis non avis ulla manet.

HENRY THORNTON FORSTER. 1857.

Ode to Peace.

THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies,
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise.

Tired of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festal day
His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may gain thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injured robes up-bind!
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The British lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike Honour led:
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

COLLINS.

DIVA, fidi cui modo turtures
Pulchras cruentis ex manibus comas
Tulere, cœlestem petenti
Ætheria patriam sub aula,
Quo vectus atrox tempore vultures
Curru coëgit Mars adamantino,
Nostris et amisit procellas
Littoribus rabiemque belli,
Jam fessa duri viribus imperi
Festæ juventus lætitiæ diem
Edicet indignata, tristem
Quo capiat ferus ignis ædem.
Sed dic, voluti cui licuit vices
Audire cœli, quis sonitus tuas
Captabit aures, et beatum
Supplicibus reditum parabit?
Induta læsas sis reditus memor,
O Diva, vestes! surge precantibus
Nobis, et insignem tuorum
Da comitum radiare turbam!
Nam te recumbens ante pedes Leo
Supplex decoros Anglicus osculis
Adorat, optandum sacratæ
Imperium venerans quietis.
Quod si favoris gaudia ceteræ
Gentes requirant, ipse libentius
Hoc littus accedas, comesque
Adsit Honor, rediensque tecum
Hic restet, hospes Martius: insuper
Quum terra circum totaque civitas
Exsultet, hunc addas perenni
Conjugio socium, precamur.

JOSHUA WATSON CHURTON. 1857.

EEP on, weep on, your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er:
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.

In vain the Hero's heart hath bled,
The Sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;
Oh, freedom, once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.

Weep on, perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name,
And many a deed may wake in praise,
That long hath slept in blame!

And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave.

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love.

But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
And men profaned what God had given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
Where others knelt to Heaven."

MOORE.

FLETE, viri, vestram, sic postulat hora, ruinam:
Spes procul; ut fugiunt somnia, fugit honor;
Vestraque fatales circumdant membra catenæ:
Non estis, miseri,—non licet esse,—viri.

Nequicquam rubuit generoso sanguine tellus:
Nequicquam cecinit præscia lingua malum.
Ah! tua, Libertas, hæc limina flamma reliquit,
Et rapis exstinctam non reditura facem.

Flete viri, at forsan, si quos molliverit ætas,
Vestra celebrabit nomina blandus amor;
Forsan et in laudes insignia facta resurgent,
Plurima, quæ merita nunc sine laude latent:

Quique per eversas tendunt vestigia sedes,
Cum dominis servos qua premit una quies,
Forsan mirantes "Unde hæc generosa" rogabunt
"Tam viles poterant vincere corda manus?"

"Sed Fatum," dicent, "varium et mutabile fatum
Texuit excusso jurgia tanta jugo.
Junxit et infestos odium commune tyrannos,
Vos tamen haud simili fœdere junxit amor.

Pectora disjunxit, spreto male fœdere, rixa,
Donaque sacrilegis sunt violata Dei:
Nempe profanarunt sanctum verba impia limen,
Flexit ubi solita cum prece turba genu."

JOSHUA WATSON CHURTON. 1857.

WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake!
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings;
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn breathing airs,
Enchanting Shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command:
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

GRAY.

MUSA cantus Æolii potens
Præsentiori nunc fidium deo
Accende sopitos calores:
Mille sacris Heliconis orti
Puro scatentis carmine fontibus
Rivi vagantur, dædala quos humus
Prætexit, errantum renidens
Pascier ambrosios odores.
Nunc leve marmor Pierium melos
Alto quietum labitur agmine
Valles per umbrosas et agros
Auricomæ Cereri subactos:
Ipso jugorum culmine nunc ruens
Insanienti gurgitis impetu
Defertur, immugit ruina
Rupibus et nemori corusco.
O grata menti, non humilis sciens,
Regina, cantus, tu potes igneos
Lenire, testudo, furores,
Difficilem potes, alma, curam.
Quin et jubenti Threicius tibi
Frenat volantes omnipotens equos,
Hastamque ponit gestientem
Flumine sanguineo potiri.
Regem volucrum sceptrigera Jovis
Dextra coerces, remigio gravem
Languente; trux rostrum soporat
Nigra quies oculique fulmen.

RICHARD C. JEBB. 1858.

Samson.

BUT, O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave:
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs:
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet coming this way:
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my afflictions, and perhaps to insult,—
Their daily practice, to afflict me more.
Chor. This, this is he; softly awhile,
Let us not break in upon him:
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!

MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

ΣΑ. Φεῦ κἀπὶ τούτοις τλημονεστέρου πάθους,
ἔμψυχον ὅστις ἐμπνέων ἔχω τάφον
ἔσωθ' ἐμαυτοῦ, κοὐκ ἀπήλλαγμαι ταφαῖς
μὴ τἄλλ' ὁμοίως ἔσχατ' ἐσχάτων παθεῖν
ἄλγη δύσοιστα, πημονὰς, αἰκίσματα.
πλέον μὲν οὖν ἅπαντα τἀν βίῳ κακὰ
ὀφλισκάνω δύστηνος, αἰχμαλωτίσι
καμφθεὶς δύαισι νηλεῶν ἐχθρῶν ὕπο.
ἔα· τίνες πάρεισιν; ἄρτι συμμέτρῳ βάσει
πολλοὺς ἀκούω δεῦρ' ἐρέσσοντας πόδα·
ἐχθρός τις, ὡς ἔοικε, τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν
πάρεστ' ἐπόπτης, ἤ τι καὶ καθυβρίσων·
ἢ τοὐμὸν ἄλγος αὔξεται καθ' ἡμέραν.

ΧΟ. λεύσσετε· κεῖνος, κεῖνος ὅδ' ἐστίν,
κοιμᾶτ' ἤδη πόδα καὶ φώνην,
μὴ ξὺν θορύβῳ τόνδ' ἐπίωμεν.
βλέπετ' ἐξ οἵου, μορφὴν ὀλέσας,
οἷος γέγονεν· μείζονα δόξης
ἄῤῥητά τ', ἀμήχαν' ὁρῶμεν.

Richard C. Jebb. 1858.

STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brighten'd, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me; bath'd in light
They gather'd midway round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the grey mist thrust up its shatter'd lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glow'd the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darken'd by the forest's shade,
Or glisten'd in the white cascade,
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheel'd his spiral way.

I saw the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,—
And richly by the blue lake's silver beach
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills.

LONGFELLOW.

CULMINE tum stabam, cum fulsit lumine cœlum,
Quod renovans longum Sol referebat iter;
Progrediens Zephyrus lambebat flamine valles,
Et jubar exortum reddidit omne nemus.
Sub pedibus nubes, quæ, claro lumine cinctæ,
Frondiferis sese convoluere jugis.
Tum nituere, illis periens dum gloria cedit,
Marte velut dubio victa caterva nitet.
Plurima per nubes densas variata colore
Sæpius arx hastam tollit ad astra suam.
Frondibus orba jugo, venti quassata molesti
Flaminibus pinus, fulmine fissa, manet.
Surgere tum nubes, tenebræ vanescere cæcæ;
Et subito vallis gloria pulchra nitet.
Hic fluvius tectus silvæ prolabitur umbra,
Hic candet spuma desilientis aquæ.
Lumine qua rubro surgens sua carmina fundit,
Garrula et intortam carpit alauda viam.

Tum procul audivi rapidos prolabier amnes,
Aspexi celeres volvere flumen aquas;
Silva, comis tacite leni pendentibus unda,
Cœrulei ripam tangere visa lacus.
Rusticus et venit nostras tinnitus ad aures,
Culmina dum reddunt accipiuntque sonum.

ROBERT BRODIE. 1858.

AND in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide;
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide;
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde;
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their woundes, so inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke;
His body leane and meagre as a rake;
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seemed to tremble evermore and quake,
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's skull, that seemd a ghastly sight.

Maleger was his name, and after him
There followed fast at hand two wicked hags
With hoary lockes all loose and visage grim,
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrappd in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chased stags,
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of little snags,
She did support, and Impotence her name;
But th' other was Impatience, armd with raging flame.

SPENSER.

ISUS et ille manu contentum adducere cornu
Et multas latus ad dextram portare sagittas,
Omnes letiferas, peracutæ cuspidis omnes,
Præfixas silice et rubefactis sanguine pennis,
Qualia corytis Indorum tela premuntur:
Has quamcunque prius signarant lumina partem
Tendebat regione sua certasque jubebat:
Non ea Pæoniæ possent medicarier artes
Vulnera, cui penitus conceptum corpore vulnus.
Os macerum et cineris pallens morientis ad instar:
Forma viri tenuis gracilique simillima rastro,
Cui velut effeto marcet cutis arida corvo,
Nec minus, ut gelidi squalens algore colubri,
Quam visus semper percurrere mobilis horror;
Lineus obducit totum, leve tegmen, amictus,
Balteus et lento cingebat vimine textus;
Cassidis haud nimium pondus, quippe ossa cerebri
Vitam exuta, caput, species horrenda, tegebat.
Huic Maleger nomen: rapidis quem passibus urgent,
Dira manus, geminæ furiali lumine pestes,
Crinibus effusæ canis, oculoque severo.
Tegmina nulla pedem, pannosæ corpora sordes
Involvunt; citior fugientibus utraque cervis:
Altera clauda tamen, baculo, cui multa cicatrix,
Fulta pedem, cui nomen Inops: fuit altera nomen
Præceps, cui rabidis armatur dextera flammis.

Richard C. Jebb. 1858.

IKE as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene underkept and down supprest,
With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,
And grudge in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breaks forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat,
All that did erst it hinder and molest
It now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

So mightely the Briton prince him rouzd
Out of his holde and broke his caytive bands,
And as a beare, whom angry curres have touzd,
Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads down and overthrowes. Now had the carle
Alighted from his tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quarle,
To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

SPENSER.

GNIS uti, vacuo dudum suppressus in antro,
Abditus in latebris horrendo murmure fervet,
Spernit et angustæ retinentia claustra cavernæ,
Tandem terribili perrumpit flamma tumultu
Natalemque petit sedem, perque æthera cursu
Volvitur ardenti, quicquid cohibebat euntem
Ferventi flamma nitidaque voragine sorbet,
Atque furit, denso convolvens omnia fumo.

Haud secus e latebris princeps exsurgit, et uno
Vincula disrumpit saltu; velut ursa, molesti
Quam petiere canes; cunctos quum excusserit hostes,
Dirior aspectu vincit laceratque timendis
Dentibus obstantem turbam. De tigride terræ
Rusticus insiluit subito, dextramque sagittis
Atque arcu nudus se mox convertit in hostem,
Qui prope vicina jacuit resupinus in herba.

Weldon Champneys. 1858.

Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.

WAKE thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair;
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard,
Thou brought'st from fortune's mirkest gloom.

In poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists obscure involved me round,
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me like the morning sun,
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

O why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen grey with time?
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's early prime?
Why did I live to see that day,
A day to me so full of woe?
O had I met the mortal shaft,
Which laid my benefactor low!

BURNS.

ARBITE, supremos accende in tristia cantus,
Nenia vesano plena dolore sonet:
Supremos accende modos; æterna licebit
Ex illo chordis sit sine voce quies.
Tuque, fidele caput, rerum lux una mearum,
Ante diem tumulo quem Libitina dedit;
Accipe servati per te pia munera vatis,
E tenebris quondam te referente jubar.

Paupertatis enim tristi caligine septo
Infima, quam colerem, tunc mihi vallis erat:
Sæpe levans oculos nusquam meliora videbam,
Lux mihi non usquam candida laudis erat:
Tu mihi fulsisti, nigrantia nubila qualis
Æthere cæruleo dissipat orta dies:
Indoctumque melos desolatumque poetam,
Auspice te, semper fidus alebat amor.

Ah cur prima cadunt, quæ non cecidisse decebat,
Prorogat immeritis cana senecta diem?
Nec nova vis ævi generosa et splendida virtus
Ferre tibi poterant, quin morereris, opem?
Certe ego, quum tantos tulerit lux ista dolores,
Debebam capiti non superesse tuo.
Ipso nos utinam, caro quod adegit amico,
Vulnere jussisset cuspis acerba mori.

RICHARD C. JEBB. 1858.

HE storm cloud grows deeper above,
Araucans! the tempest is ripe in the sky;
Our forefathers come from the Islands of Bliss,
They come to the war of the winds.

The souls of the strangers are there,
In their garments of darkness they ride through the heaven;
Yon cloud that rolls luridly over the hill
Is red with their weapons of fire.

Hark! hark! in the howl of the wind
The shout of the battle, the clang of their drums;
The horsemen are met, and the shock of the fight
Is the blast that disbranches the wood.

Behold from the clouds of their power
The lightning—the lightning is lanced at our sires!
And the thunder that shakes the broad pavement of heaven!
And the darkness that quenches the day!

Ye Souls of our Fathers, be brave!
Ye shrunk not before the invaders on earth,
Ye trembled not then at their weapons of fire,
Brave spirits, ye tremble not now!

We gaze on your warfare in hope,
We send up our shouts to encourage your arms!
Lift the lance of your vengeance, O Fathers, with force,
For the wrongs of your country strike home!

SOUTHEY.

DENSIUS in cœlo nubes glomerantur, Arauci,
Aera per nigrum sæva procella furit:
E terris acies patrum rediere beatis,
Qua ventus diro pugnat utrimque sono.

Hostiles illuc manes venere, tenebris
Vestiti cœli per loca cuncta ruunt:
Collibus et nubes quæ supra volvitur altis
Illorum telis fulminibusque rubet.

Audite! horrendæ mixto clamore procellæ
Consurgit bellum, tympana rauca sonant.
Concurrunt equites diro certamine pugnæ,
Decussit silvæ sæva procella comas.

Nubibus e nigris hostili robore plenis
Invadunt nostros fulmina missa patres.
Quique movet tonitrus tabulata immania cœli,
Et quæ depellunt nox tenebræque diem.

Tollite nunc animos, veterum simulacra parentum,
Vos prius hostiles non timuistis opes.
Quæ non mortales terrebant, ignea tela
Non vos dejiciunt jam simulacra metu.

Aspicimus pugnam sperantes, utque videmus,
Firmamus nostris arma paterna sonis:
Fortiter ultrici, patres, incumbite pinu,
Et patriæ pœnas agmina vestra petant.

JAMES ARMSTRONG. 1858.

OME, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I, nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view,
We need not therefore part.
Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From avarice and ambition free
And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?
The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heaven that thou alone canst make?
And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shed
To be a guest with them?
For thee I panted, thee I prized,
For thee I gladly sacrificed
Whate'er I loved before:
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say,
Farewell! we meet no more!

COWPER.

HUC Pax, sodalis grata, veni, meæ
Menti levamen reddere quæ potes,
Hic nidus, hic molles latebræ
Sunt, iterum miserere nostri!
Nam nec fugaces divitiæ mihi
Gratæ videntur, nulla potentiæ
Fames neque invisæ gubernat
Nequitiæ, quid abes dolenti?
Hic si recusas vivere, quo fugis?
Quem non habendi corripuit furor,
Nec fama nec dira Cupido
Pernicie nociturus urit?
Cui grata reddes gaudia, queis prius
Tecum fruebar? Te placide, dea,
Ridente gaudebam: Potentes
Num petis? aut hilares fruentur,
Quæ sola donas gaudia? Num pudet
Rivi fluentis murmure rosida
Per rura? num silvas reductas
Exiguamque casam relinques,
Istis sodalis? Pectore turbido
Te, Pax, petebam; delicias mihi
Tu capta reddebas; reliqui
Omnia, quæ fuerant amata,
Ut te potirer. Num fugies cito,
Nec me dolentem respicies? Erit
Audire, nec spe nec manente
Subsidio,—Valeas in ævum!

BASIL CHAMPNEYS. 1859.

IS said a stranger in the days of old
(Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite,
But distant things are ever lost in clouds;)
'Tis said a stranger came and with his plough
Mark'd out the site: and Posidonia rose,
Severely great, Neptune the tutelar god:
A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.
Then came another, an unbidden guest,
He knock'd, and enter'd with a train in arms,
And all was changed, her very name and language;
The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door
Ivory and gold and silk and frankincense,
Sail'd as before, but sailing cried, "For Pæstum!"
And now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung
Pæstum's twice-blowing roses, while within
Parents and children mourn'd—and every year,
('Twas on the day of some old festival,)
Met to give way to tears and once again
Talk in the ancient tongue of things gone by.
At length an Arab climb'd the battlements
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night,
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled,
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous.

ROGERS.

DICITUR in prisco peregrinus tempore quondam—
Hi Sybari dicunt illique ex Doride natum,
Ast antiqua tegunt nebulis amissa tenebræ—
Dicitur huc hospes venisse, atque urbis aratro
Mœnia designasse novæ; nomenque Poseidon
Ipse dedit tutela, accrevit mira potestas,
Molle viis murmur linguæ exauditur Homeri,
Occupat et portum Tyriorum plurima navis.
Advena tunc alius venit, quem nemo vocarat,
Atque iniit pulsans, unaque armata caterva:
Omnia mutantur; cum nomine lingua fugatur;
Mercator Tyrius propriis e sedibus aurum
Atque ebur imponens navi vestesque nitentes,
Thuraque, quo quondam cursu transibat eodem
Oceanum, clamans: "Pæsti jam quærimus oras."
Vergiliusque modo et natus Sulmone poeta
Cantabant hortos biferique rosaria Pæsti.
Interea juvenum luctus gemitusque parentum
Intus erant, omnesque die coiere quotannis,
Tempore præterito, festo, lacrymasque dolentes
Fundebant, iterumque antiqua facta parentum
Narrabant lingua, prisco sermone serentes.
Mænia Arabs tandem scandit, somnoque jacentem
Occidit populum media caligine noctis,
Omnibus ex oculis insignis fugit imago
Desertumque locum liquit plenumque periclis.

GEORGE ALCOCK. 1860.

HEN red hath set the beamless sun
Through heavy vapours dark and dun,
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears half-asleep the rising storm
Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task;
Oft he looks forth and hopes in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain.
Till, dark above and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long with dejected look and whine
To leave the hearth his dogs repine,
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid;
His flock he gathers and he guides
To open downs and mountain sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below;
The blast that whistles o'er the fells
Stiffens his locks to icicles,
Oft he looks back while streaming far
His cottage-window seems a star.

SCOTT.

UUM Sol occiduus sublustri lumine fulgens
Cedit, et in cœlo nubila densa nigrant;
Quum prope dormitans audit defessus arator
Surgentes ventos, dira procella venit,
Percutiens pluviis nimbosis vitra fenestræ
Grandine concreta concutit illa domum:
Qui sonitus pellunt cervos vulpemque dolosam
Ad scopulos duros umbriferumque nemus,
Pastorem mittunt ad dura pericula montis,
Adque ovium curas officiumque vocant;
Sæpe exit, cœlum speculatur et omnia circum,
Sperat ut in pluvias flamina sæva cadant;
At tandem fuscum fit cœlum et candida tellus,
Ningit, et haud longum sub nive terra latet;
Cogitur infelix tandem discedere pastor,
Exit et invitus deserit ille domum.
Inde canes querulis ululatibus omnia complent
Nolentes calidi linquere tecta foci,
Exhortans blande comites ille advocat acres,
Induit et circum pectora fida sagum.
Colligit ille gregem, ducensque ad aperta locorum
Balantes molles per juga montis agit,
Qua, quanquam Boreas perflat sævissimus, alte
Non remanet moles accumulata nivis;
Stiria durescit mento longisque capillis,
Ut gelidus ventus turbine verrit agros.
Respicit et persæpe: procul, ceu stella refulgens,
Apparet caræ parva fenestra casæ.

James Butter. 1861.

UEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep;
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close.
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver,
Give unto the flying hart
Time to breathe, how short soever,
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright.

BEN JONSON.

REGIA venatrix, casta pulcherrima forma,
Occidui somnus lumina solis habet;
Iam tibi in argenteo tempus considere curru,
Et servare tuum, quod fuit ante, decus.
Hesperus en precibus seris tua lumina poscit,
O dea, quæ mira splendida luce micas.

Invida ne, tellus, densas opponere nubes
Dianæ radiis audeat umbra suas;
Cynthia nam cepit splendentem luminis orbem,
Lætitiam ut cælo, sole cadente, daret,
At tua jam facies nobis optantibus adsit,
Quæ, dea, præclaro lumine pulchra nites.

Æquoreis arcum baccis depone coruscum,
Quæque tibi vitrea luce pharetra micat;
Hinnuleusque, fuga quam pellis sæva trementem,
Spirandi, quamvis perbreve, tempus agat,
Quæ radiis noctem gaudes decorare diurnis,
O dea, et eximia fulgida luce micas.

GEORGE ALCOCK. 1861.

T is the day when he was born,
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers nor leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of north and east, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together in the drifts that pass,
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast.

TENNYSON.

King.

TAY, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

King. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murdered by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace, till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away: we may not linger thus.

King. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI.*, pt. 3, I. i. 255.

HOC ille vitam primo iniit die,
Matura quum lux liquerat horridam
Noctem, sub ingenti vapore
Condita purpureis in umbris.
Non flore nostras non folio dapes
Nunc ornat annus; nunc Aquilo ruit
Eurusque nunc horrent acuto
Tecta gelu, glacie severa
Sentes per agros atque rubi rigent,
Et luna silvas lumine frigido
Lustrat vetustas, et fragorem
Nunc foliis viduata raucum
Emittit arbos, dum nive plurima
Nocturna venti flabra ruunt feri,
Undæque præduros severis
Impetibus scopulos lacessunt.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON. 1862.

Ἑ. Μένουσ' ἐμοῦ κλύοις ἄν, ὦ φίλη γύναι.
Μ. πάλαι κλύω περισσά· νῦν δὲ χαίρέ μοι.
Ἑ. σὺ δ' οὖν μενοις ἄν, φίλτατ' ἔρνος, ἔντοπος.
Μ. ἦ που πρὸς ἐχθρῶν ὥστ' ἀποψύχειν βίον;
Ἑ. ὅταν κατέλθω πρὸς δόμους νικηφόρος
ξὺν σοὶ μενῶ δή· νῦν δὲ σὺν ταύτῃ, πάτερ.
Μ. σπεύδωμεν, ὦ παῖ· καὶ γὰρ οὐχ ἕδρας ἀκμή.
Ἑ. οἵκτός μ' ἔχει γυναικὸς, ἣ φιλοῦσ' ἐμὲ
καὶ παῖδα δεινοῖς ὧδε μαίνεται λόγοις.
ἀλλ' αὐτὸν ἐκτίσαιτο φῶτ' ἐπίφθονον,
οὗ λῆμ' ἀναιδὲς, αἰσχροκερδείᾳ φλέγον,
ἀποσπάσει μου σκῆπτρα, χὥσπερ ἀετὸς
πεινῶν ἐμόν τε καὶ τόκου δάψει δέμας.

EDWARD ROSS WHARTON. 1863.

MOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where, collected all,
In one impetuous torrent down the steep
It thundering shoots and shakes the country round;
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad,
Then, whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist and forms a ceaseless shower;
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose,
But, raging still amid the shaggy rock,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts,
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar
It gains a safer bed and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

THOMSON.

LEASANT it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose shady eaves
The shadows hardly move.

LONGFELLOW.

IC placide lentus devolvit flumina rivus
Arvaque lucenti declivia proluit unda,
Inde cadit resonatque, uno torrente propinquum
Præcipiti quatiens campum; latosque per agros
Cæruleus primum levisque effunditur humor,
Mox tamen albescens paullatim decidit unda
Præcipitans, scopulisque emissa sonantibus infra,
Uda velut nubes exsurgit in aera fumi,
Inque auras jactat canos æterna vapores
Perpetuo imbre cadens, tamen hic reperire quietem
Unda agitata nequit, sed saxa per horrida fervet
Per lapides fractos nunc splendida desilit, et nunc
Cursibus obliquis effosso labitur alveo:
Desiliens etiam petit inferiora vaganti
Et rapido cursu, sedato murmure planos
Aggreditur campos, tutisque exinde latebris
Se sinuans tandem subrepit valle quieta.

COURTENAY EDMUND BOYLE. 1863.

ENTIS suave tacentibus,
Quum frondes Zephyrus vix virides movet,
Pronum per tacitum nemus
Sterni, qua tenebras inter et arbores
Sol diverberat ictibus
Umbras, aut radios hinc revocat suos;
Aut qua densior accipit
Frons nullum nitido lumen ab æthere,
Sed crassum foliis nemus
Excludit radios tegmine lucidos,
Ramos consocians nigros,
Umbras nec tacitas lumina commovent.

GERALD STANLEY DAVIES. 1863.

BUT she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws;
"My youth," she said, "was blasted with a curse,
This woman was the cause.

I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears:
My father held his hand upon his face;
I, blinded with my tears,

Still strove to speak; my voice was thick with sighs,
As in a dream dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes
Waiting to see me die.

The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat,
The crowds, the temples waver'd, and the shore;
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;
Touch'd; and I knew no more."

Whereto the other with a downward brow:
"I would the white, cold, heavy-plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind had roll'd me deep below,
Then when I left my home."

Her slow full words sank through the silence dread,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea,
Sudden I heard a voice that cried: "Come here,
That I may look on thee."

TENNYSON.

UM mæstis oculis vultuque aversa superbo
Proceram formam sustulit illa suam:
"Heu mea crudeli damnata est peste juventus,"
Inquit, "et hæc fati fæmina causa fuit.

Spes mihi diffugit tristi in tellure remota,
Nomina vel diri sunt odiosa loci.
Ipse pater vultum manibus velavit amantem
Cæcavitque oculos lacryma multa meos:

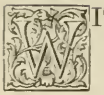
Dicere conabar; vocem suspiria densa
Urgebant, mentem somnia visa premunt.
Obscuros nigris barbis similesque luporum
Aspexi reges, qui mea fata manent.

Æquoreas mali celsi tremuere per undas,
Littora, templa, viri contremuere simul.
Inde meum jugulum transfixit sica trementis
Nescio quæ tarde—præteriitque nefas."

Demissis oculis respondens altera clamat,
"Cur licuit patriam deseruisse domum?
O si, quæ spumis tumidis incanuit, unda
Me cito mersisset viribus icta Noti."

Complevere soni deserta silentia tardi,
Ut mare tranquillum turbida gutta ciet.
Tum mihi clamavit resonans vox alta repente:
"Me quoque ut aspicias, huc, aliene, veni."

JAMES THOMAS HODGSON. 1863.



ITH that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see:
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himself when he a Swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heavens light,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.
Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had Flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the christal Flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre.

SPENSER.

NDE duos vidi candenti corpore cycnos
Remigio molli delabi fluminis undas,
Ales ut has nunquam superaret forma volucres;
Non niveum tegmen, quo lucent culmina Pindi,
Candidiore micat radio; non Iupiter ipse,
Quum voluit Divus cycneam sumere formam—
Nam Ledæ ussit amor—tanto candore refulsit;
Attamen, ut referunt, superavit Leda decorem
Candida divinum; sed vincit forma cycnorum
Vel Ledam; tanto insignes splendore coruscant.
Vel fluvius lenis, cujus gremio unda ferebat,
Fœdus erat visu, qui fluctus parcere pennis
Mobilibus jussit, ne turpior unda nitentes
Fœdaret plumas splendentia corpora lædens,
(Nec minus effulgent illi quam lumina cœli)
Ante diem Veneris—nec abest procul ille—jugalem:
Leniter i, Thamesis, nondum mea carmina desunt.
Protinus et Nymphæ, lectis satis undique sertis,
Ad visum properant, quod nunc argentea proles
Flumina percurrens pellucida labitur amnis:
Astant attonitæ visu, mirataque formas
Lumina non suetas cycnis figuntur in unis.

Kenneth Augustus Muir Mackenzie. 1864.

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length
With little drops of rain:
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stag, that seems so stout,
By yelping hounds at bay is set,
The swiftest bird that flies about
Is caught at length in fowler's net;
The greatest fish in deepest brook
Is soon deceived by subtle hook.

Yea, man himself! unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthy skill
Doth fade at length and fall away:
There is no thing but time doth waste;
The heavens, the earth, consume at last.

But virtue sits, triumphing still,
Upon the throne of glorious fame:
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts not he his virtuous name.
By life or death, whate'er betides,
The state of virtue never slides.

ET duri scopuli fortia robora
Franguntur rabie maris,
Et tandem lapides marmoreos terunt
Guttatim pluviæ leves:
Præbent colla boves imperio jugi,
Vis ferrum domat ictibus.
Cervusque indomitus sistere cogitur;
Latrantesque agitant canes:
Nec pennis volucris qui superat suos
Casses aucupis effugit:
At piscem capiunt flumine maximum
Hamatæ insidiæ cito.
Necnon ipsi homines, quos dominos prius
Terrarum posuit Deus,
Quamvis ingenium docti habeant, tamen
Vani denique decidunt.
Quid tempus fugiens non terit? ultimi
Cum terris pereunt poli.
Sed virtus celebri, non sine gloria,
In famæ solio sedet;
Quanquam membra hominum mors rapit invida,
Virtuti minime nocet:
Mors quodcunque viris vitaque conferent,
Stat virtus proprio loco.

WILLIAM HENRY PAULSON. 1866.

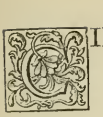
IS sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair,
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
No meaner leaf was seen:
And poets sage, in every age,
About their temples wound
The bay: and conquerors thank'd the gods
With laurel-chaplets crown'd.

WORDSWORTH.

OLDEN hues of youth are fled:
Hoary locks deform my head:
Blooming graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face,
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom!
This awakes my hourly sighing,
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the load,
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more.

T. MOORE.

 INGEBAT variis olim sua tempora Phœbus
Frondibus, ut vatum carmina prisca ferunt,
Et foliis, quæcunque dabat jucundior arbos,
Dicitur his flavas implicuisse comas.
At fugiens Daphne, quæ nullo vincere cursu
Posset amatoris jussa superba dei,
Ex precibus mutata suis radicitus hæsit,
Jamque novo in sylva corpore laurus erat.
Tum scelere admisso, viridi de fronde coronam
Temporibus posuit, laurea serta, deus:
Intonsasque igitur non unquam exinde virebat
Frons inter nitidas turpior ulla comas:
Sic etiam docti per sæcula cuncta poetæ
Hac soliti semper cingere fronde caput:
Sic quoque numinibus grates non victor agebat,
Ni daret assuetum laurea vitta decus.

WILLIAM HENRY PAULSON. 1866.

Τὰ χρώματ' ἦβης πάντ' ἀπήνθησαν νέας,
κόμη δὲ λευκὴ τοὐμὸν αἰσχύνει κάρα,
ἔρως δὲ τερπνὸς χἠ πρὶν ἀκμαία χάρις,
ἄνθη φθίνουσι πάντα τῆς ζωῆς ἐμοί.
γῆρας μαραίνειν δακτύλοις ἄρχει τόδε
δέμας, θανάσιμα δ' ἐγγράφει σημεῖά μοι
χρόνου δέ μοι πέπτωκε πᾶν ἄνθος χάμαι
ἥδιστον· εἰς τὸ μέλλον ὁ σκότος μένει.
κινεῖ καθ' ὥραν ταῦτ' ἐμοὶ στενάγματα,
λυγρὸν γὰρ ἐλπίς ἐστι τοῦ θνήσκειν ἐμοί.
ἔδος σκοτεινόν ἐσθ' ὁ τῶν νεκρῶν δόμος,
ὁδὸς δ' ἐκεῖσε πάντα λυπηρῶς ἄγει,
οὐδ' εἰς ἐκεῖνόν τις ποτ' εἰσελθὼν σκότον
εἰς τοῦτο φέγγος δεῦρό πως ἀνέρχεται.

WILLIAM HENRY PAULSON. 1866.

The Brook.

COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirsty hills I hurry down,
Or slip beneath the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I clatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

TENNYSON.

EST ubi se condunt fulicæ mergique sonori,
Præcipiti cursu lucidus inde ruo:
Mox inter filices, æstiva luce coruscus,
Per vallem querulis in mare labor aquis.

Jam colles inter varios placida æquora volvo,
Jam juga prærapidis celsa lavantur aquis:
Bis denos pagos, urbis sub mœnia parvæ,
Sub pontes solidos, claustra per arcta feror.

Damonis villam tandem campumque peragro,
In fluvium ut rivus flexile tendat iter:
Intereunt homines, mutat sors omnia victrix,
Ast ego in æternum, sorte novante, fluo.

Per vada, deproperans cursum, saxosa resulto;
Jam crebro saltu litora curva lavo.
Jamque sinus tenues contorto vortice inundo,
Jam lapides parvos lympha corusca rigat.

Flexibus innumeris ripæ torquentur amœnæ,
Per campos segnes, læta per arva feror;
Jam juga prætereo splendentia gramine multo,
Qua glaucæ salices udaque malva virent.

Suaviloquos fluctus iterato murmure volvo,
In fluvium ut rivus flexile tendat iter:
Intereunt homines, mutat sors omnia victrix
Ipse sed æternum, sorte novante, fluo.

OLIVER SUTTON WALFORD. 1867.

S when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airy knights and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Œchalia crown'd
With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Æta threw
Into the Euboic Sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle, and complain that fate
Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony,
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended hell and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will and fate;
Fix'd fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute;
And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 533.

UT, quum certa ruina superbis urbibus instat,
Dat monitus cœlum, bellum divinitus ortum
Æthere turbato geritur, certamina jungunt
Nubibus hostiles acies; en agmine primo
Insistunt equites, manibusque hastilia librant;
Corruitur: spissæque catervæ prœlia miscent,
Fervet uterque polus, resonat virtutibus æther.
Dirior hic alios rabies, velut ira Typhoei
Corripit, en montes ipsos evulsaque saxa
Intorquent; alii sublimes turbine currunt,
Continet ingentem strepitum vix Tartarus ipse.
Non aliter quam quum victrices tempore lauros
Lætus ab Æchalia referens Tirynthius heros
Ardebat medias infecta veste medullas
Et gemitu pinus radicitus eruit altas
Thessalicas, summaque Lichan dejecit ab Æta
Æquor in Euboicum. Sejuncti valle quieta
Hinc alii fidibus divino carmine mixtis
Quisque suas celebrant laudes, casusque necesque
Sorte feri Martis: lugent et robora Fati,
Quod sors visque arctos frenet virtutis honores.
Carmine gaudebant vario; concertibus ipse
Tartarus obstupuit: quod nil mirabile dictu,
Quando æterna cient modulamen numina cœlo:
Undique constiterunt turbæ dulcedine captæ:
Hinc alii varios carpunt in colle remoto
Sermones—animum facundia, carmina sensum
Delectant—rerumque volutant ordine causas,
Et præsaga futuri, altasque Prometheos artes,
Atque voluntates, immotaque numina Fati;
Nec finis; rerum variis ambagibus errant.

HARRY INGLIS RICHMOND. 1867.

S when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle, sitting on her rock,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell
Far off,—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers: never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipice
Echo her stormy scream, as she sails by:
As that poor bird flies home nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

M. Arnold.

T quum forte aquilam primo conspexerit anno
Venator, teneros pullos nidumque foventem,
Qua scopulosa lacus ex undis insula surgit,
Pectore surgentis ferrum defigit acutum,
Et repetit volucrem, præceps ubi lapsa ruebat,
Longius: at præda capta redit uxor onustus,
Et procul elatus solos despectat ab alto
Frigore contractos pullos, tum protinus alam
Sistit, et angustos trepidus sinuatur in orbes,
Sollicitusque super nidum rauco ore querelas
Fundit, et absentem crebra voce urget; at illa
Exanimis pectus sæva defixa sagitta,
Valle jacet moriens, ignaro conjuge, cæca,
Et trepide penna tellurem pulsat inani;
Non jam pulchra lacum signabit forma volantis,
Nec scopuli nigri tenebris humore madentes
Aligeræ rauca resonabunt voce sonoræ:
Ut redit infelix ales nescitque dolorem,
Sic etiam ignarus morienti Rustumus ipse
Affuit, et nati conspexit nescius ora.

Frederick George Paulson. 1869.

SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

IV.

SERTUM CARTHUSIANUM.

IV.

Ad gravissimum Dominum A. Pepusium, qui librum splendidissimum cum elegantissima epistola, scriptori miserat.

TER lætus, Pepusi, et quater
Aurato, mihi quem tu dederis, libro,
Et blande calamo tuo
Scripta, quam facio pluris, epistola,
Quid simplex referam puer?
Vox facunda parum est dicere, quæ decet,
Optanti; at bene noveris
Quid gaudi capiam laudibus ex tuis,
Omnes quem toties viri
Ornatum meritis laudibus efferunt.

Anon. circ. 1745.

Lectissimo Gul. Birdio, A. M., Scholæ Carthusianæ Præceptori Alteri,

Perfugium sibi præberi in cisterna ædibus adjacente rogat Pisciculus, qui fistula subterranea a Novo flumine usque ad ædes Carthusianas traductus est, et aqua ex epistomio effluente vivus elapsus.

PER si quid gentis tua pectora tangit aquosæ,
Alterius luctu quippe dolere tuum est;
Pisciculum averso ne lumine temne rogantem,
Quas fundit placida sed cape mente preces.
Sit mihi fas narrare tuli quæ mira relatu,
Quæ non ante alius, quisquis ubique natat.
Dum gracilem constringit hiems asperrima formam,
Et loca, queis fugiam frigora dura, peto,
Mille per anfractus flexisque ambagibus erro,
Queis torta obliquas fistula ducit aquas.
Tempora sub terris misere quam longa trahebam!
Visa nec unquam oculis lux reditura meis.
Carceris at tandem portis exire reclusis
Altera sub purum fors inopina dedit.
Elapsum excepit, palmas tum forte lavabat,
Me puer, o felix, usque sit ille puer.
Non sævo placuit captum illi cædere ludo,
Non lautam in patinis apposuisse dapem.
Longarum at lasso post tædia longa viarum
Sit tecum, detur quod superesse, quies.
Contineat brevibus spatiis cisterna natantem
Si nec stringat aquas aura, nec unda ferat.
Si procul abfuero sociisque et amoribus illis,
Per liquidos placuit cum quibus ire locos;
Luce fruar saltem, fruar æthere lætus aperto,
Et procul insidiis tempora solus agam.

Nullas hic fraudes metuam neque lina neque hamos,
Infestant nec qui flumina magna lupos.
Te modo felicem videam, satis ipse beatus
Siquid agens placeam, pluris at illud erit.

Anon. 1778.

In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria.

ESTIVOS juvenum juvenili carmine ludos
Aggredior: lætos redde, Thalia, modos.
Et tu, Musa, fave—nam tu certamina noscis—
Quam propriam jactat Carthusiana domus.
Tu spectas, quoties, penso studiisque peractis,
Committit juvenum prœlia amica cohors.
His lasciva salus rubicundo insignis honore,
Et largæ ingenii luxuriantis opes.
Præsens, Diva, refer—ludos namque inspicis istos—
Quis nunc in læto gramine victor agat;
Quæ nova progenies studio succrescat eidem,
Æmula majorum nominis atque manus:
Quem juvet orbiculum pedibus calcare volantem,
Quem per plana pilam rura trochumve sequi.
Hic, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, fervens instruit arma cohors.
Stat limes; positaque toga cum veste, juventam
Sollicitam palmæ spesque metusque tenet.
Postquam adeo in partes turbam distinxerit æquas
Fors aut consilium, jungere bella parant.
Sedula olympiacos miretur Græcia ludos,
Prœlia testudo Dis propiora sonet:
Angliacos pariter sua laus, sua gloria tangit,
Æmulus et pueros non minus ardor habet.

Jam sphæra ejicitur celeris contingere metam,
At mediam sistit vis inimica viam.
Illa repulsa volat: celsoque per æthera cursu
Hostibus attonitis non retinenda fugit.
Proximus accedit, quo non præclarior alter
Projicere, aut valida ligna vibrare manu;
Nec minus arte valens celeri sinuamine dextræ
Transverso sphæram verbere pellit humi.
Continuo victor celebraris voce popelli,
Princeps, et nostri magne Corœbe soli.
"Plaudite" festivus reboat simul undique circus,
"Plaudite" responsant atria nigra domus.
Gymnasii princeps, studiis celeberrimus idem,
Exiguam palmam summus honore refert.
Magna premunt animum; modicis sua gratia restat,
Et placet eximiis gloria parva viris.
Di quoque dicuntur sedes mutasse beatas,
Posthabitoque, homini consuluisse, polo.
Deserit Aoniam Phœbus fontesque Aganippes,
Thessalicis gaudens, plus quam Helicone, jugis.
Collibus Admeti cedit Parnassia rupes,
Tuque minus Divo, Pinde superbe, places.

JAMES HENRY MONK. 1799.

Quod petis, hic est.

MPLORANT Ranæ queribundo murmure regem,
Convenit, et ripis garrula turba fremit;
"Da regem, Omnipotens"—hæc vox fuit una rogantum—
"Da regem, Omnipotens," stagna lacusque sonant.
Dat Genitor ridetque preces et inutile lignum
Projicit in medias fulminis instar aquas.

Attonitæ fugiunt, vitantque pericula casus,
Dum nova confundunt flumina dona Dei.
Hic est, quod petitis; regem, Pater inquit, habetis;
Jam colite acceptum, qua decet arte, ducem."
Hæ capiunt animos prius, et miracula molis
Intuitæ posito ligna timore premunt.
Insultant regi ridentque ingentia terga,
Regales humeros tangere quamque juvat:
Risibus at fessæ, " verum da, Jupiter," aiunt,
Regem, qui sceptrum fortis opemque ferat.
His Pater—" Insanæ, vobismet damna precantes,
Rex alius pariter sceptra necemque feret.
Gens erit imbelli sapiens contenta tyranno,
Hic est quod petitis—non ego vota nego."
Hæc ubi dicta, gruem ranis cum fulmine mittit,
Quæ sævo populum devorat ore suum.
Nunc grue sub domino cædes et vulnera vastant,
Deperit et precibus gens populata suis.

JAMES HENRY MONK. 1799.

Nilus.

* * * * * *

CONTINUO properant anni spem credere terræ
Niligenæ; et nigros felici uligine limi
Agricola incurvo campos molitur aratro.
Nec mora: triticei fetus, et læta virescunt
Gramina: per cœlum volvit se fluctus odorum;[1]

[1] After the Nile has retired, nothing can be more charming than the face which Egypt presents in rising corn, vegetables, and verdure of all sorts. Oranges, lemons, and fruits perfume the air: grapes, figs, and palm-trees, of which wine is made, are here plentiful.—*Guthrie.*

Et qua jam celabat agros incursus aquaï,
Luxuries illic segetum, pomaria, flores,
Magnaque ab exiguo surgit tritura labore.
Arboreæ veniunt frondes, et flumina late
Curva tenent; lactens ficus, generosaque vitis,
Palmaque Idumæis Bacchi dant pocula ramis.
Aspice! quot magnum stipant animalia Nilum;
Quot summa gaudent in aqua colludere pisces;
Quot volucres largos humeris infundere roros,
Mox auras petere, et splendere natantibus alis!
Ecce! vagæ alcyones, et amantes littora mergi;
Ecce! sibi indulgent fulicæ; notosque Penates
Ibis inaccessa circumvolat ardua penna.
Bos etiam in ripis pallentes ruminat herbas
Et fessus grex haurit aquas: stant cespite vivo
Miranturque suas vaccæ sub gurgite formas,
Aut levi speculo credentes mollia membra
Immensum desiderium sensere bibendi.
Adde tot in thalamo Nili miracula rerum;
Venas argenti, venas non secius auri;
Crystalli radios, pendentia pumice tecta,
Tritonasque cavis spirantes carmina conchis.
Haudquaquam ergo hiemis Phariis in vallibus horret
Tempestas; quoniam posses tum florea rura,[1]
Tum fortunati messes spectare Canopi.
Haudquaquam ergo æstas, ubi jam Gangisque vel Indi
Nonnullam opposito partem sol detrahit æstu,
Epotusque fugit radiis ardentibus humor;
Aut Nilum coquit, aut campos indurat hiulcos.
Felicem Ægyptum! primas ibi Græcia luces[1]
Sumit: ibi stringit reges ad lora Sesostris,
Victoresque duos dulci Cleopatra catena

[1] Vide Claudian. Ep. de Nilo.

Implicat, et roseæ mollis violentia formæ.
Felicem Ægyptum! non illi fata negarunt
Serta coloratæ gremium pingentia terræ:
Illa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga cœli
Floret; non illo liquidis flent littore guttis[1]
Imbres perpetui, nec roris gemmeus humor,
At Phœbi usque jubar, Phœbique innubilus aër
Emicat, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

* * * * *

James Shergold Boone. 1816.

Xerxes.

* * * * *

IPSE Asiæ Princeps, circumdatus agmine Regum
Atque ducum, celebri solio sedet altus, et ambas
Jam classes de monte videt certare paratas.
Dumque suas cernit naves splendore micantes,
Auroque et signis, (sed enim latuere tyrannum
Cecropidum fraudes) felicis mente triumphi
Concipit augurium; optatas jam sumere pœnas
Audet ovans animo, victisque illudere Graiis.
Qualis sacra Jovi volucris rapido impete fertur,
Aspiciens nitidi squamas et terga draconis:
Ast ipsam mors certa manet, tamen inscia fati
Præpes in horribilem se protinus injicit hostem.
Haud aliter contra Danaos cum navibus ibant
Innumeris Persæ, et secum traxere ruinam.
Nec quicquam auxilio miseris prodesse Tyrannus

[1] Vide Claudian. Ep. de Nilo.

Ipse potest, tingi videt undas sanguine fuso;
Undique Medorum spargi super æquora classem,
Remosque, et laceras jactari in gurgite puppes.
Tum rate si fracta, si mille pericula passus,
Forte quis ad terram fugiens, Salamina natando
Jam tangit, Graii vel saxis eminus urgent
Littora prensantem manibus, vel multa precantis
Incassum duro pectus mucrone recludunt.

Quæ mala tunc passi Persæ, quos læsa dolores
Numina miserunt, testes Rhodopeiæ arces,
Altaque Pangæa, et Rhesi Mavortia tellus.
Hinc irati hostes, illinc misera agmina vexat
Importuna fames, hiemisque procella minacis,
Et Boreale gelu; perculsaque turba timore
Nunc precibus Solem insuetis implorat: at ille
Aversus faciem tenebras obducit, et atra
Celatus nebula non vult audire precantes.
Agmina deseruit trepidus formidine Princeps,
Littoraque Europæ nullo comitante relinquit.

THOMAS ROBINSON ALLAN. 1817.

Ad Paupertatem.

* * * * *

TE nauta sollers indocilis pati
Solvit carinas, et mare navigat
Tumultuosum, te perhorrens
Durus Iber fodit e cavernis
Terræ metalli pondera, et Æthiops
Malas viatori insidias struit:
Nil pauper intactum relinquit
Ut fugiat tua sæva vincla.

Sed qua, remoto stratus in angulo,
Squalore fœdus languet humi miser,
Et fractus immani laborum
Duritia miseroque casu;
Audire fletus, et videor preces,
At rupibus tu surdior Icari
Nec temperas vultus rigorem,
Nec misero removes catenas,
Famisque morbique incutiens minas;
Geluque puri pectoris impetum
Constringis, instigasque versam
In scelerum genus omne mentem.

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THOMAS ROBINSON ALLAN. 1818.

Ignis.

* * * * * *

PRÆCIPUE vero divinæ munera flammæ,
Æthere seu liquido, seu fibris abdita terræ,
Cœlestem ostendunt ortum, Regemque fatentur.
Tuque, o, qui nitidam suspendens lampada cœlo,
Sol, toties lucem peragis, totiesque tenebras,
A quo demissi terrestria damna calores
Continuo reparant, moderanturque aëra cursu;
Ad quem cœruleo perfundens lumine plumas
Exultans aquila irriguas super ardua nubes
Involat, Eoaque dies invitat ab aula;
Tu veluti sponsus lætans, similisque giganti
Robora, mira equitans diffundis gaudia curru;
Ore tuo æternæ referuntur luminis arces.

Ergo, omni sive in vivorum corpore regnat,
Seu silicis venas abstrusus pascitur ignis,
Sive super volitans undantes temperat auras,
Illi fons sol est ipse et cœlestis origo.
Atque ubi terrestres jam ver geniale per oras
Purpuream spirat lucem, renovatque calores,
Tunc gremio lætus cœlestem concipit ignem
Campus, et assiduo depromit munera vultu;
Tunc cito mitescunt quas humida bruma pruinas
Infudit, gramenque nova viret usque juventa.
Post, ubi sole ardet rubro violentior æstas,
Arvaque jam rectis radiis tepefacta coquuntur,
Plenior incubuit terræ calor, omniaque in se
Stagna haurit, succosque æstu sustollit inertes;
Hinc avidis arbor potans radicibus undam
Truncumque et ramis perfundit poma liquore;
Hinc et aromaticas fundens ex cortice guttas
Galbaneos Oriens in sylvis flavit odores;
Discit et hinc nitidis ornari Persia gazis
Et lapides haurit radianti luce decoros;
Unde apices regum referunt cœlestia signa
Cœrulea sapphiro, et flammam imitante pyropo,
Quæque die præstant adamantina sidera fontes.
Post, ubi jam brevior lux est, et mollior æstus,
Auctumnusque fovens terras incumbit ab alto,
Occulti fruges flavescunt viribus ignis,
Mitis et aprico ridet vindemia colli.
Denique, quum campos constringit bruma pruinis,
Obscurumque premunt pallentes aëra nubes,
Amplius haud vario diffulget terra colore,
Sed campum horrentem glebis glacieque peresum
Plorat, et amissum sulcis lacrymantibus ignem.

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EDWARD CHURTON. 1818.

Caramania.

* * * * * *

TERRA procul sese bimaris protendit in æquor
Et medius sectam gemino laterum objice frangit
Isthmus aquam. Innumeris tenuerunt classibus olim
Sidetæ; portusque amplos, et mœnia circum,
Marmoreosque gradus, et clara theatra locarunt.
Sæpe in deserta latitans statione, rapaces
Dum latro insidias ratibus molitur onustis,
Hic cæcum hospitium reperit, cymbaque refecta
Prædam, et mæsta parat per latos funera fluctus.
Protinus inflexum multo sinuamine littus
Porrigitur, versasque urbes et tristia regna
Ostendit longe, aut structis in margine summo
Passim crebra notat functorum tecta sepulchris.
Jam summa apparet surgens Coracesium ab unda
Sydrææque arces; jam cautibus ardua celsis
Magnifica attollit se majestate Selinus
Ostentans titulos monumentaque ditia regum.
Hinc in conspectu Cilicum jacet undique tellus[1]
Urbesque, et toto numerantur littore portus.
Hinc etiam ante oculos longe Cythereia Cyprus
Cernitur exoriens, faciemque simillima peltæ,
Aut qualis placido suspendens marmore nidos
Alcyone Thetidis summæ levis innatat undæ.
Quid referam insignem tortis Sarpedona saxis,

[1] The evening was clear, and this spot afforded a beautiful prospect; we could trace the coast that had been already explored to an immense distance; the plain, with its winding rivers and ruins, was spread out like a map at our feet. We had also a distinct view of the island of Cyprus, rising from the southern horizon, though more than sixty-five geographical miles distant.

Quoque modo bibulam assiduc Calycadnus arenam
Deducens solido frenaverit aggere pontum?
Quid croceos fetus, et quæ vernantia semper
Corycii montis penitus virgulta sub antro[1]
Frondent, æstivo nunquam tepefacta calore:
Quid furtim occultos rapientia flumina cursus
Expediam, segnesque moras per dædala rerum
Moliar? Ecce procul Pompeia mœnia surgunt,
Marmoreæque nitent arces, et porticus ingens
Bis centum apparet celsis innixa columnis.

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Joseph William Allan. 1819.

Loo-Choo.

(See Capt. B. Hall's Account of the Island.)

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PARTIBUS Eois felix jacet insula, famæ
Nota parum, neque adhuc sacris memorata Camœnis,
Quamvis non alia agricolæ tellure videtur
Tantus honos, tanta aut fecundi gloria campi.
Dum procul horribilem exercet discordia cædem,
Atque inimica parat miseris mortalibus arma;
Sanguine dum spumant segetes, et prata colonus
Tectaque respiciens regnis excedit avitis;
Hic homines sævo ignari deperdere ferro
Otia agunt, nullis unquam vexata querelis,
Nec tuba raucisono ad bellum movet agmina cantu.
Hæc loca non duræ premit inclementia brumæ,

[1] Vide Strabo, Lib. xiv.

Nec nimia ardescens radiis ferventibus æstas ;
At morbi tristes absunt, atque horrida, febres,
Agmina, nec miseros Auster depascitur artus :
Tam procul hinc macies, et pallida mortis imago,
Tam dolor humanæque ægra infortunia vitæ ;
Ut credas iterum in terris Saturnia regna
Surgere, et ex auro rursus revirescere seclum.
Nequicquam croceos Tmolus devolvit odores,
Gargara mirantur messes, sua thura Sabæi :
Hic proprio quodam naturæ munere surgit,
Quicquid quæque suum regio sibi vindicet una ;
Hic variæ fruges non ulla lege videntur
Crescere, et æternum mirari Copia regnum.
Finibus his nuper, (famæ si credere dignum est)
Agrestem vixisse ferunt ; cui barba per annos
Plurima jam longos cecidit, variæque verendam
Impressere cutem rugæ, tristisque senectus.
Ille casa angusta princeps degebat, et almo
Decedente die, ad magalia sera revertens,
Prædives, cœnabat inops ; illi Indica farra,
Et curare fuit milium, vel cædere ramos
Ingenti a pinu, vel olentia carpere poma.
Fortunate senex ! semper tua poma virescent,
Purpureæ semper messes, robustaque farra,
Nec devastabit patrias has miles aristas.
Fortunate senex ! hic certo tempore menses
Deponent fetus, nec non, tua cura, palumbes
Aeriæ placido suadebunt murmure somnum.

* * * * *

William Jago. 1820.

Coriolanus.

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AMQUE ibant (ea sola salus) longo ordine matres
Quæsitum optatam, dederint modo numina, pacem;
Pectora tunsa sonant palmis, dejectaque colla
Crebra rigat passos lacryma interfusa capillos;
Totum funereis nigrescit vestibus agmen
Neniaque auditur muliebri concita questu;
Mæstitia insignis per castra inimica, per arma
Ducit iter conjux geminaque Veturia prole.
Utque suum agnovit media inter corpora natum,
Procumbitque genu posito, indulgetque querelis
Suppliciter tristis, moveat si pectora, mater.
" Si taceam, mæsta hæc vestis fusique capilli,
Qui tantus languentem animum depascitur angor;
Ostendent satis: ah miseri! queis irrita vota
Nec sperare datur fractis solatia rebus.
Pacem a te petimus: terra sparsa ossa recenti
Funeraque ante diem multa grassantia cæde
Vidimus: has fletu satis est novisse ruinas.
Ast ego quid referam?—neque enim facundia linguæ
Illaque canities capitis non digna ferentis
Aversum movere animum. Me plurima jussit
Per somnum apparens umbra exturbata parentum
Exire e tectis in castra ardentia ferro,
Si mater possim nati exsuperare furores.
Væ mihi! solabar falsa inter gaudia curas,
Quando omni studio cunabula amata fovebam.
Tune inopem, immitis! potuisti linquere matrem,
Tu vitæ spes sola? ergo labor ille parentis

Effusus, tristemque traham sine honore senectam.
Nec mihi natus erit, quum mors induxerit umbras,
Frigida qui placido componat membra sepulcro.
Has per te lacrymas oro, per jura parentis,
Respice res lapsas patriæ, atque hanc exue mentem,
Seclaque compositæ carpant læta otia pacis.
Sic tibi sancta fides, memorum sic corda nepotum
Persolvent meritos ævi venerantis honores.
Sin autem obtusas immobilis obstruis aures,
Si tibi pulsus amor nostri, nec cura precantis,
I, pete regna hostis, cape tela, incendia misce,
Et rabiem saturent disjecta palatia Romæ;
Ipsa operi accingor; mihi tu jam funeris auctor,
Ante tuam matrem aspicies abrumpere vitam,
Quam patrios inter cineres spatiabere victor."
Hoc fletu infractæ vires: dolor acrior ardet:
Voceque materna pariter lacrymisque movetur
Marcius, et rabidas jamdudum avertitur iras.

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WILLIAM PENRICE BORRETT. 1821.

Constantinus.

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ROSTHAC (ardet enim populum renovare labantem,
Et miseram sarcire urbem, invisique Tyranni
Diruere imperium) turmis victricibus arces
Oppugnare parat turritaque mœnia Romæ.
Nequicquam abrupti nebulosa cacumina montes
Rupibus oppositis tollunt, fluviique tumentes
Montanis nivibus pulsant spumantia saxa.

Rumpit iter tamen impavidus, per saxa, per hostes,
Impatiensque moræ; Eridani turbata fluenta
Transit, et aërii celsum caput Appennini.
Nubibus en! liquidis solitam medio æthere sedem
Occupat, ac secum deducens mille tenebras
Occiduus placidum circumdat Vesper Olympum:
Jamque ille ante alios formaque insignis et armis
(Ardua enim frons et sublimia lumina latum
Imperium ostentant majestatemque verendam)
Ingreditur, veterum volvens discrimina regum
Incertasque vices, cum scissis nubibus æther
Fulgenti erubuit flamma, cœloque micans crux
Visa novos superans radios lucemque Diei,
Primus ubi eöos montes illuminat aureo
Incumbens curru: tanto obstupuere catervæ
Prodigio, et tristes iras metuere Deorum.
At vero ille novis ardescens lumina flammis
Clamat ovans: "Deus, ecce Deus! Cœlestia signa
Nosco, atque insolitas duco ex hoc omine vires.
Cernite enim qua se roseis e nubibus ignis
Explicuit, fulsitque notis ubi conscius æther,
Hoc Signo Vinces. Roma indignata Tyrannum,
Impatiensque jugi, libertatemque priorem
Exoptans, nostra arma vocat." Sic fatus, et idem
Omnes ardor habet; juvat omnes horrida inire
Prœlia, et oppressæ auxilio succurrere genti.

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John Griffith Cole. 1822.

Templum Dianæ Romæ conditum.

* * * * *

SILICET his annis delubri fama Dianæ
Latius errabat, quod et ædificasse labore
Communi gentes Asiæ sumptuque feruntur;
Hæc etiam Romam longinquam venit ad urbem,
Regemque incendit stimulis et pectora movit.
Fanum igitur Romæ (neque enim spes ulla Latinis
Imperii toties devictis Marte manebat)
Conjunctos Divæ populos attollere jussit.
Inde, dato jussu, fani fundamina ponunt;
Continuo velut in numerum portare laborant
Ingentem farris cumulum, brumæque futuræ
Formicæ memores frumentis horrea complent,
Turba viam nigrans perfusam obscurat, onusque
Aut humeris tendunt crebris aut voce morantes
Irata objurgant; denso agmine semita fervet:
Haud aliter manibus populi nova mœnia condunt,
Templique ardentes jaciunt fundamina, cessat
Nulla manus, cunctos simul ardor habetque movetque,
Totaque paullatim consurgit protinus ædes.

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FREDERICK FARRE. 1822.

Templum Dianæ Romæ conditum.

* * * * *

SPLENDIDA consurgit moles: laquearibus aurum,
Aurum parietibus fulget, mirabile visu,
Marmore contextum puro, radiisque vagantes
Mille oculos stringit varia sub imagine lucis.
Splendor ubique volat tremulus: ceu præbet amœnus

Umbram lucus, ubi quercus viridesque cupressi
Consociant nemorum tenebras: vix clarus ab alto
Phœbus adit, frondesque valet penetrare sub imas:
At si forte jubar latebras attingit opacas,
Nunc huc nunc illuc tremulam mirabere lucem
Jactari, circumque illudit mobilis error.
Haud aliter miro ludit vaga gloria tecto
Reddita; divitiis splendent ingentibus altæ
Interiora domus et conferta undique gaza.
Scilicet illa Ephesi steterat vix pulchrior olim,
Egregia totum fama vulgata per orbem,
Cui tecta excelsæ plus centum vasta columnæ
Fulcibant, regum totidem monimenta priorum.

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EDWARD BLENCOWE. 1822.

Nidus Columbinus.

* * * * *

PRINCIPIO sedes quærunt, ubi ponere nidos
Conveniat, seu qua muscoso in pumice cæcæ
Hospitium præbent latebræ, seu frigus amœnum
Populeæ frondes nemore interiore ministrant.
Quod superest, virgulta legunt muscoque virenti
Tecta linunt: Hic assidue noctesque diesque
Fida sedet conjux, illamque nec improba cogit
Esuries, nec veris opes Zephyrive tepentis
Illecebræ suadent dulcem intermittere curam.
Interea opposita sublimis in arbore nidi
Stat socius, blandoque diem celerare morantem
Murmure amat: vel, cum rapido fugit illa volatu
Parcum collectura cibum per florida rura,
Occupat ille locum, qua pectore amata calenti

Ova premit, nidosque suo fervore tuetur.
Tempus adest; cura assidua nutrita parentum
Exiit in lucem proles, nova pectora matris
Opprimit anxietas, victum clamore requirunt
Perpetuo; volat extemplo per rura maritus
Frugiferumque refert milium, baccasque tumentes,
Gutturaque optato distendit hiantia victu.

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JOHN GRIFFITH COLE. 1822.

Lear.

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N vero infelix genitor, quem nulla furentem
Tempestas retinet, non ullus cursibus obstat
Dumus, at infirmos constrictis vepribus artus
Nudatasque comas lacerat; qua sævior urget
Ventus, et effusus descendit plurimus imber,
Fertur inops animi: non cœli fulgura sentit,
Non furias hiemis, neque agentes frigora nimbos:
Scilicet intestina suo sub corde dolorum
Asperior versatur hiems; furor improbus urget,
Et rapit implacida victos vertigine sensus.
Non aliter quam cum muros exercitus urbis
Obsidione tenet, si tandem everterit arcem,
Sola salus, mœstique cadit spes ultima belli.
Ergo ubi divinæ est ereptus spiritus auræ,
Sanguineo glaucum multa vi torquet in orbe
Lumen, et exustas fauces premit arida lingua:
Incipit insanire furens, bacchansque videtur
Ipse sibi ultrici natas urgere flagello,

Per campos sylvasque sequens perque avia lustra,
Tartareas vocitare canes, cognataque membra
Diripere, et fuso visum satiare cruore.
Sed tandem insanis victus conatibus, æger
Deficit; intereunt vires: collapsaque membra
Inter dura cadunt instrato saxa cubili.
At veluti, postquam cecidit fragor Amphitrites,
Latius ignavos tenuerunt otia fluctus,
Turbatæ tandem succedit inertia menti;
Tum vero solus secum spatiatur in umbra
Perque silens flumen, malesanaque tempora circum,
Tempora regali dudum decorata corona,
Urticas nectit tristes, albamque cicutam.
Aut per rura vagans concussis pabula quærit
Cornis, et rabidam solatur glandibus alvum;
Unguibus aut ægre terram rimatur; et escam
Nisibus effodiens miseram jejunia pellit,
Tristiaque ex viridi stagno sibi pocula sumit.

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JOHN DESBOROW WALFORD. 1823.

Crœsus.

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TALIA dicentem[1] spernit rex turbidus ira,
Nec secus Atrides Cassandram arcana moventem
Sprevit, et obstruxit male surdam incredulus aurem.
Scilicet ambrosios illi præbebat odores
Tmolus, et unguentum graviter spirantis amomi;

[1] Sc. Solonem.

Pactolusque, auri sudans in margine guttas,
Illi floriferas valles et amœna vireta
Irrorabat aqua: nec bello clara priorum
Ullo se tantum jactarat Lydia rege.
Eversas Asiæ dabat unus jura per urbes,
Hinc, ubi Threicii prope flumina Thermodontis
Fœminea armantur lunatis agmina peltis;
Illinc, Taurus ubi media inter nubila surgens
Cautibus oppositis australes terminat oras:
Nec minus Ægæo tum primum in littore Graii
Barbarico norant victi parere tyranno,
Et sua vix Epheson poterat Diana tenere.
Ebrius ille ergo fortunæ munere dulci,
Nescius heu! Nemesis quas ingerat invida sortes,
Aurea securæ carpebat gaudia vitæ.
Quales, vere novo cum ridet dædala tellus,
Ludentes volgo pecudes errare videbis
Qua lubet: ast illas venientis damna procellæ
Improvisa premunt; de cœlo fulmina mittit
Jupiter, et terris violentior ingruit imber.

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JOHN ATKINSON FULTON. 1824.

Auctumnus.

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VIDES, ut æstas mollior, et vigor
Anni senescat? dum Zephyri tacet
Susurrus, et convexa cœli
Cœrula temperies serenat;

Admurmurantis vix nebulæ procul
Amnis meatu leniter insident,
Sylvæque se pallor recedens
Induit in dubios colores.
Neque his Voluptas nulla redintegrat
Pratis honores messis: Io, sonant
Cantus puellarum, et Juventæ
Risus ovans super ore ludit.
Signet Cometes sanguineo licet
Nocturna tractu nubila, nec facem
Det Luna consuetam: coloni,
Quos foveant, hilarisque pubes,
In corde sensus, pocula Liberi,
Et nox avitis dedita fabulis,
Nec parva messorum corona, et
Mista choris joca feriatis
Testantur: O si rura Theocritus
Rursus beato pectore viseret,
Rerumque, quas olim canebat,
Delicias iterare posset
Amore raptus: seu loca vitium
Serpente nexu gratia vestiat,
Et livido turgens racemo
Italiæ decus æmuletur;
Seu digna regnis Alcinoi pyra
Ostendat hortus malaque roscida,
Prematque decerptas puella
Dente nuces, neque mella temnat.

* * * * *

John Brome. 1825.

Rura Cano Rurisque Deos.

* * * * *

AUT mihi raptato insolita dulcedine ferri
Detur, ubi pagi vicinia comminus herbas
Miscet odoratas, et strati gratia ruris
Panditur ad Solem, puerique ascendere plaustra
Aut tenera exultim gaudent per gramina volvi,
Dividit et virgo mellita voce canorem.
Nec longum, et mites quando Sol duplicat umbras
Occiduus, radiisque relucent saxa, juventus
Ludos ducit, ubi ramorum umbracula texunt
Hospitium, cantuque fovet Philomela colonum.
Jamque choros dulces inter, scenasque virentes
Ire mihi videor. Juvat exercere palæstram,
Qua pater antiqua certamina ponit in ulmo,
Atque alia ex aliis oblectant gaudia cœtus.
Quis nescit lætosque jocos, hilaresque choreas,
Eloquiumve oculi, et facunda silentia nymphæ
Suaviter in comitem obliquos meditantis amores,
Dum natæ invigilat voltu pia cura parentis.
Vidi egomet, multa circum glomerante corona,
Narrantis dum quisque inhians pendebat ab ore,
Vidi egomet, tremula sagam memorare loquela
Somnia nocturna, et quoties densa ingruit umbra
Ut mœsti volitant Manes, lateque videntur
Tartareas quassare faces; ipsamque, legentem
Intentis oculis palmarum signa, futuri
Temporis ambages vitæque evolvere sortes.
Interea rubeis mulctralia plena lacertis
Dulce puella canens portat; vel segnius agmen
Ægra boum cauda vestigia verrit; aratorque

Effigiem Lunæ puram sine nube salutat.[1]
Felix, si nusquam ferales noctua cantus
Integret, aut tremula scintillans luce paludem
Pervolitet[2] vapor, ac mentitos induat ignes.
Felix, si desolatas[3] formidine turris
Invita prætergrediens impune ruinas
Agrestes tumulos[4] inter mœstasque cupressos
Culmina villarum rursus fumantia cernat.

* * * * *

JOHN BROME. 1825.

Urbs.

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MANE novo surgens quum findit nubila Phœbus,
Culmina quot videas totam fumare per urbem,
Quot sonitus varios miscerier undique late
Accipias, tractimque hominum increbrescere murmur.
Hic validi properant opera ad Vulcania fabri;
Passibus hic fessis clavam vigilemque lucernam
Custodes noctis referunt; rubrisve lacertis
Strenua sustentat mulctralia plena virago.
Nec minus interea juvat inspectare labores
Artificumque manus;[5] radio subtemen acuto
Inserit ut textor, digitisque micantibus urget,
Crescentemve ferit densanti pectine telam:
Turget ut in ventrem flatu liquefacta flagranti[6]
Igne silex, variaque novas capit arte figuras:

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[1] In some parts of England it is the custom at the prime of the moon to say, "It is a fine moon, God bless her."—BRAND.

[2] Ignis fatuus. [3] Haunted houses. [4] Churchyards.

[5] The weaver. [6] The glassblower.

Insignes ut Marte viros formaque puellas[1]
Marmore de Pario sculptor posuisse laborat;
Phidiacamque petit famæ sine fraude coronam.
Hic, qua parte vides fumo vitiarier auras[2]
Ætherias, mistaque vomi fuligine nubem;
Ardentes rapida prunæ in fornace subactæ
Sulphuream exspirant animam, quæ pabula flammæ
Ferratis subvecta tubis diversa ministret;
Lampades ignito ut per longas aere noctes
Pascantur, miroque abigant fulgore tenebras.
O utinam lux illa, nigras quæ discutit umbras,
Pelleret exitiale nefas, furumque tumultus.
Sed nondum rediere urbi Saturnia regna:
En, manibus sontem ducunt post terga revinctis
Lictores, ædesque petunt,[3] ubi prætor eburno
Innixus solio, et trabea fulgente decorus,
Crimina cognoscens, edicit jura, brevemque
Litibus imponit finem, pœnasque reposcit.

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CHARLES HEBERT. 1826.

Xerxes, Græciam invasurus, Pergamenos alloquitur.

HEROD. vii. 43.

SALVETE vos o qui patrias adhuc
Sedes tenetis Pergami, et avia
Per rura natalesque sylvas
Frondiferæ volitatis Idæ;
Jucunda vobis munera Liberi
Libamus auro. Cernite prosperi
Rem nostram, et emissas ab omni
Impavidas Oriente turmas,

[1] The statuary. [2] A gasometer. [3] Mansion-house.

Quæ barbarorum nunc memores patrum,
Velut serena crebra cohors apum
Æstate, densata caterva
Iliacis glomerantur oris.
Nempe his in oris Dux Priameius
Fortis superbam temnere Græciam
Et mille vexatus carinis
In decimum superabat annum,
Favente Phœbo; Dardanidis tamen
Effugit omnis gloria, Peleo
Quum natus in pugnas rediret,
Æthereis decoratus armis,
Ultor Patrocli; tum fugientium
Multis repletus corporibus stetit
Scamander; et victis iniquæ
Priamidis vetuere lances
Tardare fatum: scilicet, heu, nefas,
Videre cives pulvere sordidum,
Videre raptari quadrigis
Exanimum Andromaches maritum.
Eheu, verendum nec pietas caput,
Nec magna canum progenies patrem
Servabat, antiquas in aulas
Vi patria simul irruebat
Pyrrhus recenti sanguineus nece.
Tum victa flammis concidit Ilios,
Arcesque; damnatumque tristi
Trojugenum genus omne leto.
Sed non inultos terra teget viros,
Præsens superbam mox Deus Hellada
Adibo, et eversas Athenas
Ipse gravi jaculabor igne.

George Stovin Venables. 1826.

Henricus Octavus.

* * * * *

ÆTIOR hinc mœstis succedit scena querelis;
Ire per irriguas valles et dulcia rura,
Colle sub Ardeo[1] et virides penetrare recessus,
Pinguis ubi extremis colitur Picardia campis,
Legiaque in Scaldin placido devolvitur amne,
Correptus videor; cerno rutilantia late
Agmina; purpureis cerno tentoria velis,
Ferratasque acies, florentesque ære catervas.
Mille repercussos adverso sole colores
Arda refert, fusoque super ditescit in auro.
Finitimas cerno fœdus componere gentes,
Et geminum[2] solem, et duplex se ostendere regnum,
Vibrari gladios, galeas nutare comantes,
Fervere equos, croceo campos insternier ostro,
Gallicaque Angliacis celebrari litora ludis.
Martius eximio primas rex ipse catervas
Lustrat equo, telumque immani mole coruscans,
Hortatur socios, simulataque suscitat arma.
Quis procul ille autem, medium quem plurima cingit
Turba, coronatum civili tempora quercu?
Quis procul Eoo regum insignitus amictu
Incedit, gradiensque viros supereminet omnes,
Arduus? agnosco tonsos de more capillos
Pontificis; nosco vultum incessumque superbum
Illius, infidos recto qui lumine fluctus

[1] Arde in Picardy, the scene of the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I.—Shaks. *Henry VIII.* Act i. Sc. 1.

[2] "Those suns of glory, those two lights of men."—*Ibid.*

Aspiciens, fortis tentare undantia rerum
Æquora: nunc tumidis victor subit ostia velis,
Nescius, ah, quantæ sera sub nocte procellæ
Immineant, quantas exspectet Vespera prædas.

* * * * *

JOSEPH ST. JOHN YATES. 1827.

Syracusæ ab Atheniensibus Obsessæ.

* * * * *

PÆNE victor, nominis Attici
Spes altera, O cui vivida prœliis
Tum corda, tum spectata virtus,
Vim revocans animosque fessis,
Quum Luna tantas haud miserans vices
Victis negaret deficiens facem,
Et quum laborantes catervæ
Assinari obruerentur alveo.
Ornate, Musæ Sicelides, locum,
Ornate sertis busta ducum piis,
Quos sorte conjunctos acerba
Perdidit ambitio suorum.
Nam quis silebit te, male providis
Qui semper obstans consiliis sagax,
Tandem ferebaris procella,
Digne senex meliore fato?
Morboque curisque, heu, quoties dolens
Vultu gerebas lætitiam, tuis
Solamen, uni tristis ipsi,
O patriæ nimium fidelis?

Sed, te relicto, Socraticus puer
Sacræ abnegarat se comitem rati
  Longinqua frustra metienti,
    Et Lacedæmonias ad urbes
Gratus per undas transfuga venerat:
Fastidienti nempe aderat dolor
  Infestus, et sævis agebat
    Ambitio juvenem flagellis.
Talem auspicati gloria principi
Superbientes ducit ad exitum?
  Nam cuncta terrarum, potentes
    Æquoris, imperio subacta
Vani putabant Cecropidæ suo.
Ergo insolentes, en, patitur vices,
  Et mœret, hostilis catervæ
    Ludibrium, Siculis in arvis
Captiva pubes, quot neque carceris
Gelu, nec ardor torridus, enecans,
  In vincla servarit, probrosi
    Relliquiæ et monumenta belli.
Sed dulcis olim dat miseris opem
Euripidei nenia carminis,
  Dum victor invita subactus
    Cecropios bibit aure luctus.

* * * *

HENRY B. W. CHURTON. 1827.

Navigium vi vaporis impulsum.

* * * * *

SCILICET, insinuans sese, corpuscula fervor
Laxat aquæ, solitoque vetans coalescere motu
Perpetua in calidos expandit lege vapores,
Qui spatia ampla petant, prorumpantque omnia cursu,
Aut vacuum immisso densati frigore linquant.
Hæc Natura dedit sollerti provida cura
Principia. Hinc arctis infra fornacibus[1] ardor
Igneus, et vasto circumdata flamma lebeti[2]
Exagitat vivos per devia claustra calores.
Huic superimposito fervens ex ære vaporem
Unda ciet, pressaque furens exæstuat ira.
Inde, errore vago complens arcana tuborum,
Spiritus effrenis ruit, impulsuque secundo,
Implet uti sano venas in corpore sanguis,
Percurrit varias partes, totamque gubernat
Lege sua invisus navem; tum denique, victus
Frigoribus, redit in sese, justosque liquores
Exhausto tandem immittit revolutus aheno.
Prima adeo teretis moles calefacta cylindri[3]
Hinc illinc alterna patet, geminisque vaporem
Accipit immissum portis: hinc massa[4] movetur
Infixa impulsu duplici, supraque recepta
Vi premitur, per inane cadens: nam utrinque vacefit
Frigore densanti spatium: spirabilis inde
Infusus contra vapor, atque elata vicissim
Massa redit; premitur rursus, celerique recursu
Summa petit; simul adjunctam conamine vasto

[1] Furnace. [2] Boiler. [3] Cylinder. [4] Piston.

Summovet ipsa trabem,[1] paribus tollensque premensque
Ictibus; hinc axis pendet; tum circulus,[2] infra
Additus, incerto sua per vestigia jactu
Passibus haud æquis properat; circumdata motus
Cui regit, et magno velox rota[3] volvitur orbe.
Quid plura? an memorem ferrum innexasque catenas
Remigiumque[4] rotæ affixum, geminosque retortæ
Orbes perpetuis qui obstent anfractibus undæ?
Vix tamen adstantis poscit tam vasta ministri
Moles auxilium: ipsa suos sibi sufficit ignes,
Ipsa suos magno latices infundit aheno
Et celerem justo cohibet moderamine cursum.
Præterea nimio si olim liquor excitus æstu
Plus æquo exsultet, durataque claustra furentem
Vix capiant; facilem ipse vapor sibi pandit ad auras
Inde viam tutisque erumpit ad æthera valvis.[5]
Ni faciat, triplicis circum munimina ferri
Impatiens rumpat, magnoque avulsa fragore
Arma ratis tabulasque ferens ambustaque membra,
Evomat ingentem vada per tremefacta ruinam.
Quum tamen ars tantos pellat secura timores,
Suave, ubi sopitæ ponto siluere procellæ,
Carbasaque in malo languent, remusve laborans
Vix movet invito lentos conamine fluctus,
Conspicere, ut validis ratis acta vaporibus, intus
Vi tremefacta sua, velocique impete vibrans
Radit iter liquidum, celeris nihil indiga venti.
Nec minus adversis horrent ubi concita flabris
Æquora et incerto vada per stridentia navis
Velorum auxilio rapitur diversa, ruentis
Ludibrium tempestatis, luctansve per undas

---

[1] Working-beam. [2] Crank. [3] Fly-wheel.
[4] Paddles. [5] Safety-valves.

Difficilem ad ventos obliquat devia cursum,
Cedendo superans ; faciles secura sua vi
Illa secat fluctus, vivoque animata vigore
Recta petit tutam proprio quasi numine metam,
Dum parent elementa, ignisque et pontus et aër.

HENRY LUSHINGTON. 1828.

Penelope.

* * * * *

T fida conjux, nec prece nec minis
Abacta, curas in thalamo fovet
Absentis æternas mariti
Sola sedens, iteratque questus,
Cui mœror addit verba : Quid impium
Ignara feci ? quid scelus, ut Jovis
Iram ingravescentem supremi
Continuas patiar per horas ?
Ausa est recepti cædem Agamemnonis
Adultero sub pectore Tyndaris
Versare ; sed Divos Ulixem
Penelope reducem poposci.
Quin et remotis Telemachus quoque
Abest in oris. Hei mihi ; prosequor
Natumque lamentis virumque,
Orba parens, viduata conjux.
Ergo recurrunt tempora ; ver redit,
Æstasque solis prodiga, et invicem
Auctumnus ; at totos per annos
Bruma meum premit una pectus.

Formæ caducus flos periit mihi,
Ægram et senectus præcipitat diem;
Et spernet amplexus Ulixes,
Si redeat, rediens aniles.
Sed te vagantem quid mare conjugem,
Quæ terra, Ulixes, distinet? An tua,
Furente demersi procella,
Ossa premunt inhumata littus?
An, absit omen, vivis adhuc, mei
Oblitus? At te non ego, te tua
Non possum et antiquos amores,
Jussa, novis abolere flammis.
Quid, quod procorum vota rapacium,
Aut ipse mentem sollicitat pater,
Medonque, vel Pisander audax,
Se juvenem potiore vultu
Jactat maritum: Nox mihi, Lunaque,
Testantur iram, qua memor obstiti,
Telæque secretum retextæ
Fraude pia in tenebris laborem."

JOHN EDWARD BRIGHT. 1829

Doctrina vim promovet insitam.

Χρύσεον σέβας Σοφίας, ἐραννοῖς
ὑππάτεσσιν ἀμβρόσιον γελάσας,
τὶν θεὰ φόρμιγγι πλέκω, τὶν Αἰολ-
ηΐδα μολπάν.
χαῖρ', ἄνασσα, χαῖρε, βροτοῖς νεοσσᾶς
ἠπία θρέπτειρ' ἀρετᾶς, συνεργὸς
πότνα πανδώρῳ φύσιος, φρανῶν καπ-
ουρὲ νεάων·

ἦ ποτ' ἀγνοίας νεφέλᾳ βαρείας
ἄνδρας οἰκτίσαισ' ἀλυόντας, ἀδὺ
μειδιᾶσ' ἔσταξας ἀπ' ὀρράνῳ φῶς
θέσκελυν αἴᾳ·
τὼς πάλας εὐειδέα κάμψιν Ἑρμᾶς
φθέγμα θ' εὗρεν ἀνδράσιν, ἄγριοι τὼς
Ὀρφέα θαεῦντο βροτοί σφιν ἤθη
ὠμὰ μάλαξαι.
ἠνίδ' ὡς νεάνιδος ἄνθος ὥρας
βλαστάνει χλωρὸν νεοθαλές· ἄβα
τερψέων ἔαρ βραχὺ μειδίασε
πορφύρεον φῶς·
ἠνίδε στυγνᾶς κακίας ἄβυσσοι
ὡς ἐφεδρεύοντι δόλοι νεοσσοῖς
ἔρνεσιν, μέσοις ἅτε φοίνιοι βρόδ-
οισι δράκοντες·
ψευδέως Σειρὰν ὀλέτειρα μειδῆ·
κὴρ ἔνερθε συστρέφεται, τὺ δ' ἄψον
εὐγενῆ φλόγ', ὦ Σοφία, φίλαν τ' ἔμ-
πνει φρασὶν ὁρμάν.
εὖ γεγῶτ' ἦσχυνε νόσος κακίστα
σεῖ' ἄτερ. λυγρᾷ δ' ἄπυρος κεκευθὼς
ἐν σποδῷ σπινθὴρ ἀρετᾶς κατεύδει,
χά ζάθεος φλὸξ
ὦκά κεν μαραινομένα κατέσβη,
σεῖ' ἄτερ· πολλᾶν μὲν ἄβυσσ' ἐρεμνᾶς
ἄντρ' ἁλὸς φαεννοτάτας λίθων ἀκ-
τῖνας ἔκρυψεν,
πολλὰ δ' αὖτ' ἔλαμψεν ἄδαλα, καύραν
ἀδονᾷ θέλξασκεν ἔραμον ἄνθη,
τὼς, ἀπαίδευτος Σοφίας, φθίνει νε-
άνιδος ἀκμά.

εἰ δέ νιν ποτεῖδε Θεὰ φαεννὰς
χεῖρας ἐκτείναισ' ἀρετᾶς τιθάνα,
εὐγενῆ τότ' αὖ φράνα θάρσεός τε
καὶ πεδὰ μόχθων
ἐς βαθὺ σκᾶψεν κλέος, οὐδ' ἔθ' ἁγνὸν
πᾶξέν οἱ ψυχᾶς κακία ῥέεθρον
καρτερᾶς, ἴνις δ' ἀπέβλαστεν ἐσλῶ
πατρὸς ἀμείνων.

Edmund Law Lushington. 1828.

Tempus.

* * * * *

FINC Tempus veteres, Saturno nomine, prolem
Qui vorat ipse suam, primum finxere Deorum:
Falciferi necnon formam exhibuere Gigantis,
Qui genus humanum, qui regna urbesque potentes
Sternit, ut infirmas robustus messor aristas.
Ergo, tu pulchræ evertis miracula terræ,
Invide, cuncta, senex. Vasto tu gurgite volvis
Quod nituit splendore brevi, gaudesque ruinis.
Tu damnum accumulas, nulla reparabile cura,
Sive elementorum furiis, atque ignis edaci
Præcipitis rabie, aut torrentibus uteris undis,
Fulmineamve cies spissa de nube procellam;
Sive homines ira tibi se demente ministros
Præbent, vimque suam ventis atque imbribus addunt
Trux aries, catapulta, novique tonitrua belli;
Seu, tacito ut fluvius corrodit tramite ripam,
Lenta minutatim abradit res morsibus ætas,

Quas Natura parens genuit, voluitque reverti
Collabefactatas ævo, quasque ipsa polorum
Temperies fregit, longos operata per annos.
Ergo ros etiam tibi servit, Tempus, et aër,
Tetraque rubigo, et moles informis arenæ;
Succubuit Palmyra tibi, tibi mœnia Byrsæ,
Et Tyros, et Babylon: Memphis te antiqua fatetur
Victorem; agnovere novo te littore ponti
Et cursus fluviorum, et motæ viscera terræ.
At citiore ictu humani monumenta laboris
Obruis; heu, per te periit quodcunque Menander
Lusit festive sapiens aut pinxit Apelles;
Voxque Sophocleæ dolet interrupta Camœnæ.

* * * * *

JOHN EDWARD BRIGHT. 1829.

εἰς μναμοσύναν.

Φροντίδων μᾶτερ γλυκερᾶν, βαρείας
ἦ φιλεῖς τὺ, Μναμοσύνα, μερίμνας,
κοιμάοισ' ἐν στάθεσι καρδίαν βρο-
τοῖσιν ἰαίνειν.
τίς, θεὰ, μεσαμεριναῖς ἐν ὥραις,
δυσφόροις βίω μελέταισι κάμνων,
οὐ πόνων κουφίζεται, ἐν τεοῖς ὁ-
ράμασι τερφθείς;
αὖθι δ' αἰθύσσειν δοκέοντιν αὖραι
ἐν παρείαις, αἵ τε περιπνέουντι
παιδίας ἠῶ ῥοδέαν· γέροντα δ'
ἰσχύος ἀκμὰ

αὖθ' ἔχει νεάνιδος, εἰ βίαν τὺ,
ἀδονὰν γλήναις ὁράοισ' ἐρανναῖς,
ἐμπνέεις, καὶ πλασίον ἰσδάνοισα
στᾶθος ἐγείρεις·
χαρμάτων στίλβει προτέρων ἀγαστὰ
φάσμαθ', ὡς ὄναρ, φρανὸς ἐν κατόπτρῳ·
τὼς, δυόντος Ἀλίω ἁλμυρᾶς ἐς
λέκτρα θαλάσσας,
ἐμμένει φάους ἐρύθημα πόντω
λαμπρὸν ἐν νώτῳ· διὰ νυκτὸς ὄρφναν
τώς γε φαίνεταί τις ἀριπρεπὴς ἐν
ὀρράνῳ ἀστήρ.
ἠνίδ', ἑστίας φυγὰς ἐκ πατρῴας,
βαρβάροις πλανώμενος ἐν δόμοισιν,
ἄδεται, τεῦ πλασίον ἀδὺ φωνοί-
σας ὑπακούων,
μοῦνος, οὐ μοῦνος, τὺ γὰρ οἰκτίσαισα,
φιλτάτων ἐς θυμὸν ἄγεις ὅμιλον
ἀλίκων, τέρψιν τε τέκνων, ἐᾶς τε
πατρίδος αἴας.
καί τις, οὐ παροῖσα, πάρεντ' ἐρῶντι
παρθένος, μάτηρ ἔτι παῖδα δέρκει,
οὐδ' ἀποκρύπτει θανάτῳ δαμέντα
τύμβος ἑταῖρον.

* * * * *

EDWARD ELDER. 1829.

Puella Aurelianensis.

ELICTA Galli jam luimus satis
Paterna nostro sanguine ; jam satis
Victore cessavit Britanno
Gallia funeribus suorum
Fœdata. Tandem exsurgite, et hostium
Indigna, cives, vincula rumpite ;
Nunc, liberi, instaurate lætas
Auspicio meliore pugnas ;
Nec sit pudori, me duce. Nam mihi
Diviniores suscitat impetus,
Certosque promittit triumphos
Ipse Deus. Deus ipse vires
Mentemque linguamque addidit. Hinc ego
Puella, egenis nata parentibus,
Ultrix in æternos vigebo
Francigenis celebranda fastos."
Sic, tardiores voce ciens viros,
Sic, tela vibrans non timida manu,
Induta lorica rigenti,
Et galea redimita crines,
Puella fatur ; cui poterat neque
Placere gratus fervor amantium,
Nec ducta sub noctem chorea :
Impatiens sed enim rapinas
Injuriosi adspexerat agminis :
Et mista dira sollicitudine
Plusquam puellares ciebat
Ira, superstitioque motus.

Sed Galliæ jam gratior it dies,
Remosque belli primitiæ beant;
En, sumit optatos honores
Carolus arbitrio puellæ.

* * * *

JOHN WILLIAM WING. 1830.

Ladurlas diris agitatus.

(Vide "Curse of Kehama.")

NEC mora: sed ducit meditantem fata Ladurlan
Nata tenens dextra; flabris nemus ille moveri,
Impatiensque audit salientis murmura rivi.
Irridet Natura malis; Natura levamen
Non oriente die, non decedente, ministrat;
Non, medio quum sole pater Gangeticus undas
Immotus silet, et tranquillo dormit in alveo.
Ast, ubi roriferis nox cœlum amplectitur alis,
Ille, sub intextæ procumbens tegmine palmæ,
Corde premit gemitum; superans patientia sævos
Dissimulare potest luctus. O quanta paterno
Vis in amore viget? Fraudis sedet inscia, patri
Immisisse Deos somni lenimina credens,
Filia. Tum lacrymis oculos pia complet obortis,
Pectoraque inviso tradit devicta sopori.
Quam pater, ut solus fato se opponere possit,
Deserit; audendo stat vincere, quicquid acerbi est;
Deserit; at fugisse parans, ter amore paterno
Tardatur, natæque diu timet. Omnia versans,

Vix tandem auxiliis audet confidere Divom:
Evolat, obductaque usus caligine noctis,
Nec fletu stetit, aut pietatis imagine victus,
Nec dedit amplexus, aut verba novissima dixit.
Ritibus interea infandis cœleste Kehama
Affectare audet solium: tremit Indra, supremi
Indra potens cœli, neque vindex fulmina jactat
Dum licet. Insuetus spumantia mandere frena,
Liber adhuc, cervice jubas effundit in auras
Inviolatus equus, munus cœlestibus aptum.
Sed jam tempus adest, horret Natura, genusque
Infernum exultat; cultrum tenet, ecce, Kehama,
Votivumque focis ardet libare cruorem;
Quum subito nova forma viri procurrit, equumque
Corripuit. Telis licet obrutus, ille periclum
Spernit, adhuc instans; velut ex adamante repulsis,
Ferrea tempestas super intonat irrita telis.
"Adsum ego, qui feci; me, me dabit ira Kehamæ
Morti," ait: accenditque oculos spes horrida mortis.
Artibus ipse suis victus, turpisque repulsæ
Conscius Omnipotens gemit, agnoscitque Ladurlan.
Tum graviter frendens, vultu subridet amaro.
"Nil pejus vindicta potest: i, protrahe fatum:
Vive," ait, "atque odia exhauri insaturata Kehamæ."

CHARLES JAMES SCRATCHLEY. 1830.

Canis.

* * * * *

QUOD superest, catulis quæ detur cura docebo.
Proderit et sedem ventis Zephyroque salubri
Objicere, et crebro latices inferre recentes;
Nec minus et stipula præstat lignisque recisis
Sternere subter humum: vel, ubi fit mollior æstas,
Sufficitur thalamus sparsis instratus arenis.
Quin propera gelido catulos immittere fonti
Providus, immundum ne fœdent ulcera corpus,
Et febris, et scabies imis infesta medullis.
Nam canibus (sed causa latet) teterrima morti
Additur, heu, rabies, qua non violentius ullum
Virus edit venas; aut pestis dirior, ira
Plena Dei, Stygiis unquam sese extulit undis.
Præsertim medio siquando inferbuit æstu
Annus, et in tepidum decrescunt flumina limum:
Tum subitus furor est animis; stant lumina flamma;
Et gravia ora tument, et spumant labra veneno:
Ipse ruit rabidus; qui si quid læserit, idem
Angor adest miseris, atque ingruit horror aquarum.
O animi tandem majori luce beatus
Exoriare aliquis, qui tantam evincere pestem
Possis, aut magnam morbi depellere partem.

* * * * *

JOHN WELLINGTON FREESE. 1831.

Aqua.

* * * * *

NEC me animi fallit, quales ab origine mundi
Fecerit unda vices, quanto se robore fundat:
Nam mutare docet terras Sapientia lympham,
Saxaque inexhausto tandem decrescere pulsu.
Italiam Zancle quærit divisa sororem;
Et Pelusiaci Delta obstupuere coloni.
Quinetiam, quum movit aquam Deus ipse sequentem,
Heu, vires rabiemque docent immania aperti
Post scelera Oceani fontes, cœlique fenestræ,
Totaque gens hominum immensa submersa ruina.
Esto: at securam veluti spes morte sub ipsa
Nuncia promittit requiem mortalibus Iris:
Ergo quid referam, mersa tellure, labores
Deucalioneos? ergo maria alta tumescunt,
Et placide redeunt, Luna dominante, vicissim.
Sæpius at contra subito demissa columna
In mare descendit, vel tempestate coorta
Sævit aqua, et defrenato quatit impete classes.
O ubi nunc mitis species gratissima lymphæ,
Quæ nitidum certa reddebat imagine cœlum?
Jam certum movet exitium, horrisonoque tumultu
Colligit ex alto socios; nox atra vocantem
Consequitur, parentque Eurus Boreasque tyranno.
Tota procella ruit; projecta cadavera circum
Insanos inter fluctus et gurgitis iras,
Quassataque rates testantur momina ponti.
Sæpius et Phlegethonteo cataracta sonore
Crescit, et Helveticis præceps devolvitur agris
Insatiabiliter, stragemque agit ante metumque.

* * * * *

GORDON WHITBREAD. 1832.

Athenienses Syracusis captivi.

* * * * *

CCE Syracosiæ collis supereminet urbi!
Hic jacet, extracta saxorum mole, fodina,
Unde domus et templa Deum, tum mœnia multa
Ædificata manu surgunt. Hic millia Graium
Carcere in inferno quasi vivo inclusa sepulchro.
Huc fervescentem medio sol orbe calorem
Dejicit, huc nebulæ auctumni sub nocte volantes
Frigoris inficiunt alterno membra veneno.
Denique ter miseris quicquid manus improba captis
Imperet, aut quicquid vindictæ sæva libido,
Servitii quodcunque malum, quodcunque laboris
Triste ministerium (neque famæ haud immemor actæ
Mens aberant, patriæque domus et gaudia ruris
Et deserta sonans vicina fistula valle)
Hæc infelices victæ subiere catervæ.
Longe alii motus animorum, ubi dædala puppes
Serta coronarunt et jam clamore secundo
Pandentes velorum alas, Salamine relicta,
Sicanium lætis onerarunt classibus æquor.
Nec tamen has inter strages furiasque triumphi
Nullus honor musis: Graiæ meminisse Camœnæ
Profuit afflictis; teneraque Euripidis arte
Molliti dominorum animi laxæque catenæ.

* * * * *

Richard Joynes. 1836.

Oxonia.

* * * * *

IC Matris famam Mertonia vindicat Almæ,
Sancta domus, palmaque antiqui nobilis ævi,
Jactat et ipsa virum[1], licuit cui tradere in annos
Ingentemque urbis famam innumerosque labores.
Forsitan hic Gildæ vel Bedæ sedula virtus
Non ignota quidem sua nomina protulit orbi,
Hic labor et Scoti fingebat secula verbis,
Et vindex falsi, et veri haud ignobilis auctor.
Anne Novas Aulas taceam sanctamque[2] Mariam
Pieridum notas sedes dulcesque recessus?
Forsitan errabat sylvarum sæpius umbra,
Aut amnis tacite labentis margine vates,[3]
Pectore magnanimi meditatus jura Catonis
Et libertatis casus Uticæque senatum.
Forsitan hic solitus placidæ indulgere quieti,
Pauperie oppressus longoque labore diei
Cui[4] licuit posthac præstantem ostendere formam
Virtutis blandi puris sermonibus oris.
Vivida vis animi, sapientia pectoris alta,
Fortis ibi pietas, simplex sine crimine vita,
Nomina clarorum famæ tribuere perenni.
Et vos Musa libens referet, par[5] nobile fratrum,
Insignes ambos leges revocare cadentes
Justitiæque decus miranti ostendere seclo.

* * * * *

HENRY ADDERLEY BOX. 1839.

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[1] Antony à Wood. [2] Magdalen Coll. [3] Addison.
[4] Dr. Johnson. [5] Lords Eldon and Stowell.

Tarquinius Priscus.

* * * * *

AMQUE propinquabant urbi murosque subibant:
Cum subito objicitur latis magnoque futurum
Augurio monstrum: Jovis armiger æthere ab alto
Delapsus currum crebris circumvolat alis
Pileolumque viri, nudo de vertice raptum
Fert aquila atque cito vacuum petit aera cursu.
Nunc ecce æthereos lætus sese urget in orbes,
Nunc superincumbit pennis magnoque moratur
Cum strepitu prædamque refert ponitque relatam.
Tum vero augurium Tanaquil, prænuncia sortis,
Accipit agnoscitque Deos et fata salutat:
Hoc est, hoc, Lucumo, quod nostras numine Divum
Spes firmet: sic te voluit rex magnus Olympi
(Nec longum tibi tempus abest) regnique coronam
Et sceptra accipere, et Romana capessere regna.
En tibi nunc, conjux, fatis tibi debita tellus!
Hæc domus, hæc patria est.

* * * * *

CHARLES GEORGE CURTIS. 1840.

Proserpina rapta.

* * * * *

ST locus, Hyblæi sanctum prope flumen Anapi,
Dives agris, (Ennam Siculi de nomine dicunt:)
Huc inter comites, nam florum immensa cupido
Suaserat, infelix totis Proserpina campis
Dum ruit, atque oculis nimium loca nota pererrat,
Inscia Plutonem cæca non vidit in herba.

Ah miseram! quo nunc fugiens, quas tristis in oras
Se referat? fuga nulla datur; dumque ipsa supremis
Ignaram precibus matrem vocat, irrita venti
Vota ferunt, neque adhuc lacrimas solantur inanes.
Nec mora: sed simul alatis Proserpina plantis
Quadrijuges aspexit equos, superasque per auras
Plorantem frustra lacrimis et multa vocantem
Fert rota præcipitem, mater conterrita visu
Prosequitur votis, Divosque in vota precatur.
Frustra—nam Stygios nigra caligine lucos
Tartareasque adiit fauces, Regemque tremendum,
Et vada mortali non prætereunda carina.

* * * * *

EDWARD WALFORD. 1841.

Nox.

* * * * *

SUAVE, tenebroso quum Nox tenet omnia regno,
Quærere sopiti reticentia litora ponti
Suspicere unde queas altum nebulasque vagantes
Et vespertino tectum velamine cœlum.
Multiplices species varias imitata figuras
Nubila consurgunt: hic culmine Pyramis alto
Eminet: hic celsæ surgunt per cœrula turres;
Hic, quasi de nivibus moles, quas frigida in unum
Aura tulit docuitque rudes assumere formas,
Candidus apparet collis, qualisve sub Arcto
Plurima perfringit quassatas insula naves.
Suave etiam, quum Luna silens stellæque sequaces
Innumeros tollunt ignes, gemmata tueri
Agmina continuis intextos orbibus orbes.
At vos, cœlestes flammæ, vos præpete cursu

Omnia et in terra et pelago commissa videtis:
Vos taciti scelerum testes, oculique Deorum.
Hinc olim docuere patres vos numine vestro
Fata hominum regere et dubias evolvere sortes.
Lampades æthereæ, vestras quæ nobilis oras
Gens habitat? camposne tenent fulgentia cœli
Agmina, et Angelicæ requiem petiere catervæ?
Forsitan Hesperio quas olim gurgite sedes
Antiqui posuere, ubi Sol et largior æther,
Sacratæ vestris pateant in vallibus aulæ.
Forsitan in vestris splendentia lumina pratis
Felices errant animæ, vestrisque latebris
Purpureo Elysios agnoscunt lumine campos.

* * * * *

EDWIN PALMER. 1841.

Ecclesia Cathedralis.

* * * * *

TRES alæ primo in templo: discernit utrimque
Longa columnarum series; hinc pensilis arcus,
Qui crucis in morem transversas ordine cellas
Dividit: inde adytum natales solis ad ortus
Tendit, et ingenti nascentia lumina captat
Lætitia: propriam extremo sub pariete sedem
Sacra tenent, aureisque micant altaria donis.
Quid si non Graiis tota inservire magistris,
Et veterum præcepta sequi normamque severam
Ars voluit; si Relligio sincera profusi
Luxuriam ornatus sanctas cumulavit in ædes?
Atqui virgineæ non arx Thesea Minervæ,
Non Ephesi turres, claris non incola Delphis

Pythius arrectas tanta formidine mentes
Impulit, aut tantum afflavit pietatis amorem,
Quantum illæ moles;—celsi laquearia tecti
Attonitam cæcant aciem; variique colores,
Qua rutilo pictas lustrat sol orbe fenestras,
Læve pavimentum tingunt; dant lampades ara
Pulchrius æthereo lumen: tum sancta voluptas
Nescio qua raptos tacita dulcedine sensus
Opprimit: atque anima clingui prece numen adorat,
Agnoscitque suo præsentem in limine Patrem.

Edwin Palmer. 1842.

Pyrrhus ad Italiam appellit.

* * * * *

EN pontus nitidas ubi volvit Ionius undas,
Navis ad Italiæ florentia litora cursum
Urget, et antiquas jam deserit Hellados oras;
Nulli agitant fluctus venti, toto æquore circum
Grata quies restat, vix auræ spiritus implet
Vela ratis, proram circa, dum longa carina
Sulcat aquas, sonitu leni jam immurmurat unda.
En ratis in prima stat prora forma decora,
Forma viri et radiis solis clara arma relucent.
Pyrrhus adest, hic nunc respectat litora Graia
(Paullatim ex oculis vanescunt) jamque vetustam
Prospicit Italiam quæ surgit fronte decenti
Oceani ex undis, namque ornant undique terram
Frondiferæ myrtus et olivæ brachia pulchræ.

* * * * *

William Palmer Hale. 1842.

Turris Londinensis igne correpta.

* * * * *

URSUS in æquoreas Sol se demerserat undas,
Cœperat et primam subnectere Luna choream;
Jamque pedem referens, sublimia mœnia mirans
Suspicio raptusque animi: percurrere mundi
Secula lapsa juvat, studiisque adfigere mentem.
Quis tamen hic fulgor? subito ceu lapsa per auras
Præscia venturæ cladis tristisque ruinæ
Stella vagans fertur: tecto perrupta corusco
Ignea rima micat: fallor? nova lumina surgunt
Adversa de parte, calet vicinia flammis,
Ater et insolito pallescit fulgure rivus.
Vincit cuncta ignis sinuoso vortice fumi,
Nunc hinc, nunc illinc; crassus tabulata per ædis
Scandit et interdum radiantia lumina torquet:
Quid labor aut benefacta juvant? quid mille virorum
Agmina? nequicquam scalas ad mœnia portant,
Flumina nequicquam lympharum—invictus in arces
Tollitur æthereas ignis! fremit arduus aër,
Dissultant ripæ, refluitque exterritus amnis.
Tunc ingens fragor—avulsæ radicibus imis
Contremere et dubia dudum pendere ruina
Flammivoræ turris sublimia tecta videres.

* * * * *

Herbert W. Fisher. 1843.

Alcestis Admeto.

* * * * *

EST locus Elysiis campis ubi vere perenni
Mollia consperso gramina rore virent;
Hic violæ graciles, hic lilia pura per omnes
Florescunt menses, hic sine labe rosæ:
Nascitur hic Zephyrus: glacies neque sæva, nec Eurus;
Nulla per hæc unquam regna procella furit.
Nemo, quid sit Hymen, quid sint connubia, curat,
Omnibus est nunquam dissoluendus amor.
Scilicet huc propero felix, felicior oras
Has, choreis puris consociata, colam.
Atque ubi postremum tua jam pervenerit hora,
Firmior hic nobis constituenda fides.
Quid tibi plura loquar? Fulget spes aurea, mæstis
Non locus est lacrymis,—mors venit alma,—vale.

HERBERT W. FISHER. 1843.

Corvi.

* * * * *

NUNC age, quos corvis dederit Deus Ipse, cibosque
Et studia et mores referam, quæ prœlia, quanta
Vis animi parvoque ingens in pectore virtus.
Ergo ubi jam silvis Aquilo decussit honorem,
Densius atque cadunt, submotis nubibus, imbres,
Cum nix alta jacet, glacies cum flumina tardat,
Acrior est illis animus Tum forte videres
(Seu matutino resplendet lumine Phœbus
Seu tenebras jam Vesper agit noctemque reducit)

Instructas volitare manus per pabula læta
Immensasque trahi nubes jamque æthere summo
Confluere et latis jam jam considere campis.
Verum ubi tempestas signorumque annuus orbis
Mutavere vias, Zephyris ubi verna tepescunt
Arva novis, madidisque Notus procul evolat alis,
Vertuntur species animorum, hinc illa supremis
Arboribus vox rauca simul, collectaque in unum
Agmina et ad veteres major custodia ramos.
Unum opus, una quies : hi texta umbracula portant,
Primaque nidorum trepidi fundamina ponunt,
Inque vicem speculantur aquas imbresque minaces,
Nec tamen hinc quisquam audebit sua vellere signa ;
Sæpius, ut fama est, fugientum corpora Reges
Diripuere ipsi, et nidos solvere recentes ;
Tantus honos tantique animis ingentibus ignes.

* * * * *

HERBERT W. FISHER. 1844.

Socrates moriturus.

* * * * *

CONTINUO attollens non tristi lumina vultu,
" Venit summa dies et inevitabile tempus
Mortis," ait, " jam jam roseis caput occulit undis
Phœbus et extremo conspergit lumine montes.
O mihi si, mandante Deo, data dia potestas
Esset, ad æthereas rapidis interritus alis
Ut fugerem inde domos Solem comitatus euntem ;
Nec mihi mens dubia est—Deus hoc, Deus, inquit, amici,
Infixit menti : cunctos, qui tempore puro

Excoluere Deum, facili per sidera ferri
Tramite, consimilemque sibi deposcere cœlum.[1]
Scilicet haud illos mortalia corpora et artus
Languentes hebetant: ast igneus ardor in altum
Evehit, et propriæ repetuntur in æthere sedes.
Hic non luctus erit, non anxia cura futuri,
Nullaque vexatas agitat discordia mentes;
Hic manet alta quies, nunquam peritura voluptas,
Et cum pace fides et nescia vita malorum.
Aspicite, ut vario cœlum se lumine vestit,
Hic nivea, hic rosea miscetur purpura luce,
Puniceusque rubor fulvo confunditur auro.
Scilicet et tali splendesceet regia cœli
Lumine: talis honor nobis per secla manebit.
Nunc tamen O lacrymas, vanum O deponite fletum,
Vix breve nos spatium fugitivaque distinet hora,
Atque iterum socios socii visetis amatos;
Altera vita manet: nascuntur secula nobis
Altera: nec luctus nec conscia vita senectæ:
Quare agite, o Socii, cœlo gaudete reperto;
Lux sequitur tenebras; mihi vita hac quæritur[2] hora,
Hoc petitur leto, manet hic in morte triumphus."

Francis Turner Palgrave. 1843.

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[1] Nihil est animo velocius; nulla est celeritas, quæ possit cum animi celeritate contendere. Qui si permanet incorruptus, necesse est ita feratur ut penetret et dividat omne cœlum hoc: quam regionem quum superavit animus, naturamque sui similem contigit et agnovit . . . . finem altius se efferendi facit.—Cic. *Disp. Tusc.*

[2] Plutarch. Epaminond.

Pompeii caput ad Cæsarem adlatum.

* * * * *

PSE etiam, quamvis tacitam fera gaudia mentem
Pertentant, ausus Cæsar simulare dolorem,
Talibus et tandem vox est laxata querelis.
" Hunc ego te, Magne, aspicio ? fortissima bello
Hoc mihi, dextra, refers ? tuane et per vulnera vici
Morte tua vivens ? o quid victoria læti
Dira dedit, partique tua mihi cæde triumphi ?
Atque utinam adversata meis Fortuna catervis
Victricem tibi, care, diem, laurusque dedisset.
Nunc frustra accumulo donis et fungor inani
Munere." Sic fatus questus vocemque repressit
Multa gemens. O docte omnes prætendere fraudes,
Siccine, sæve, putes lacrymis tua crimina vanis
Abluere, et tales Magnum sibi poscere pœnas ?
Scilicet et tempus veniet, quo funera Cæsar
Pompeii generi sceleratæque gaudia mentis
Morte luet merita, læsa periturus in æde
Ante tuos cum, Magne, pedes procumbet, amictus
Marmoreos, placidæ simulacraque ficta figuræ,
Ipse suo moriens perfundet sanguine Cæsar.

* * * * *

William Gifford Palgrave. 1843.

De equi utilitate ac fidelitate.

* * * * *

NEC minus interea facies quæcunque laboris
Te teneat, seu terram alio sub sole calentem
Exquiras patriamve colas nataliaque arva ;
Seu requies seu bella placent, per rura per urbem
Ille comes sociusque viæ : tua cura recursat
Cura illi studiumque simul, nec ferre negabit
Pondera equus graviora humeris, ille invia campi
Transvolitat, superat montes et flumina tranat,
Te duce, te longæ fine atque auctore viai :
Ille per obstantes turmas confertaque bello
Agmina et impavidus densos te transferet hostes,
Ille idem placidum si quando terra per orbem
Pacem agit, et durum exercet sua cura colonum,
Induet agrestem speciem, glebasque jacentes
Franget, et obliquo terram proscindet aratro,
Collectosque feret vallos sylvasque per altas
Impiger advolvet ramos et robora sylvis
Infabricata, maris studio ; collectave summis
Vimina culminibus venturæ pabula brumæ.

Præterea dominum non sic laudatus Homero
Observat canis aut tantos admittit amores ;
Sæpe illum, longo tandem post tempore visum,
Agnoscunt, fremituque animum testantur acuto :
Sæpe illum instantis medio e certamine turmæ
Eripiunt morituri atque extra prœlia portant,
Tantus amor domini gratæque in pectore mentes.

* * * * *

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE. 1844.

Pompeii.

* * * * *

UIS varios dicat sonitus faciesque dolores?
Hic stupet attonitus, peditus fugit ille citatis,
Nescius unde miser vel quo vestigia flectat.
Hic fletu precibusque Deos testatur iniquos
Alter hiat: sed lingua, metu restricta, parantem
Multa loqui tacito fallit defixa palato.
Undique devotam conterrita turba per urbem
Funditur et varios resonantia compita planctus
Accipiunt referuntque: illic jam tardior ævo
Membra senex infirma trahit, frustraque laborat
Jam capiti instantem cupiens prævertere mortem,
Multa movens animo longæ juvenilia vitæ
Tempora, Fortunæque vices. Hic anxia mater
Cum pueris trepido percurrit compita gressu,
Sæpius atque vias prudens circumspicit omnes
Immemor ipsa sui: maternas sarcina curas
Sola acuit: mediosque jubet properare per ignes.
Hic modo amatorum longa stipata catarva
Una viam insequitur virgo, frustraque trementi
Auxilium implorat, nulli jam cura, querela.
Ad mare pars properant urbis devota petentes
Linguere tecta fuga, quos ducunt crebra per umbras
Fulmina, et incertum præbent incendia lumen.
At neque tanta subest ipsis fiducia nautis
Audacesque prius mentes artesque magistræ
Deficiunt, tali turbantur cæca tumultu
Æquora, tanta maris cæcis nox incubat undis.

* * * * *

HENRY EARLE TWEED. 1845.

Rites of Sepulture.

* * * * *

ST Ægyptiacis[1] Tyrrheni moribus usi
Ingentes struxere ædes, certumque sepulcris
Instituere locum: ingenti sub mole foramen
Efficiunt, cumulantque super telluris acervum,
Aerias cui summus apex consurgit in auras,
Sic ea gens crevit leges imitata Canopi,
Formaque Pyramidum Italicis revocatur in agris.
Huc, suprema viro veniet quum luminis hora,
Quemque suum ad tumulum portant; per corpora vestes
Extendunt, decorantque super fulgentibus auri
Torquibus, auratis et colla monilibus aptant.
Auro innectuntur chlamydes: nodantur in aurum
Compositæ de more comæ; pretiosa metallo
Fulget læna suo capitique insigne sepulto
Considet auriferæ splendens diadema coronæ.

* * * * *

Hans William Sotheby. 1846.

Epitaphium Avis parvuli,

Qui ab Insulis olim Felicibus dictis nomen adeptus, tandem sub eadem, qua natus erat, domo diem obiit supremum. Annos vixit plusquam xviii.

LLE ego cui monimenta vides pro corpore parvo
Parvula quondam avium gloria prima fui.
Non potuit croceos pennarum æquare colores
Nec liquidum nemoris cætera turba melos.

[1] Mrs. H. Gray's "Sepulchres of Etruria."

Est procul oceano terra interclusa piorum,
Non male discretas dicta tenere domos;
Illud avis atavisque solum natale: parentes
Hoc fatum captos jussit adire solum;
Hic ego natus eram: nec laus erit ultima nostras
Unius in tecto præteriisse dies.
Pax mihi certa domus, dominæ tutela benignæ,
Vitaque non ullis conspicienda malis:
Annales sinit esse breves, sors optuma cuique
Pauca sibi historiæ poscere verba solet;
Sic tribus ut lustris nova bis successerat æstas,
Extremum annoso fata tulere diem.
Nunc quoque post fatum restat pars maxuma nostri,
Nam terræ invidit membra fidelis amor:
Ossa mihi haud saxo vanave premuntur in urna,
Sic melius præsens do monimenta mei;
Ergo ubi conticuit mellitæ gloria vocis,
Quæ fuerat vivo forma colorque manet.
Qui fuerim legis atque vides: si plura requiris,
Aptior ad laudes inveniendus erit.
Lector abi, et mortis tecum meditare triumphos,
Quæ mihi quæ cunctis lex obeunda tibi est.
Lector abi, spatioque brevi sic utere vitæ,
Ne nostra moriens sorte perire velis.

Henry Earle Tweed. 1846.

Judæi, imperante Juliano, templum instaurare conantur.

* * * * *

NDE Palæstinæ funesta silentia rumpunt
Judaicæ voces ; homines fluere undique multo
Cum strepitu, et vastæ lapides spectare ruinæ :
Ardet turba redux proavorum invisere sedes :
Segnities ubi visa prius torpere, frequentes
Incumbunt operi grato, fugiuntque quietem :
Femina, feminei cultus oblita, metusque
Nescia, dat curas operi, instauratque labores :
Qui loculos inter collectaque fenora nummi
Struxerat argenti cumulos, mercede relicta,
Gaudet adire locum et partem conferre peculi :
Gaudet et ingenti conspecta mole tueri
Relligionis opus decoris monumenta prioris.
Fervet opus, crescitque novi templi ardua moles,
Quum subito erumpunt summis e rupibus ignes
Flammarumque globis tellus exæstuat : unda
Sulfureis nebulis rapta et collapsa fragore
Fundamenta ruunt operis : combusta virorum
Corpora procumbunt, volvuntur proruta saxa,
Fulminibus tonitru commistis terra dehiscit
Ruptaque inauditis implet loca cuncta ruinis.

* * * * *

William Henry Stone. 1848.

De Rubecula.

* * * * *

ED neque te nostris dilecta Rubecula campis
Immemor et laudes versu mea Musa silebit:
Carmine tu mulces sylvas æstate serena,
Frondiferasque petis latebras, ubi frigidus annus
Venerit et niveo terram velamine condat;
Mox hominum tu tecta petis, cantuque salutans
Lætifico oblectas tristissima tempora brumæ.
Sæpius et gaudet Pietas tua dicere facta,
Sæpius infantum languentia corpora sylva
Compositosque a te foliis nemoralibus artus
(Heu pietatis opus) mens—dulcia somnia—fingit.
Hinc te nulla avido retinet circumlita visco
Arbor, ad humentes nec fraus sedet improba fontes,
Mox istos prensura pedes, sed amata sodalis
Hospitio frueris nostro inviolata quotannis.

* * * * *

Charles Greenwood Floyd. 1849.

Hannibal sacramento se obstringit.

* * * * *

RESSIBUS en tardis genitor procedit ad aras
Sustinet et dextra natum, cui membra paternum
Parva decus referunt, virtutem et robora monstrant,
Queis pater insignis; nigraque ardentia flamma
Lumina, torva tuens, volvit: commota furore

Parvula, vix imitans Patrem, sua pectora mulcet.
Stat puer, et tenera tangens altaria dextra :
Sint mihi verborum flammæ, sint Numina Divum,
Incipit, hæc testes : mea verba reponite, cives.
Hæc ego sacra manu tangens per sidera juro,
Per superos terramque imam cœlumque profundum,
Te, Patria, ulciscar ! tandem lætaberis, hostem,
Me duce, prosternent tandem nostra arma ruina.
Roma cadet : qua Roma fuit, nova mœnia tollet
Altera Carthago : a veteri Carthagine ducet
Robora : et hac, juro, ponam fundamina dextra,
Pœniteatque Lupum torvum tetigisse Leonem ;
Punicus excutiet somnum, latebrasque relinquet,
Infestusque Leo semper sectabitur hostem,
Inficietque avidas externo sanguine malas !

* * * * *

ROBERT BRODIE. 1858.

In Memoriam Henrici Havelock.

VENIT littoribus nuper ab Indicis
Ingenti resonans nenia murmure,
Qua, frondes veluti frigora, Patriæ
Stravit spes teneras dolor.
" Illum qui meritis sidera contigit,
Ductor nobilium splendidus agminum,
Vindex sollicitæ cladibus Indiæ,
Plores, Anglia, mortuum."
Ergo funerea tristior arbore,
Quæ deflexa solo flebilis incubat,
Vanas haud cohibens Patria lacrymas
Demisit viduum caput.

Ast inter medias Vox querimonias
Primæ dissimilis murmurat altera
Tactis ceu placido lene Favonio
Chordis intremuit melos.
"Non omnis moritur, qui Patriæ fovens
Vultum sub memori pectore concidit,
Qui verbis Patriam sæpe novissimis,
Exspirans animam, vocat.
Læti sidereas huic reserant domos
Passi pro Patria vulnera milites,
Heroumque suas advena cœtibus
Heros ipse refert vices.
Quem fles in nitidis, Anglia, sedibus
Miscetur veterum concilio ducum
Nec jejuna fames nec mala febrium
Illi nunc oberit cohors.
Illum difficilis dura loqui viæ
Miratur trepidus, qui super Alpium
Hiberno niveos aggere vertices
Arvis irruit Italis:
Miratur pavidi mœnibus oppidi
Pulsos egregie dicere barbaros
Virgo quæ patriis arcibus hostium
Infensas pepulit manus.
Fors et qua tacitam[1] sede puertiam
In laudes aleret, Dux reminiscitur,
Fors rerum varias inter imagines
Suttoni recolit domum.

RICHARD C. JEBB. 1858.

[1] Havelock, when a boy, was called by his Carthusian schoolfellows "Old Ph'los" (Philosopher).

In Memoriam J. W. Churton.

Ob. A. D. IV. Id. Feb. MDCCCLX.

SI parva annueres tempora, si labor
Non ultra tumulum viveret, heu! Deus,
Quis finis lacrymis, quisve dolentium,
Quis desiderio foret?
"Non omnis moriar:" si miseris dolor
Hic sorti est, lacrymæ non ineunt domum,
Qua fessos recreant gaudia, qua Pater
Æternam requiem dedit.
"Non omnis moriar:" quid vacui valent
Luctus? Nam brevibus terrigenis dies
Tam lætos dederunt Numina: Cur mihi
Non gaudere magis placet,
Quod vitæ miserens tristitiis Amor
Jam finem posuit, gaudia quod malis
Mutavit? neque me tam miseræ, comes,
Te læto lacrymæ decent.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS. 1860.

Campestria arma.

IMPRIMIS, quum vere lacus solvuntur, et almus
Sol nitet, et reficit silva decora comas,
En repetunt alii cymbas et flumina nota,
Ictaque remigio cœrulea unda sonat.

Prata pilæque placent aliis ; justo ordine triplex
Figitur in terra, maxima cura, sudes.
Clava, peruncta oleo longum per tempus, in usum,
Sordibus abstersis, rursus amata venit.
Nunc etiam rapidis lato contendere in agro
Cursibus, et saltu tollere membra juvat ;
Aut medii solis calida sub luce lavari
Pulsantem crebra flumina victa manu.
Interea fluvios, armatus arundine, servans
Piscator lino sæpe lacessit aquas,
Dum procul errantem revocent in tecta tenebræ,
Aut onerent fessum piscea dona latus.
Nec tamen, hæc quum sint æstivo tempore agenda
Et verno, studiis frigus hiemsque caret.
Tempora enim veterem referunt fugientia ludum,
Nosque vocant campis fervida bella pilæ.
Quantum certamen, quanta illic cura videtur
Ut fugit ante agiles sphæra citata pedes.
Mane novo timidis invisus vulpibus urget
Venator celeres lata per arva canes.
Sin operas tales tellus concreta negarit,
At studium nobis stagna lacusque dabunt :
At per aquas cursu celeri volitare licebit,
Ferroque armatos sentiet unda pedes.

John Bickersteth Ottley. 1864.

Phaethontis mors.

* * * * *

T pater omnipotens, summo quum vidit Olympo
Insano juvenem minitantem talia cursu,
Quanquam certus amor pueri luctusque morantur,
Fulmine dejecit subito miserabile corpus.
Eridanus vidit casum gremioque recepit
Exanimem juvenem, tum lavit vulnera puro
Flumine et in molli ripa dedit unda sepulcrum.
At circum miseræ stantes mærore sorores,
Auctores tanti luctus et criminis illi,
Heliadæ fletu fratris solvuntur inani,
Electri semper stillantes lumine guttas.
Ipsæ immutato per ripas corpore cingunt
Ignotum tumulum, spirantes vertice summo
Antiquos luctus, necnon Phaethonta susurrant
Et veteres spargunt prima sub nocte querelas.

* * * * *

GERALD STANLEY DAVIES. 1865.

Tempe.

UA caput ad stellas niveum mons tollit Olympus,
Ossaque pinifera sidera fronte petit.
Montibus his vallis, quam Graii Thessala Tempe
Nomine dixerunt, undique septa jacet.
Hæc loca contristant nunquam fera frigora brumæ,
Vere sed æterno florida ridet humus.
Editus Oceano Peneus flumen ab imo
Exoriens Pindo gramina lata rigat;

Hic liquido fontes invitant murmure somnos,
Antraque defessum sole cadente vocant.
Nec sine Dis locus est—fontes viridesque recessus
Quemque sui proprium numen habere ferunt.
Hic Daphne laurus protendens grata paternas
Brachia, virgo olim Thessalis, umbrat aquas.
Hos virides campos mulcet levis aura Favoni,
Arboreasque quatit, dulce sonora, comas.
Hic violæ pallent, hic florent lilia campo,
Purpureisque rubet rosida terra rosis.
Hic hilares ducunt Nymphæ Dryadesque choreas,
Et Satyri silvas, turba proterva, colunt.
Hic lemures nulli palantur nocte silentes,
Corpora nec quærunt intumulata lupi.
At lepores timidi secure in gramine saltant,
Nec rabidas tigres parva capella timet.
Carminibus gratis avium virgulta resultant,
Et tremulo cantu mulcet alauda nemus.
Læta rubent semper geniali prata colore,
Lætifero semper personat aura sono.

HARRY INGLIS RICHMOND. 1866.

APPENDIX

VERSIONUM QUARUNDAM PARTI PRIMÆ ADJICIENDARUM.

HAT though the sea with waves continuall
Do eate the earthe, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought:
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

Likewise the earthe is not augmented more
By all, that dying into it doe fade;
For of the earthe they formed were of yore,
However gay their blossom or their blade
Do flourish now, they into dust shall wade;
What wrong then is it if when they doe die
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie,
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Highe.

They live, they die, like as He dothe ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why:
The hills doe not the lowly dales disdaine,
The dales doe not the lofty hills envy,
He maketh kings to sit in sovrainty,
He maketh subjects to their powre obey,
He pulleth down, He setteth up on hy,
He gives to this, from that He takes away,
For all we have is His: what he list doe, He may.

QUID licet æternis terras mare mordeat undis?
Nec mare fit majus, nec minus inde solum.
Deficit hic quodcunque, illic collabitur æstu;
Si quæris, quicquid cesserit, invenies.

Nec quia tot gremio recipit marcentia, crescit
Terra, capit tantum quod prius ipsa dedit.
Ramulus et gracili splendentes vimine gemmæ
Omnia mox fiunt pulvis et atra cinis.
Hæc ubi deciderint, quænam est injuria tanta,
Si modo, prodierint unde, redire solent?
Unius arbitrio pendent animalia cuncta,
Et legem æternam vox sonat una Patris.

Sic vivunt, moriuntur, ut Ille addixerit: Illo
Judice, quis "quare sic queat esse" roget?
Sunt humiles valles, sunt et juga celsa, nec illas
Invidiæ tristes, hæc neque fastus habet.
Obsequium instituit populo, sua munera regi,
Deprimit hos, illos rursus ad astra tulit.
Abstulit huic—huic Ille dedit—nos quicquid habemus
Illius est, quicquid destinat Ille, facit.

HERBERT WILLIAM FISHER.

N vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever famed for pure and happy loves;
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish and their golden hair;
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must spend,
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin and the waste of war,
Some weightier arms than crooks and staves prepare
To shield your harvest and defend your fair:
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft makes with blood and wasting flames the way,
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inured and nursed in scenes of woe.

He said: when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
The affrighted shepherds through the dews of night
Wide o'er the moonlit hills renew'd their flight.

COLLINS.

RUSTRA thuriferos jactat Circassia saltus,
Ægonis pia vota, et castos Phyllidis ignes,
Quid, licet hic pulcras pulcerrima Delia vincat,
Cœruleos oculos flavosque decora capillos?
Heu miseros oculos, queis nil nisi lacryma restat!
Heu miseros scindet quos mox manus improba crines!
Vos, patrii juvenes, patriæ qui mœsta cadentis
Supplicia hauritis longe bellique ruinas,
Arma pedis graviora vocant, graviora bacillis;
Barbarus has segetes has nymphas hostis habebit?
Sævus Arabs, prædam bello sectatus operto,
Sanguine sæpe viam flammisque sequacibus urget;
Sævior heu, quæ vestra petit manus effera tecta,
Armis jam nimium bellisque assueta cruentis.
Dixerat: at subito vox acrior intima vallis
Implevit loca late, ignesque arsere propinqui:
En iterum trepidi juvenes per rosida prata
Sublustresque fugæ tentant conamina colles.

HERBERT WILLIAM FISHER.

MY boyish days are nearly gone:
My breast is not unsullied now:
And worldly cares and woes will soon
Cut their deep furrows on my brow,—
And life will take a darker hue
From ills my brother never knew:
And I have made me bosom friends,
And loved and link'd my heart with others:
But who with mine his spirit blends,
As mine was blended with my brother's?
When years of rapture glided by,
The spring of life's unclouded weather,
Our souls were knit, and thou and I,
My brother, grew in life together.
The chain is broke that bound us then:
When shall I find its like again?

NON sum qui fueram : jam fugerit illa juventas :
Integer infecto pectore tabet honos :
Succedunt curæ insolito, labor anxius urget :
Ruga novas fronti mox premit alta notas.
Jam tenebræ vitam mutant, luci ingruit umbra :
Felix, nec tanti conscius ille mali !
Heu pietas : alios accepit pectus amores :
Et juncta est alia dextera nostra fide :
Quis tamen huic animæ fuerit conjunctior illo ?
Cui mihi fraternus corde novatur amor ?
Cum liquidos una læti decurrimus annos,
Cum ver illud erat, cum sine nube polus,
Tum nexus animorum arcti, tum dulcior ætas,
Frater, et unanimo crevit amore dies.
O lux amissa, O nunquam revocabilis hora :
O læsum sanctæ fœdus amicitiæ !

HENRY NETTLESHIP.

LADY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
The may-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green,—
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrels' hair;
And, while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,

DOMINA illustris, noli mihi nectere sertum;
At tibi, si nectes, atra cupressus adest!
Lilia flore levi nimium vivacia fulgent,
Ilicis et nimium levia tela mihi;
Flos revocans Maium, necnon sylvestris adornet
Umbra rosæ frontem, qua fugit esse dolor:
Sed, domina illustris, noli mihi texere sertum;
Vel tibi, si texes, atra cupressus adest!

Te, jocus insignis gelasino, tempora vitis
Palmite ridenti nectere forte decet;
Vindicibus patriæ debetur maxima quercus,
Taxus amat docti cingere fusca caput;
Ferre solet vitam sua myrtus amantibus ægris
Væ mihi! nam myrtum Lydia sæva negat:
Displicet hæc? aliud noli mihi nectere sertum;
Vel tibi, si nectes, atra cupressus adest!

Festa rosas tandem conjunctas Anglia jactet,
Præmia permulto parta cruore virum;
Cœruleos hyacintho et erices flore galeros,
Rore novo madidis, Scotia dura liget;
Signa suam frondem monstrent felicis Hibernes—
Tale decus, viridis quale smaragdus habet:
Sed, domina illustris, noli mihi nectere sertum;
Vel tibi, si nectes, atra cupressus adest!

Dum famulæ quærunt hederas tam crinibus aptas
Vatibus, argutæ percute fila lyræ;
Ecce redux victor laurus e fronde virenti
Sanguinea gaudet texere serta manu;

Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree!

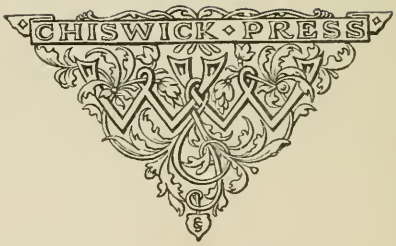
Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and loved my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree!

SCOTT.

Illius extollat meritum tuba rauca triumphum;
Ast ubi tinnitus morte vocante sonat—
Tum, domina illustris, propera mihi nectere sertum;
Et tibi, si nectes, atra cupressus adest!

Necte mihi sertum, mihi ramos necte cupressus;
Attamen hoc nolis deproperare meum!
Sit mora, dum pauci menses abiere fugaces,
Ultima dum terra gaudia vidit amor!
Ast ubi pagani rutaque et rore marino
Et violis cumulant justa suprema mihi—
Tum, domina illustris, propera mihi texere sertum;
Et tibi, si texes, atra cupressus adest!

FREDERIC KENNEDY WILSON GIRDLESTONE.



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